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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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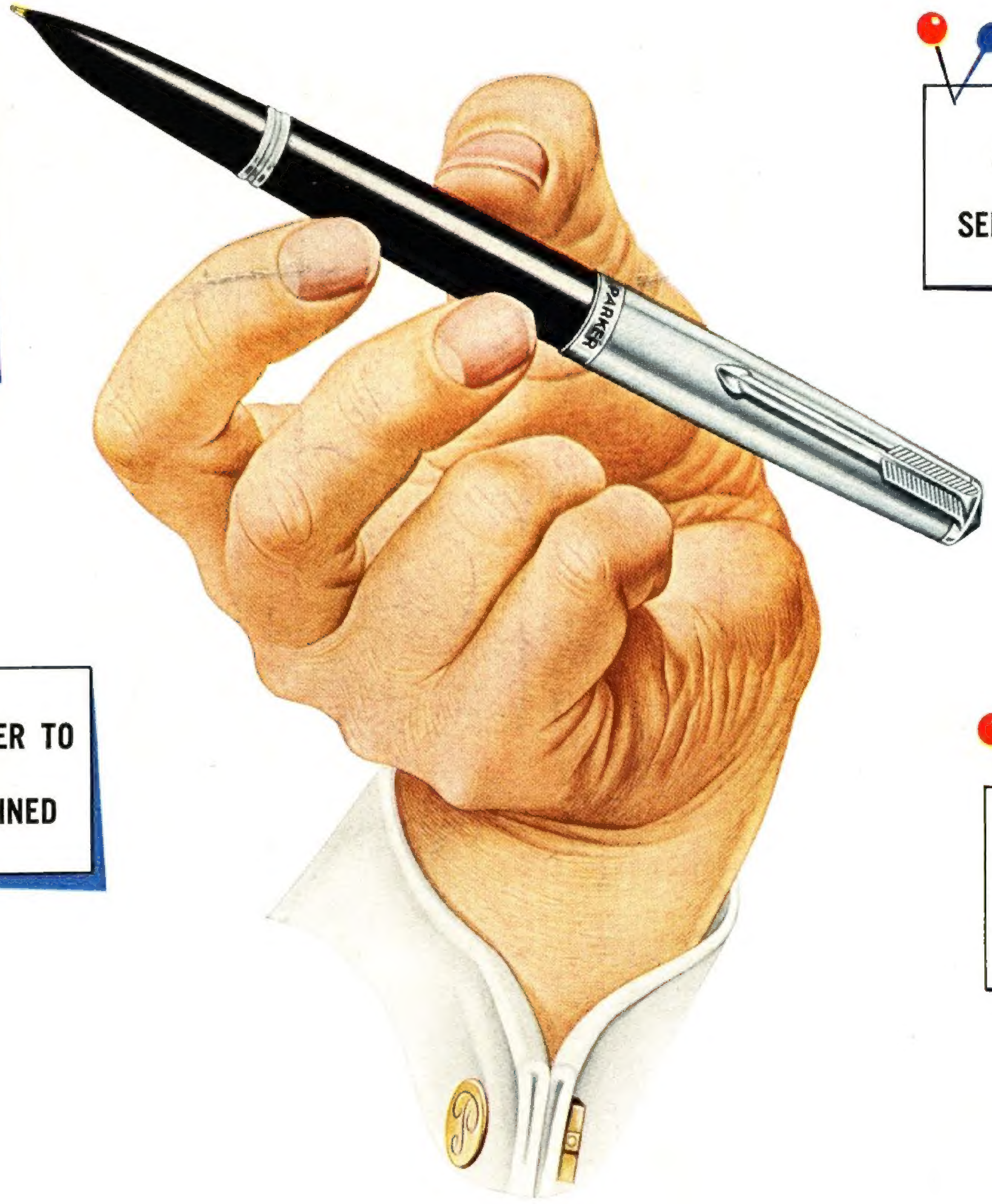

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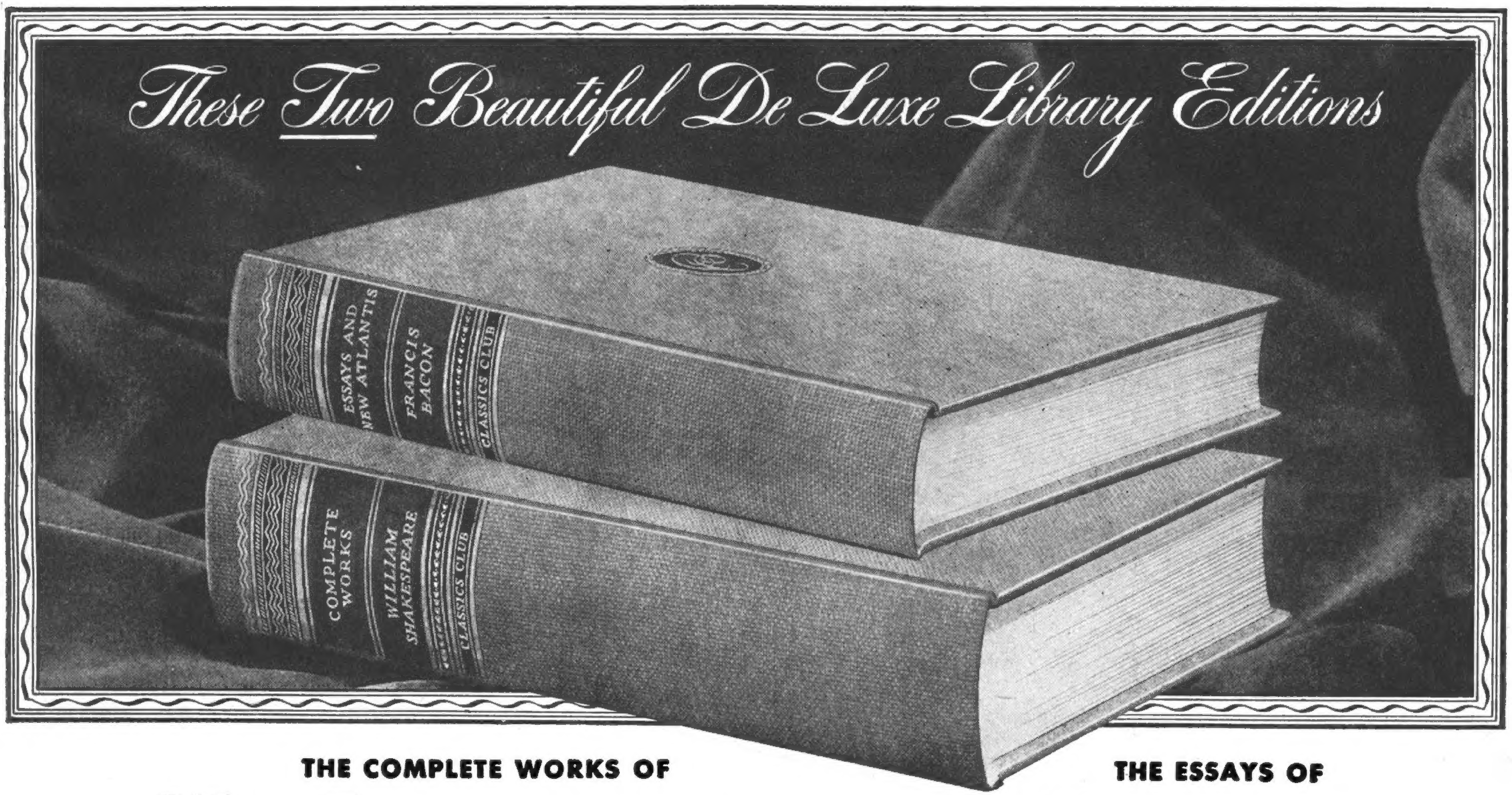

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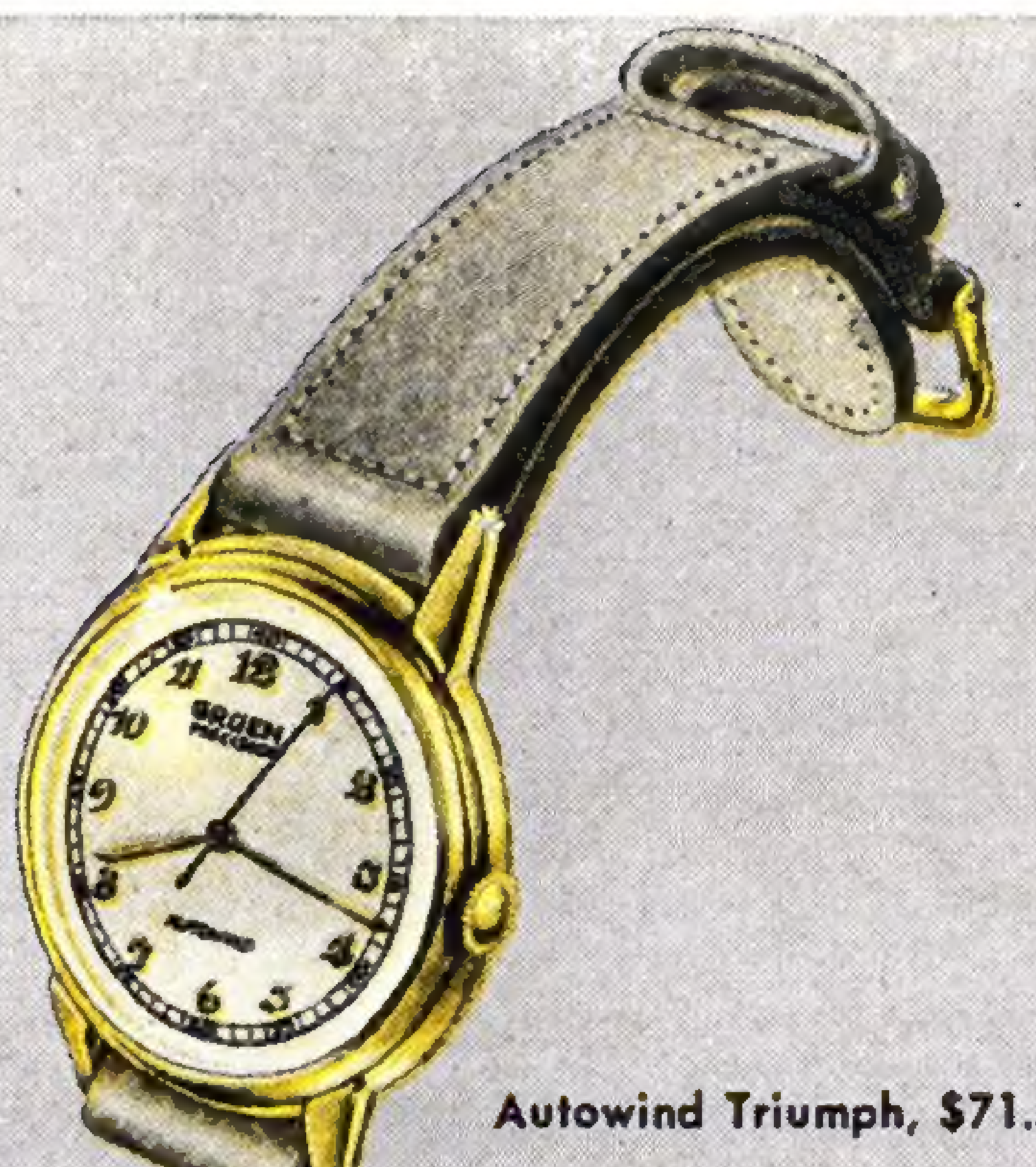

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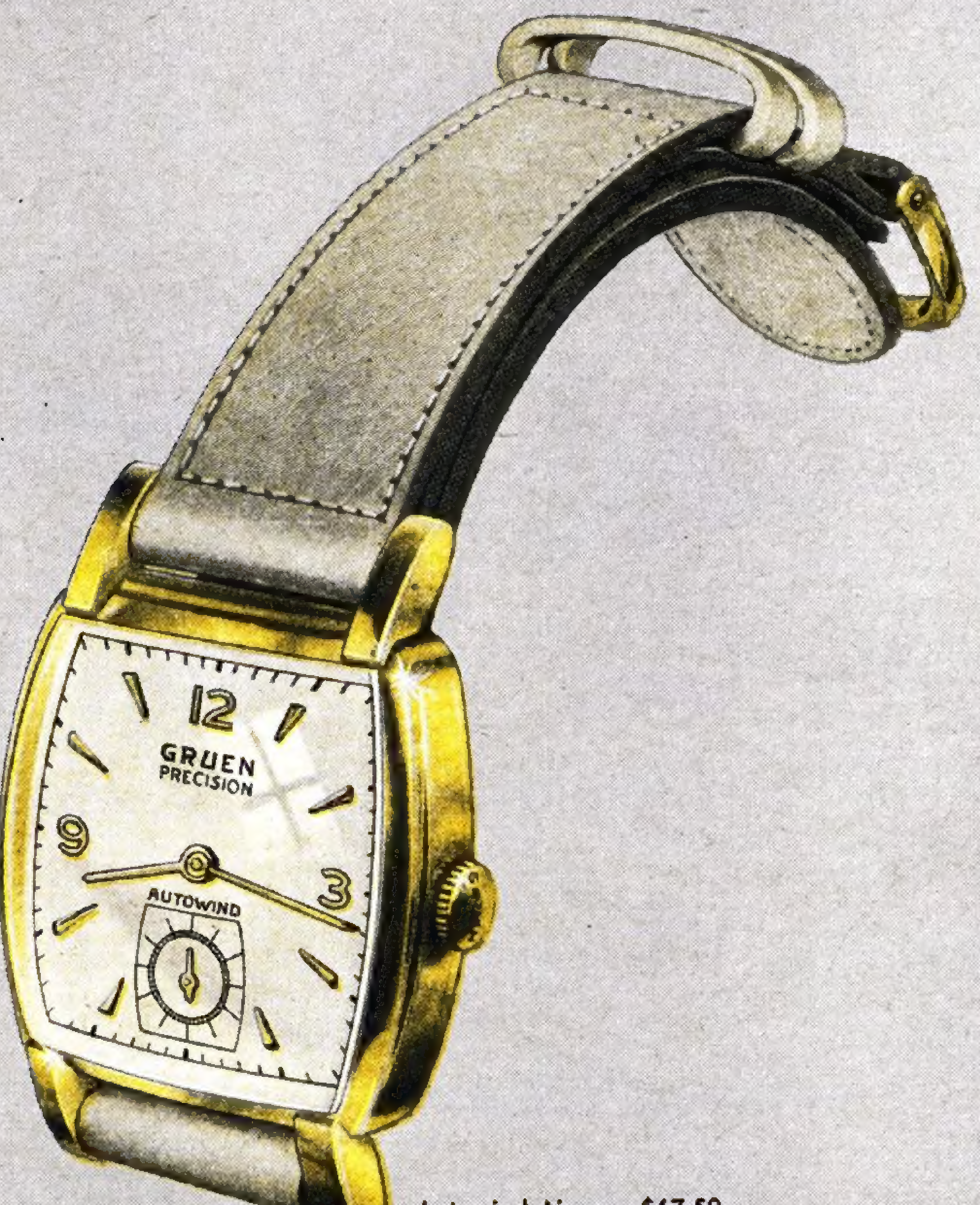

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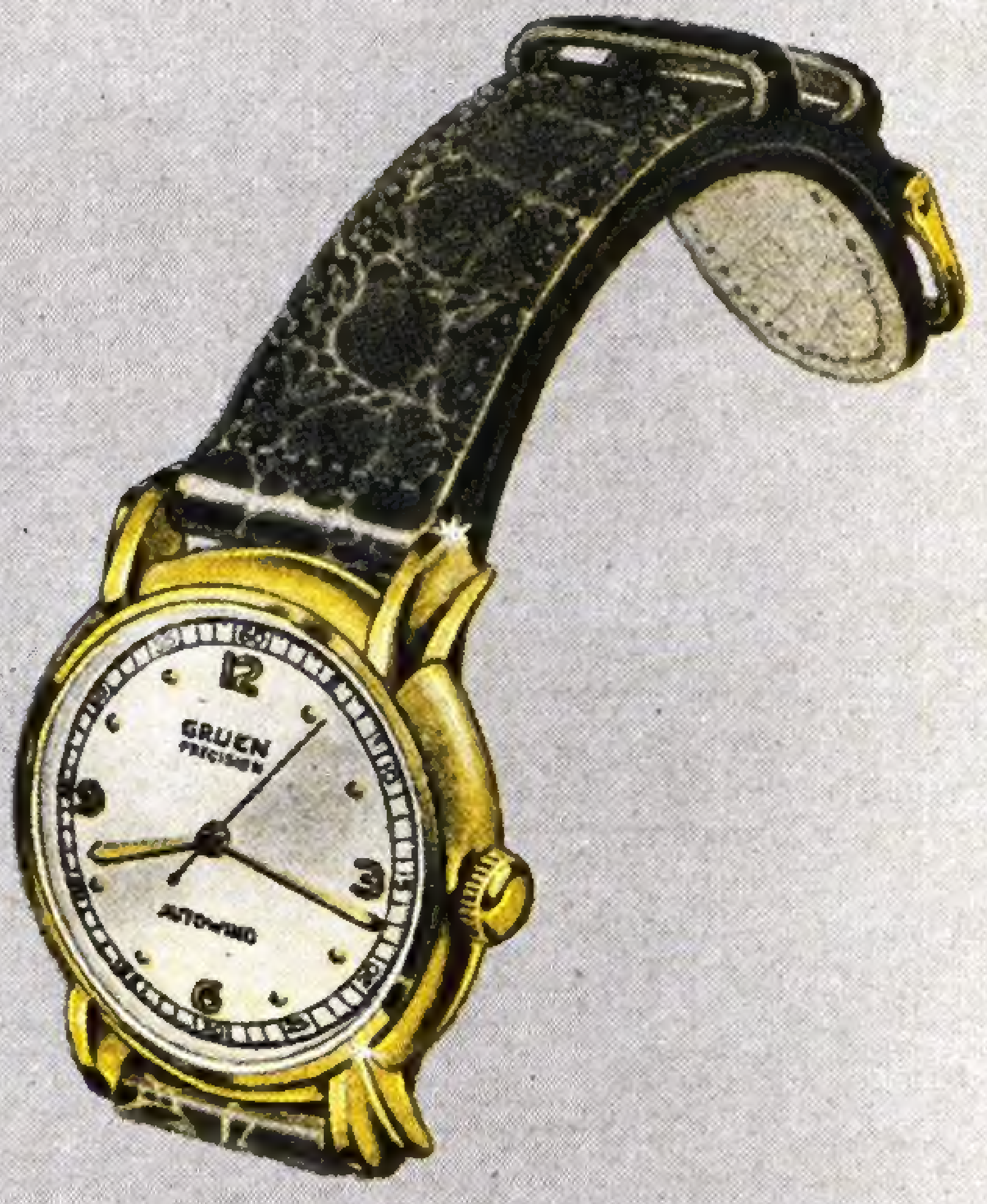

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The Case for the Unwed Father, by Dr. J. B. Rice, defends the forgotten man of 1948. Undismayed by the wails of damsels who have been wronged, to say nothing of their highly vocal offspring, the author takes the stand to point out that society inevitably censures the unwed father, who may not even be at fault, and at the least deserves more sympathy than he gets. An article that should be read by all potential fathers, whether married or still happy.

Upset Football Coach . . .

In *The Large Mr. Little*, Arthur Daley tells how Columbia's coaching genius manages to topple a giant or so every season and make the biggest headlines with the smallest squads. Good inside football, a chalktalk written at the famous Lou Little's elbow.

Fighter's Fighter . . .

Jimmy Cannon knows Tony Zale better than most men who haven't met him in the ring. In *Tony Zale: Working Man*, read about the fighter's creed and the way of a champion as only Cannon can tell it, with a Runyon flourish wrapped around a boxing yarn in every paragraph.

Bedside Murder Mystery . . .

Take sex, streamlined writing, and a touch of murder, stir with a hot rod, and come up smoking with *Cloak Across the Blood*, by James West. Another of Esquire's lightning whodunits which proves that the flash can strike in the same place more than once—in fact, every month, written especially for Esquire by the Bedside Private Eyes who see all and tell only part of it. But Author West tells you the rest—unless you guessed it first, one line from the photo finish.

Man the Kitchenette . . .

A 12-page *Chef's Guide for Hosts* follows the *Liquor Intelligencer* in August and the *Guide to Good Hunting* in this issue, as musts for the gentleman's library. Woo her with a snack, an outdoor triumph, or a party for gourmets, if you will, after reading this last word on man's place in the kitchen. Illustrated in full color are the crafts and nuances that chefs the world over have used to establish the maxim that MAN is the cook supreme. Assert yourself with a sauce, speak with a salad, ride high with a roast—all are here, especially prepared for the man who has more on his mind than bending over a hot stove all evening. Gentlemen! to the grill, and the girls.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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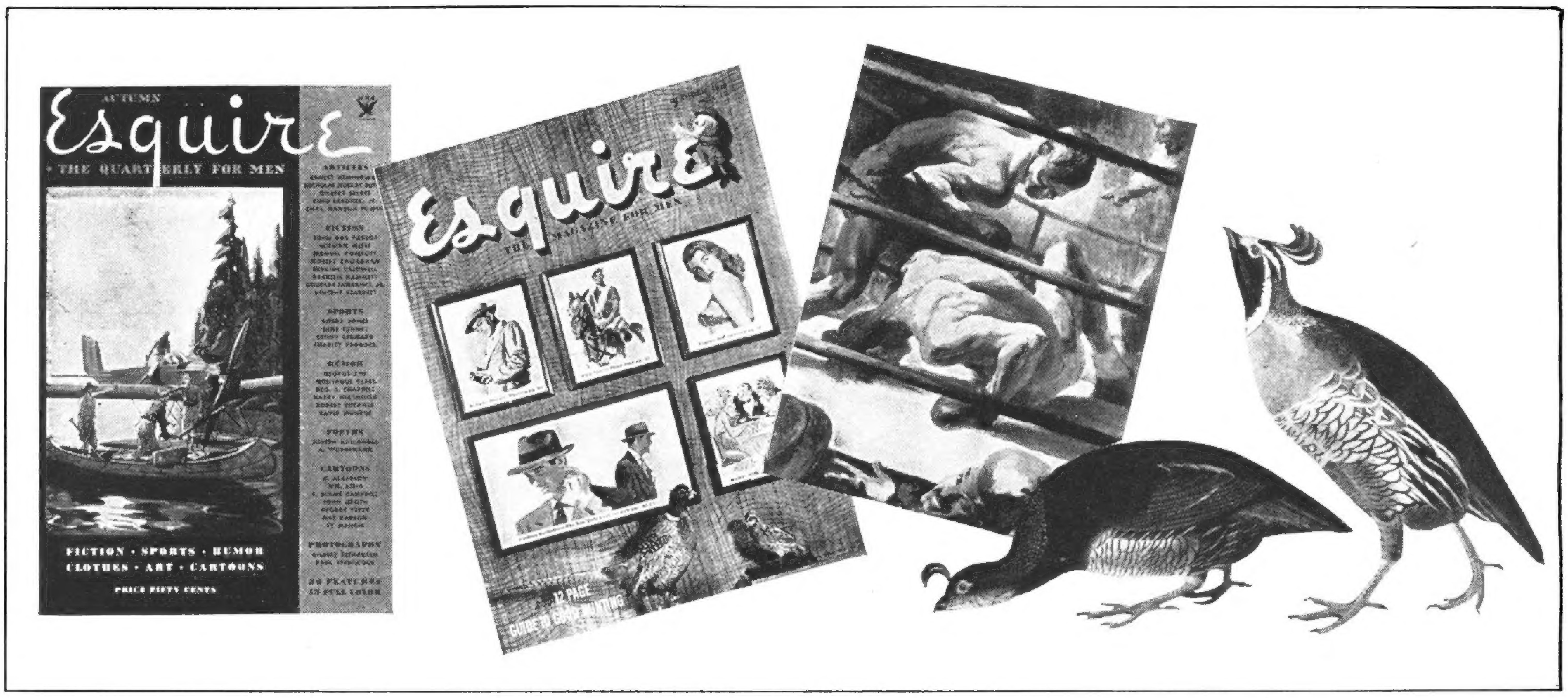
T. M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Circ., Bus., Prod. Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933 under Act of March 3, 1879. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts, drawings and cartoons should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing their addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Editorial: Fifteen years before the masthead



Being reflections on our anniversary, the first issue of Esquire, the October cover, and such matters as birds and artists

Esquire is fifteen years old, with this issue. Which leaves us, as you can well imagine, filled with a certain pride of accomplishment, and a great eagerness for the future. For Esquire is both old, and young, now.

Old in experience, indeed, after a launching in the parlous year of 1933 which set heads to shaking and the prophets to crying the early collapse of the prodigious infant.

Old, too, as the mentor through the years of the growing lights of U. S. culture, so that our back files have become a *Who's Who* of accomplishment over this span of years. Read the name and words of John Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway; of Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald; see the line of George Bellows, John Sloan, Thomas Benton, until the list becomes a bright repetition of a near generation of talent published for its own true sake.

Oddly enough, many of these were among the experimenters, the bold, bright young men of that day. And they helped form an Esquire tradition still growing—a tradition both of literary excellence and exploration. You can find in any issue of Esquire, hard by the distinguished lines of a famed author, the hopeful and glowing work of another Esquire "First." A Discovery of the Month just taking his first eager step toward recognition. As it was in the beginning, today we still read and evaluate every manuscript submitted: we try to see every artist or writer who comes to our door. His work is the important thing. We ask his name later.

But when is a magazine young, or mature, or old? You can buy one with a name that goes back almost to the beginnings of this country at the same newsstand that sprouts this month's greenest fledgling publication. And so we think that maybe you should judge the age of a magazine by the state of its arteries, by the fresh flow of creation that moves through its pages—or, more sadly, if it does not. We give you then, for judgment, this October issue that literally bounced off the press with its new cover design, its dashing BOLD LOOK for 1948, its trophy room full of pictorial features on hunting and the outdoors, brashly intermixed with humor and beauty and comment and fiction that keeps the sharp Esquire tradition of surprises and surmises, established in that first issue.

The new cover is our particular pet. The cover of the very first issue, reproduced on this page, contained a placid but masculine pictorial suggestion that Esquire was for men. Not long after, the saucy little figure of Esky pranced on the stage, held the spotlight for years, until he gave way to the era of the cartoon cover, just now ended. The new design, call it the batting order if you will, is straight out of the heart of the Magazine—a living symbol of the table of contents which will change with each issue as the line-up shifts, but always forming another link in a series of masculine patterns compounded of the stuff that men's dreams are made on. Hope you like it.

* * *

The fact is that we feel pretty perky at this sitting around the fifteen candles. Far from being a little tired of it all, we take our cue from one of our stockroom boys. On his wall is the Esquire Girl from the November issue, and, as he told the elevator girl, just wait until December: *there's* an issue.

* * *

A unique combination of skills is bunched under the title *Lost Epilogue* in this issue. Henry Kane, our irrepressible author of the Pete Chambers detective thrillers, wrote a short story of the ring this time. It packs his usual terrific wallop. Knowing in advance that when Hurry-Kane swings his haymaker he usually connects, we had artist Gus Rehberger waiting in the dressing room even before the piece arrived. Gus, a mild-mannered gent with sensitive hands and shoulders like a bull, was once an athlete himself and did a bit of barnstorming to keep himself in water colors and hamburger. You can see on page 44 his painting *Epilogue* as a mood interpretation of the story. You'll look at it, read, and then want to go back to the painting. Quite a team, those boys, in print, or even if you need a couple of husky guys to help you out in a water-front free-for-all.

* * *

We want to acknowledge especially the courtesies of the good gentlemen of the New York Historical Society who made available to us the original Audubon paintings for the reproductions shown on pages 88 and 89 of this issue. Twelve years ago, we recall, they helped us out in time of need, when our problem was merely finding the name of the first enterprising gentleman who sold men's clothes in New York.

They told us his name then, and how much he charged for an extra pair of pants, besides. So this time, on the trail of some Audubon birds, we were delighted, but not too surprised, when the Society brought out Audubon's own work and calmly let us photograph from the original. We once warmed our hands over a musical phrase scribbled by Brahms in a letter to an old friend of his, who was our teacher. So, as we saw the Audubon birds painted there with the accents of his own hand, there was a glow in the old Society rooms. We hope you find it also in these pages.

* * *

One of our contributors, who is either a Harvard man or polysyllabic enough to know one, sent us an interesting communiqué the other day. We quote from the printed Bulletin of the Harvard Club of New York City: "It is regretted that issues of... Esquire, including their expensive bindings, have been disappearing from Harvard Hall, and in the future these publications will have to be obtained from the library."

We mention this not to turn any Harvard faces crimson, but out of gratification. When the boys stop swiping Esquire, we'll begin to worry. #

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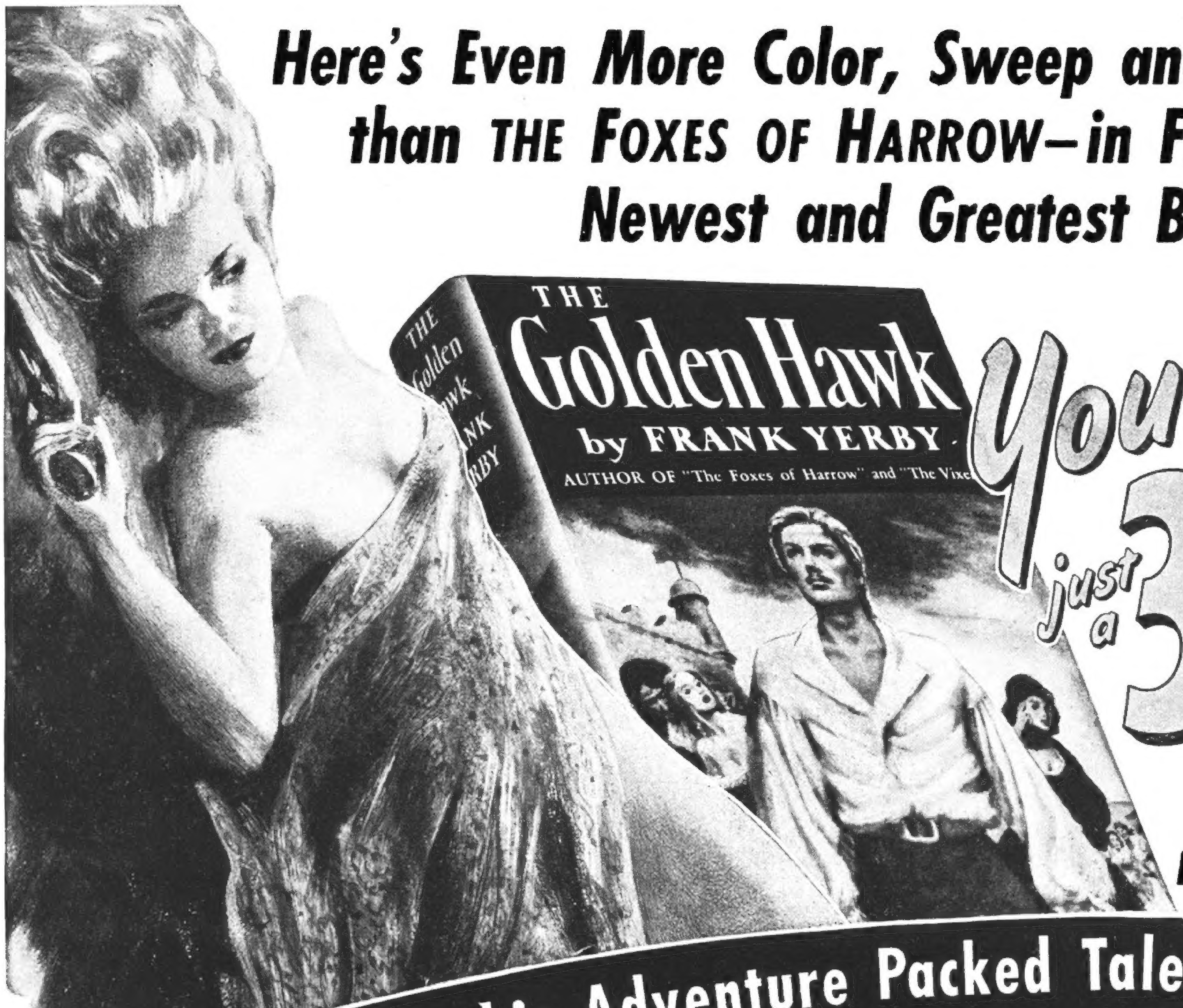
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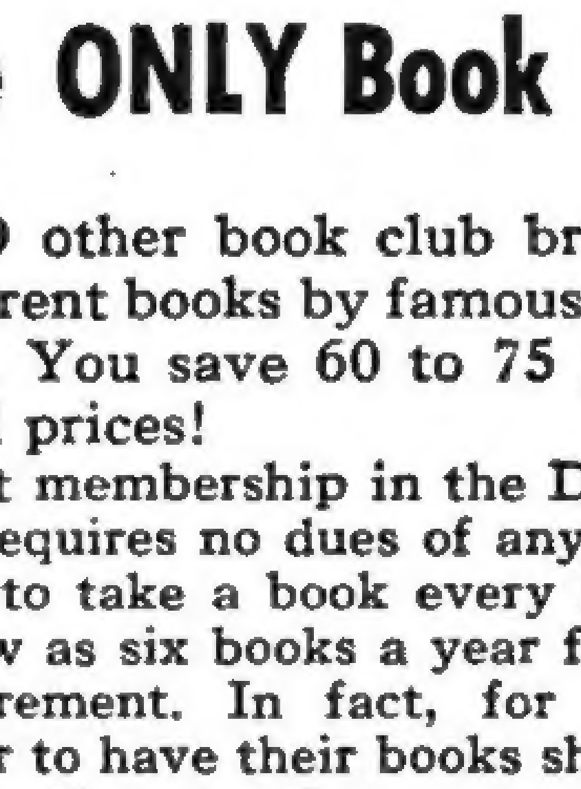

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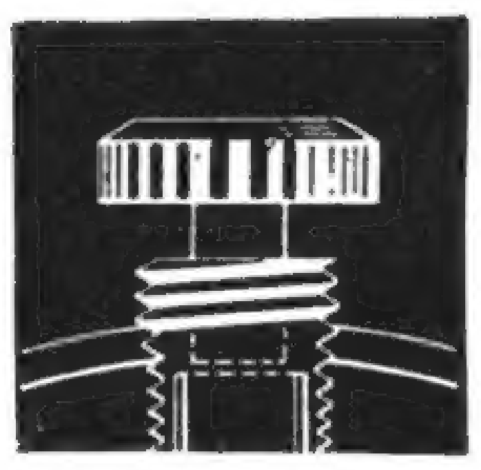

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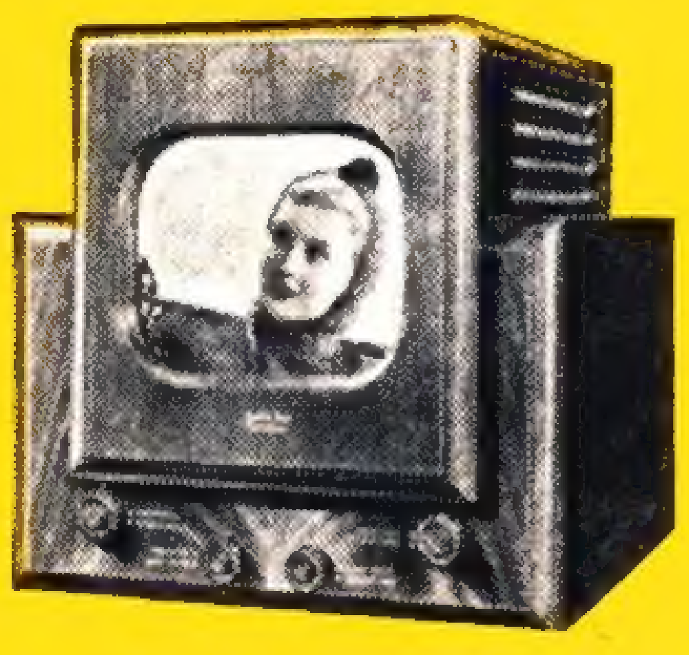

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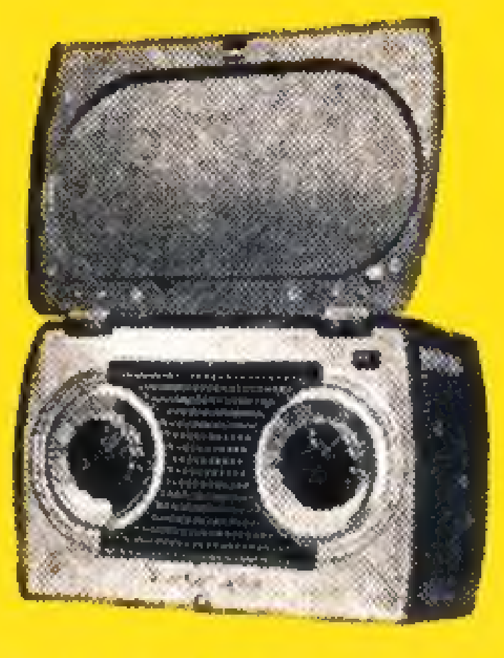

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The Sound and the Fury

small beer

In your article, *Everybody's Girl* (June, 1948), Miss Thomas talks about sidewalk cafés serving Bock. It is extremely doubtful that a French café would have a heavy German beer. Does she not mean Hock?

James M. Walton
St. Paul's School
Concord, N.H.

Editor's Note: *They order it different in France. When you sit down at a sidewalk café and order* un bock, *the waiter brings you a small round glass of beer—any kind. If you want a big glass, you order* un demi. *Size of* bock: *quarter of a liter, hardly worth bothering. Mr. Walton was thinking of the special heavy brew known in this country as bock and originally German.*

checkmates

(1)

I have read your magazine for years and have considered it one of the finest publications available. However, your April, 1948, issue contains an article which must surely damage the popularity of your magazine and the writer, Sam Kaplan. The opening sentence of this article refers to checkers as "a poor man's game and an old man's game." Place yourself in the position of one of the hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic checker fans and imagine his instinctive reaction.

Mr. Kaplan continues with great fervor to run down the highly intellectual game and slaps its players in the face with such remarks as: "The *more suave gentry* have never taken to it. . . . The game is really *too simple*. If you can play checkers—and *what schoolboy cannot?*"

Then he reveals that he knows practically nothing about his subject by stating: "You begin with the traditional four rows of checkers." Four rows, did he say? Why any SCHOOLBOY knows that checkers is played with only three rows of checkers! And as for simplicity, it has been estimated that the number of combinations possible on a checkerboard is well up into the millions. Men have devoted their entire lives to the game, but none has ever reached the point where he had nothing more to learn.

Andy Law
San Diego, Calif.

(2)

The only thing proved by Sam Kaplan's article *Circular Checkers* is that the author is dizzy from going around in mental circles.

As to checkers being an old man's game, practically all of the leading players are younger men, and the average age of prize winners in national tourneys is in the twenties or thirties.

Kaplan's "circular checkers" sounds positively stupid. There is about as much danger of it replacing checkers as there is of gin rummy replacing gin.

I would like to suggest that Mr. Kaplan drop in at Fischer's Checker Academy at 42nd and Broadway and make himself known. He will find a large crowd of checker enthusiasts of all ages, who will convince him that checkers is a highly scientific pastime which is here to stay. After all, it is the oldest game in the world, dating back to ancient Egypt, and is played by more people today than ever before.

Come now, Mr. Kaplan, admit your ignorance and apologize. Or are you too busy writing an article proving that people are losing interest in the Einstein Theory because it's too simple?

Yates Wyllie
New York, N.Y.

(3)

No man can know everything, but when one writes for Esquire shouldn't one know just a little about his subject? It would be hard to pack more misstatements into a few paragraphs than Sam Kaplan packs into his comments on checkers in your April issue.

An old man's game? Checkers is taught in some school systems; not long ago the governor of Michigan and the superintendent of public instruction endorsed a checker tournament among the high school students of that state. Nearly all expert players learned the game before the age of ten. Newell W. Banks became U.S. Champion at 23; Edwin F. Hunt at 32; Asa A. Long at 31. The median age of the ten probable best U. S. players today is between 40 and 41; two are 21 and only two have reached 60. Checkers bores the expert? Then why frequent city, state, regional and national tournaments, the sun seldom setting without having shone on a tournament somewhere in progress?

Winthrop D. Lane
Washington, D.C.

Scots what hae

Reader Robert Wallace Lees is indeed a Sad Scotch Sack. Any country that will keep its kilties and bagpipes and send its pinch bottles to the Stork Club can be expected to pull a mean trick like that on one of its citizens.

Reader Lees can have a calendar on me. Furthermore if he is in the mood when the 1949 calendar is ready, just have him drop me a line. If we're still on this side of Petrograd I'll repeat the compliment.

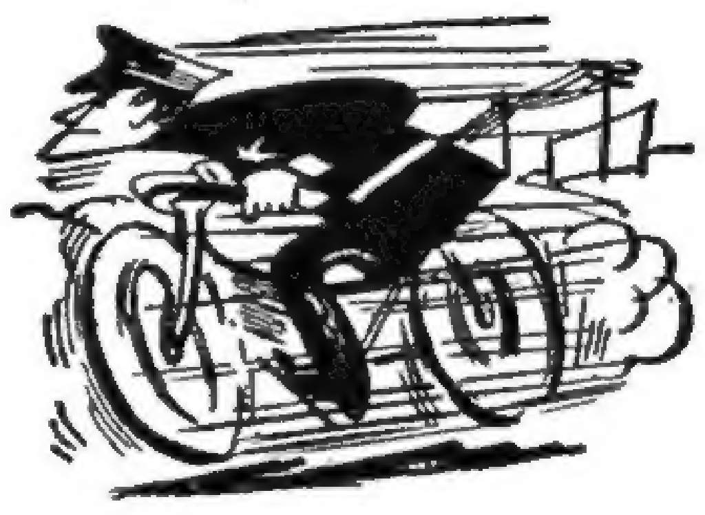
Morris Goldstein, D.D.S.
Philadelphia, Pa.

passive resistance

Bravo for your article, *The Fräulein Wins the Peace*. Best article I've read yet concerning occupation of Germany. Too bad there are so few which give the real low-down on the situation.

Perhaps a few stories of that type could bring to the attention of the taxpayers the fact that the Army they have over here to "democratize" the krauts is not only failing to teach democracy to anyone, but is falling for a lot of Nazi propaganda. And these men are all potential voters. Could it be possible that the prejudices they develop over here will influence their choice of leaders back home?

A Discouraged PFC.
Ausburg, Germany



clock the cop

Why do you have to print those dizzy algebra problems about fish? Here's one I think is more practical: If a man is driving 60 mph and he passes a fly-cop who jumps on his motorcycle and catches him in three minutes, what is the fly-cop's speed at the instant he pulls up alongside the motorist?

Louis Tonik
Philadelphia, Pa.

of Rice and women

I read with interest, Dr. J. B. Rice's article *Do You Know Your Women?* While he may be right about averages, I think he overlooks individual variation.

I know from observation that some men have much better ability to adjust themselves to external temperature changes than some women. Also he tends to minimize differences due to training.

A farmer's wife who has scrubbed floors, pitched hay and carried hundreds of pounds of skimmed milk out to feed the calves may often have better developed arms and shoulders than the average bank cashier. Moreover, the only professional scrubwomen I have known were all able to do a straight-backed pushup without difficulty.

A hundred years ago it was considered "unfeminine" to know how to swim. Similarly it was considered "unladylike" for a woman to earn her living, and any woman who preferred to do so rather than be supported by her male relatives was subject to social disapproval, but such is no longer the case.

Only sixty years ago health itself was considered a coarse, vulgar animal trait when found in women and chronic invalidism was necessary in any woman who wanted to be considered a "lady," but that is no longer so.

It seems to me a difficult task to separate the female traits which are inherent in sex from those resulting from prevailing fashions.

W. S. Hughes
Route 1
Ojai, Calif.

best man

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Hughes' statement regarding individual variations in muscular development and in other things. In a short article it is always impossible to go into a subject too deeply and to state all the exceptions.

I am sure he will agree that in general the human female is smaller and less well developed from a muscular standpoint than the human male. In this she follows the rules of architecture laid down for practically all mammals.

Certainly, many women have better muscular development than many men, but, nevertheless, the averages are as stated, and the "best" woman from a physical standpoint is always far inferior to the "best" man. This is particularly true in the athletic field.

In the events requiring muscular strength, women champions are usually beaten by many men below the champion level.

With regard to the possibility of distinguishing between the cells of men and women, this can be done under the microscope, but not by merely placing a slice of liver under the microscope and looking at it. Very highly specialized technics are involved. Identification depends, of course, on a study of the chromosomes.

J. B. Rice, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

question of ethics

Hamilton Benz' *Fair Exchange* is the most brutal and repulsive story I've read for years. I do not object to the description of how the Nazis treated the Dane's young sister before his eyes. We have plenty of evidence that such an occurrence would be not unusual. But we have no evidence that similar treatment would be likely to occur—as the story's ending clearly implies it would—at the hands of the Russians; although of course no one could say that it might not have happened in certain instances, at the hands of depraved persons of *any* nation.

The concept of taking bloody vengeance on the innocent is singularly repellent, and I doubt if it is often to be found even among the bitterest victims of Nazi outrages. When we adopt the attitudes and methods we condemn when found in the enemy, we go down to their level.

Paul A. Gardner
Ottawa
Ontario, Canada

Continued on page 138

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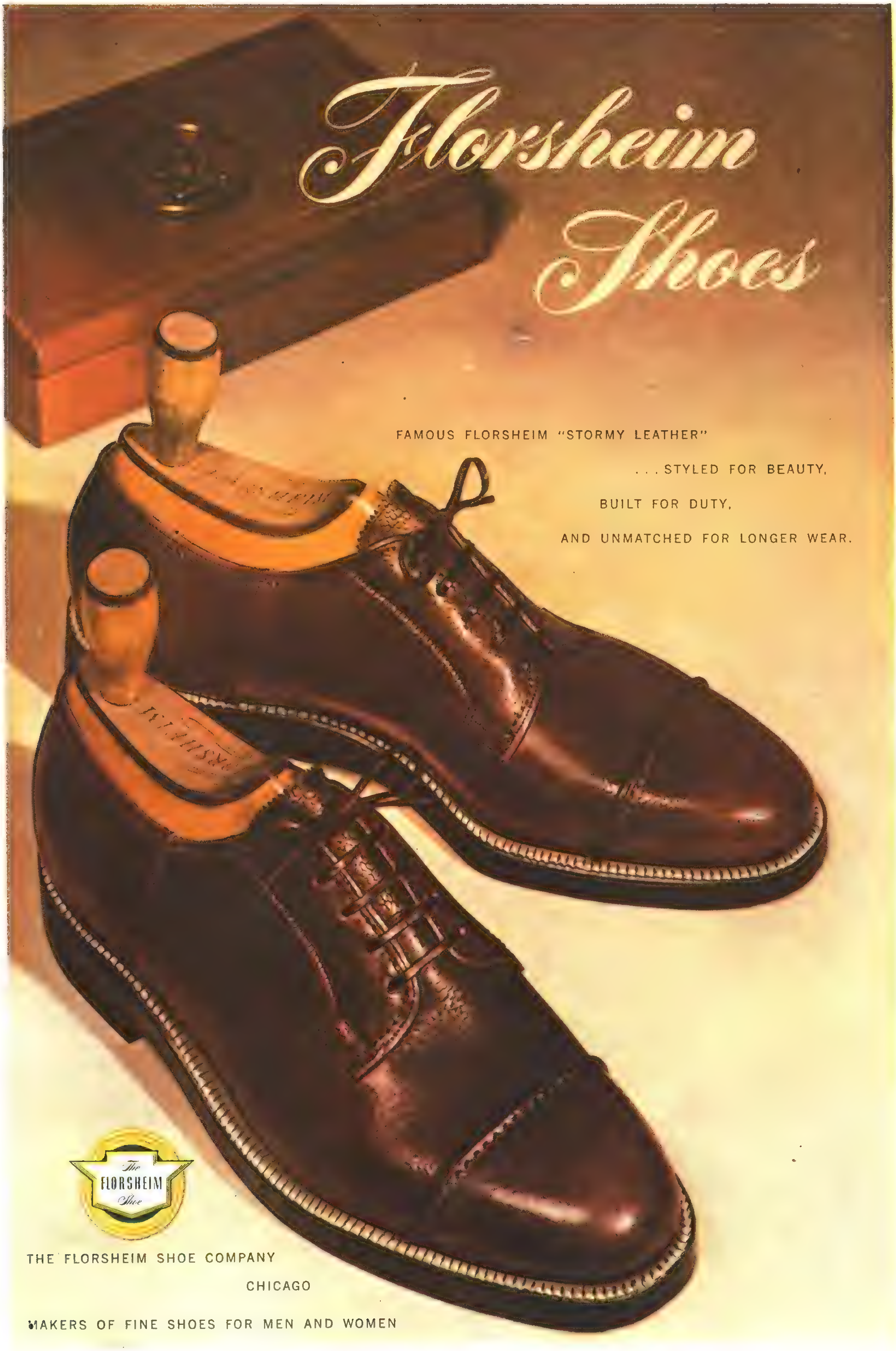
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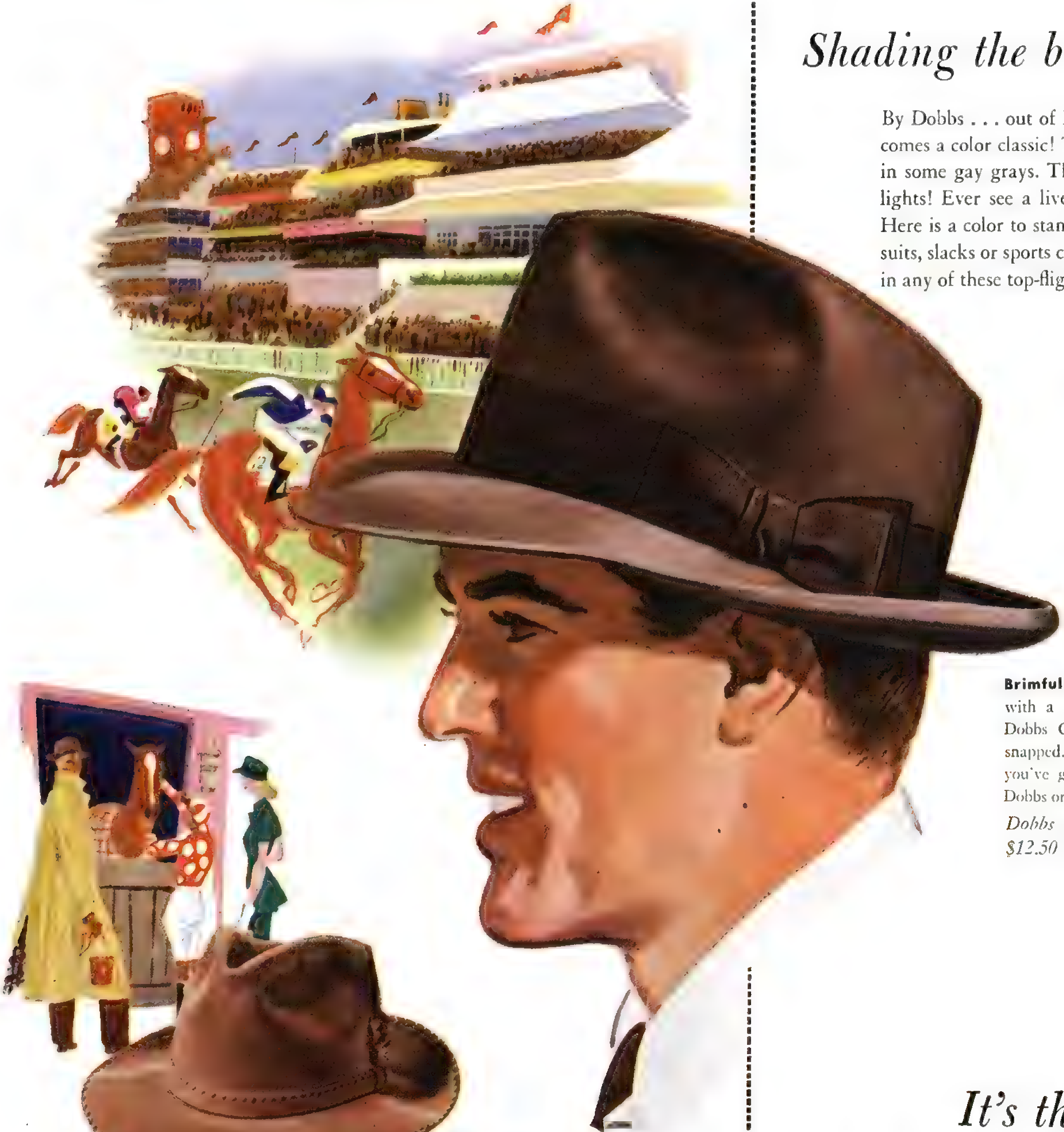

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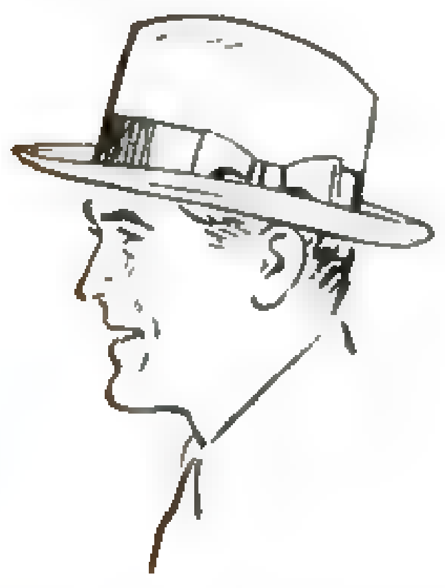

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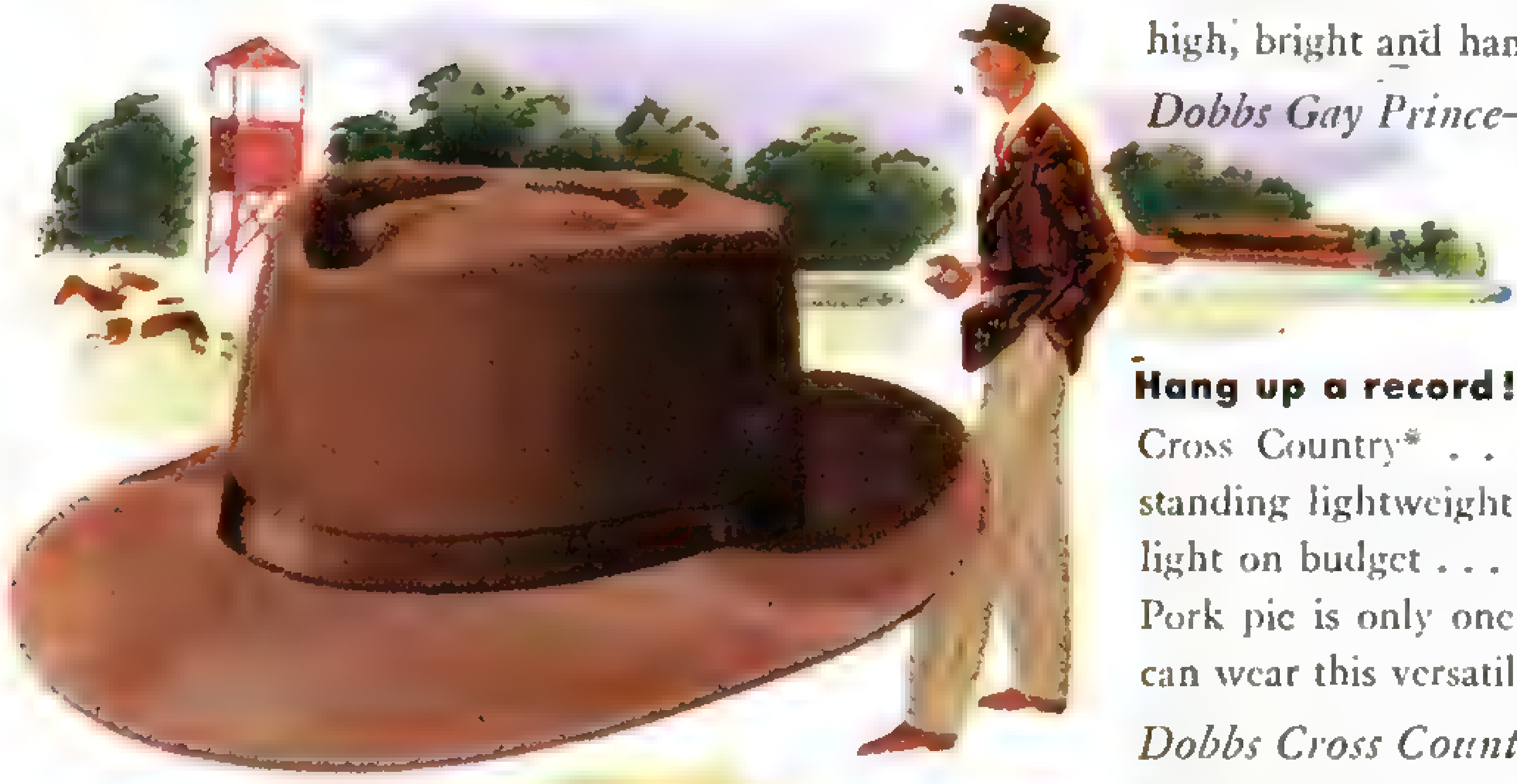

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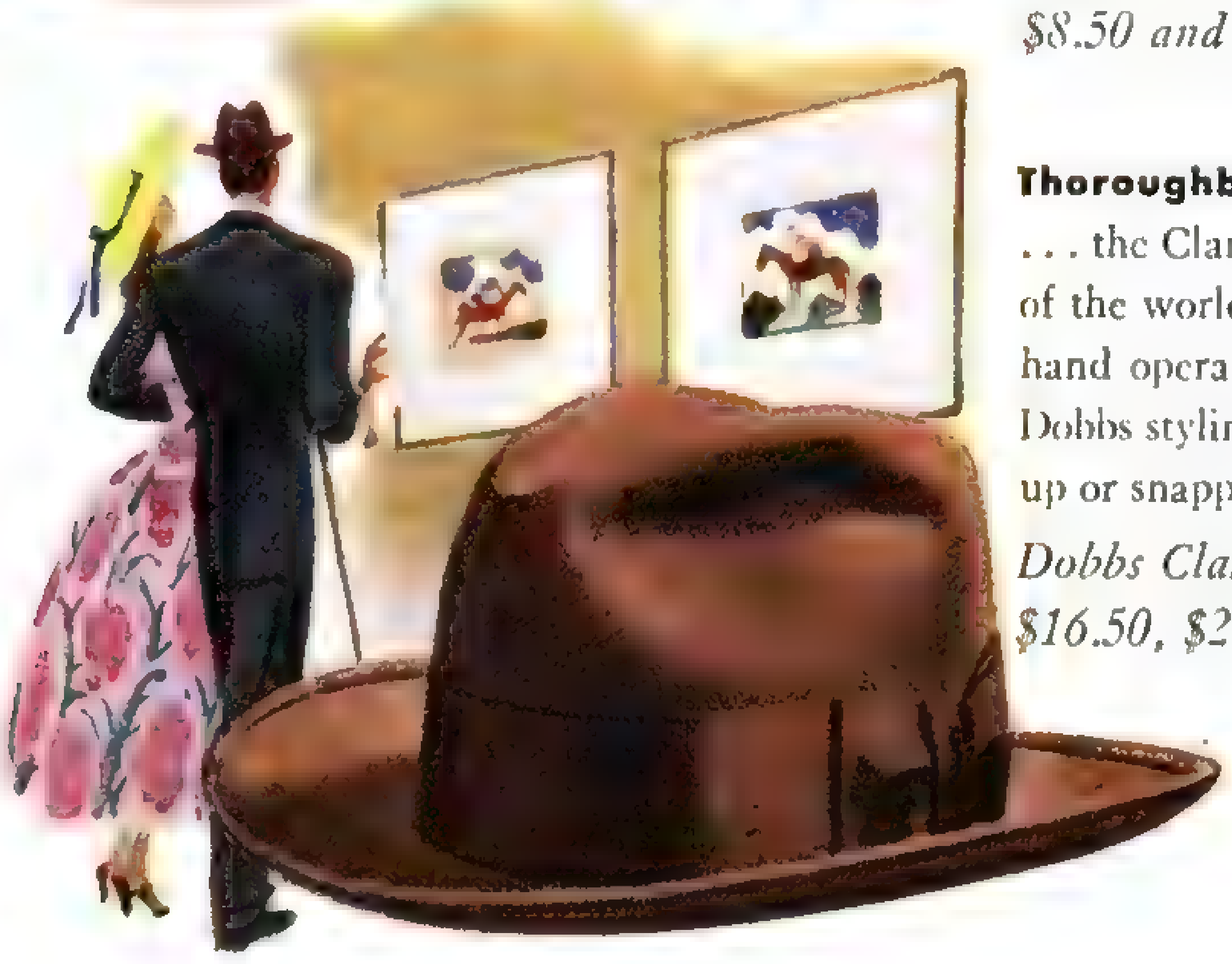

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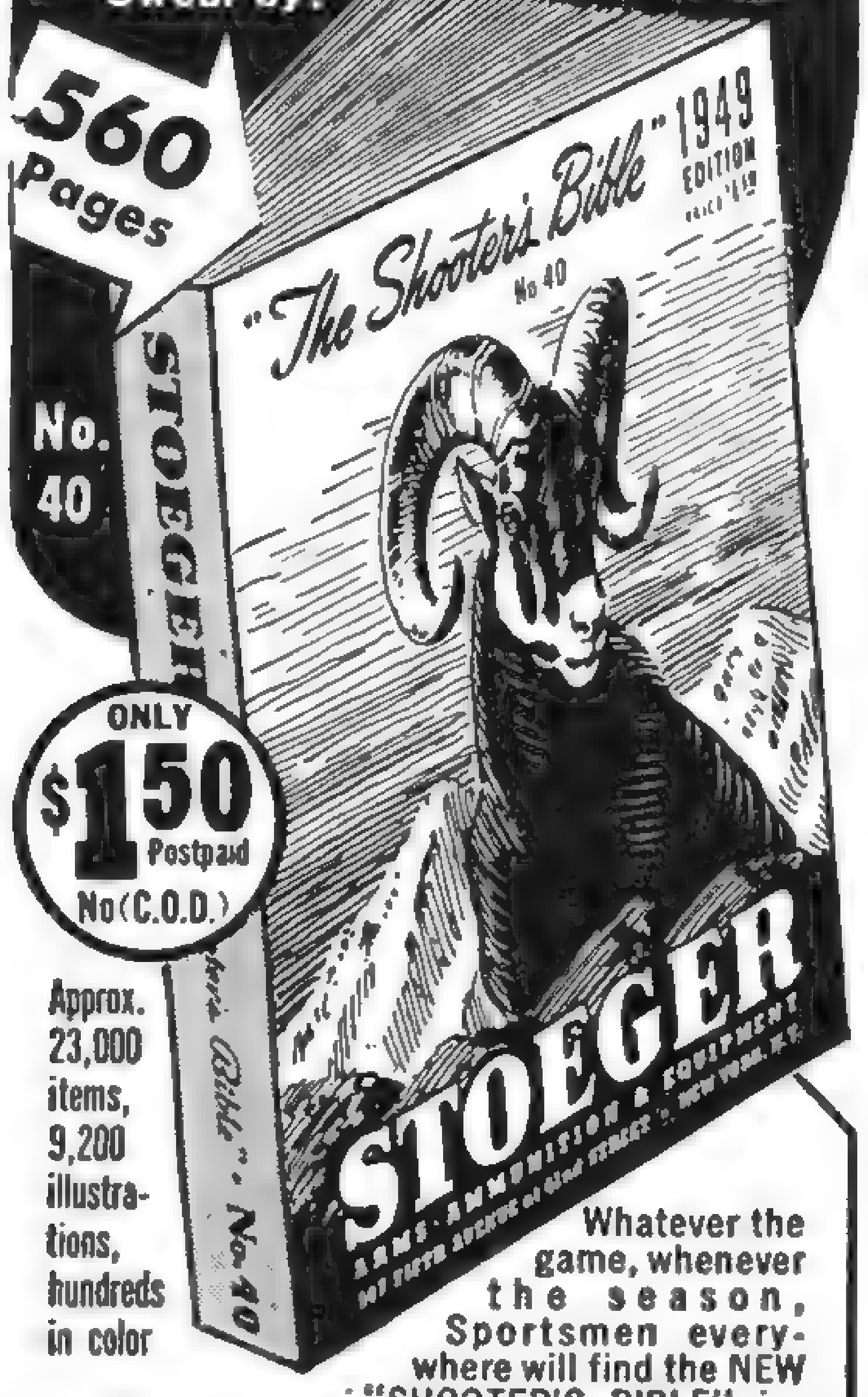

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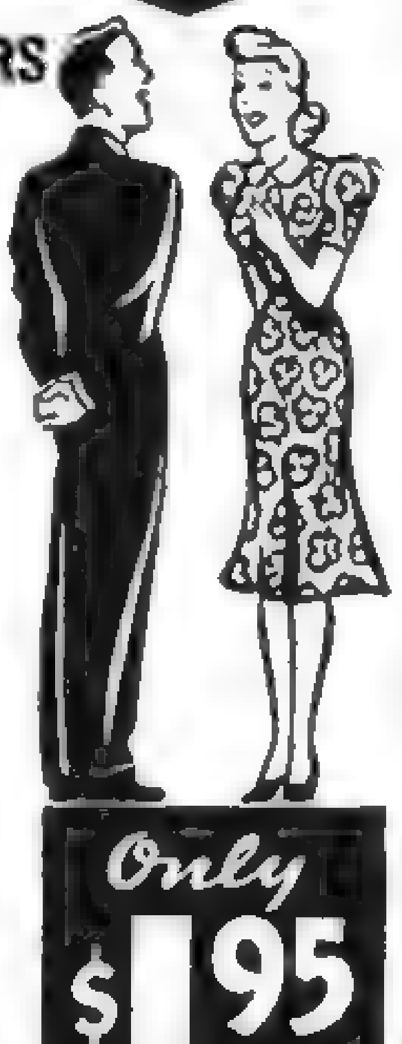

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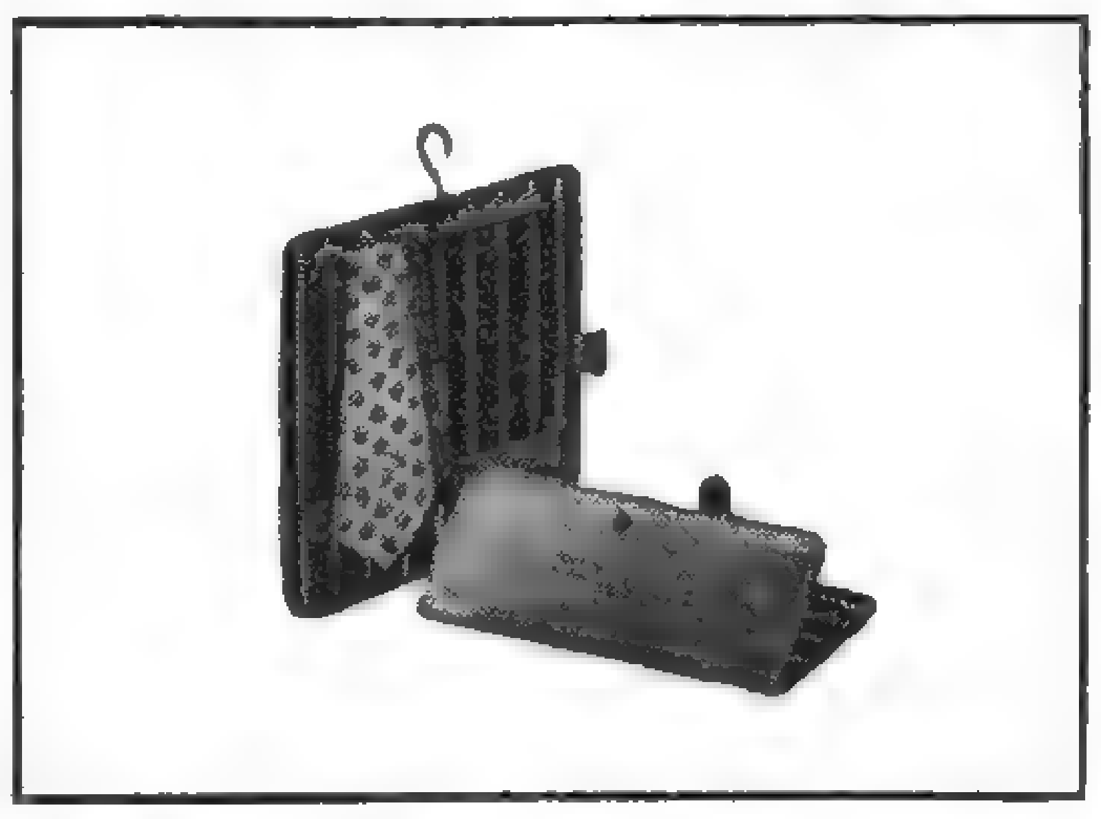

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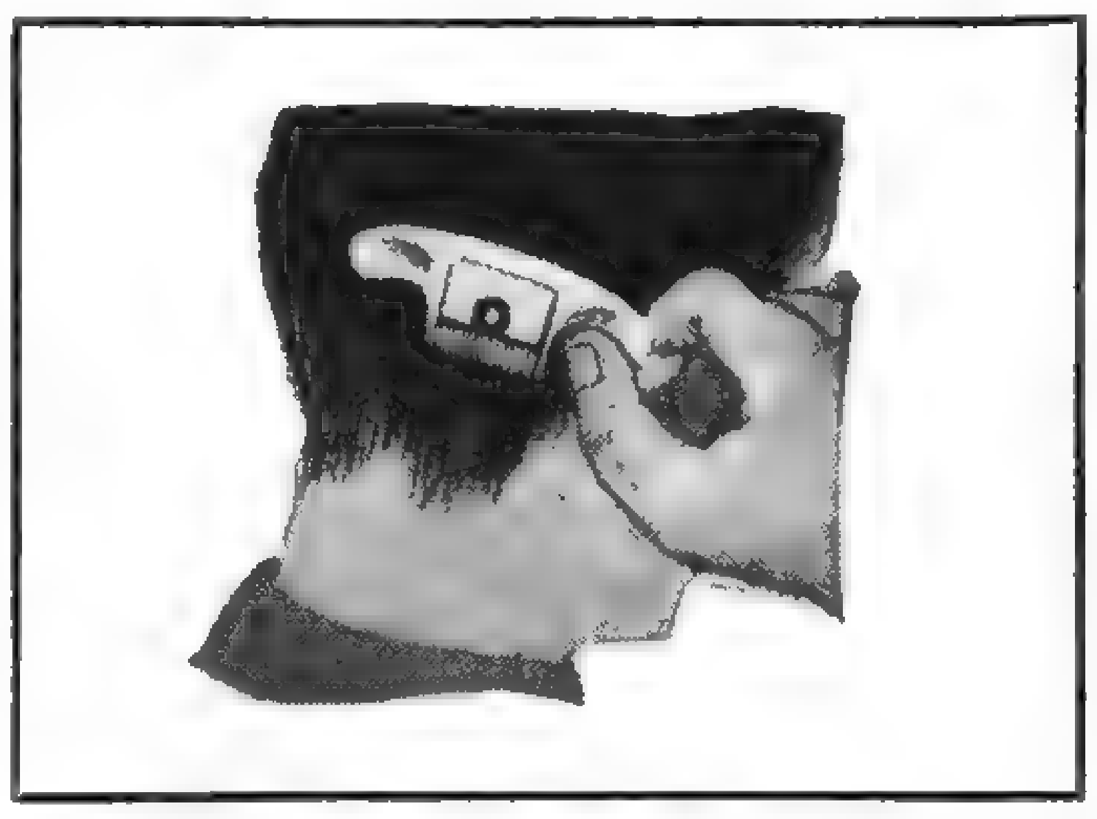

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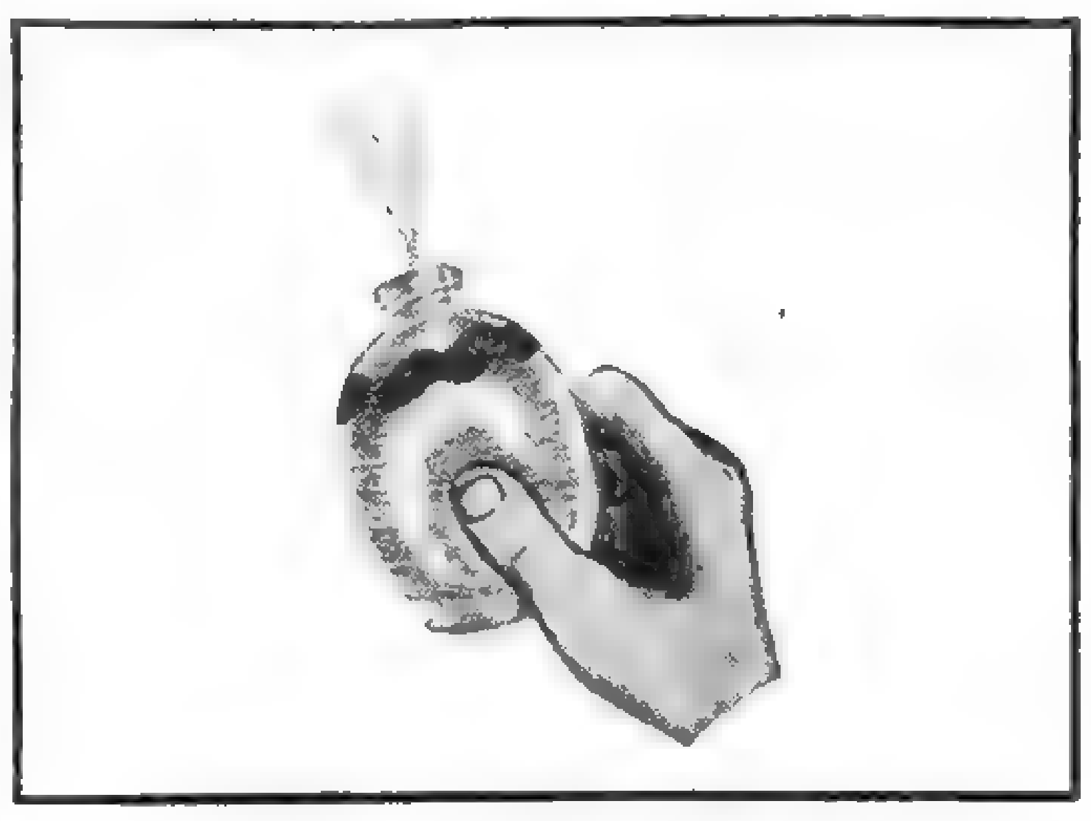

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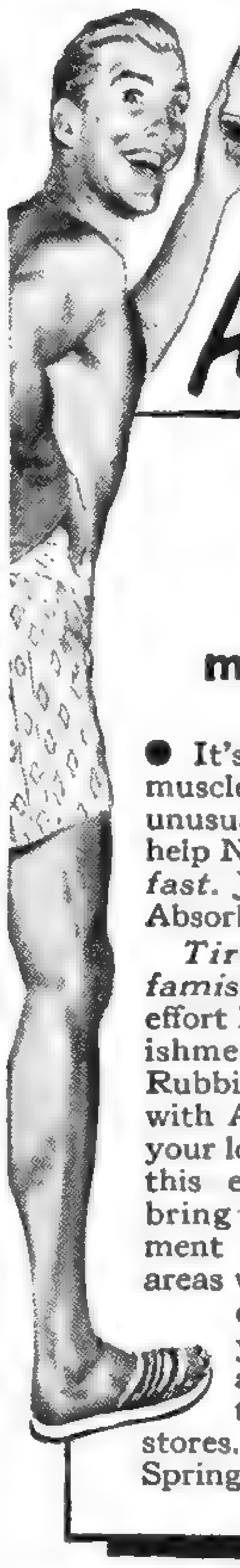

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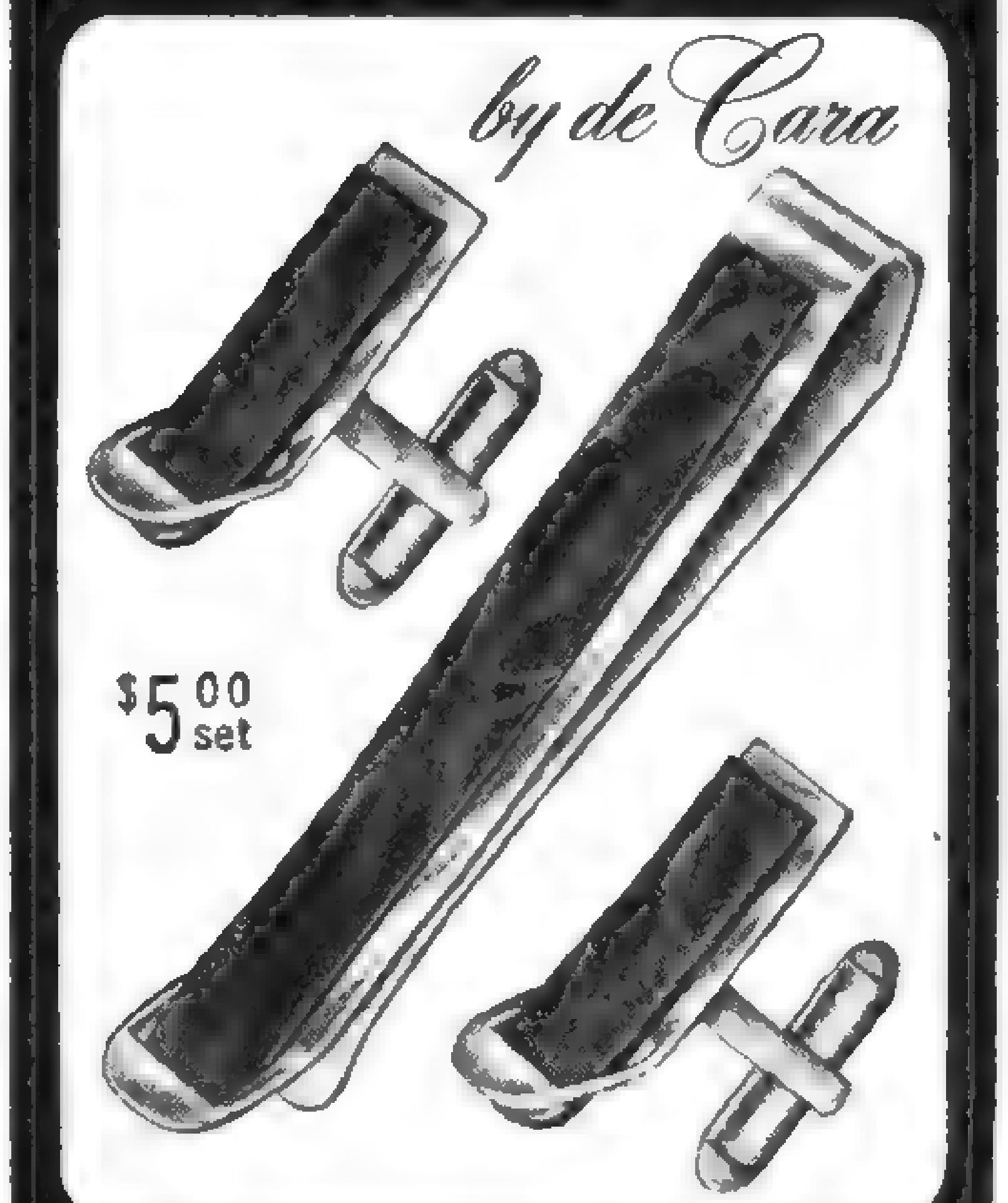

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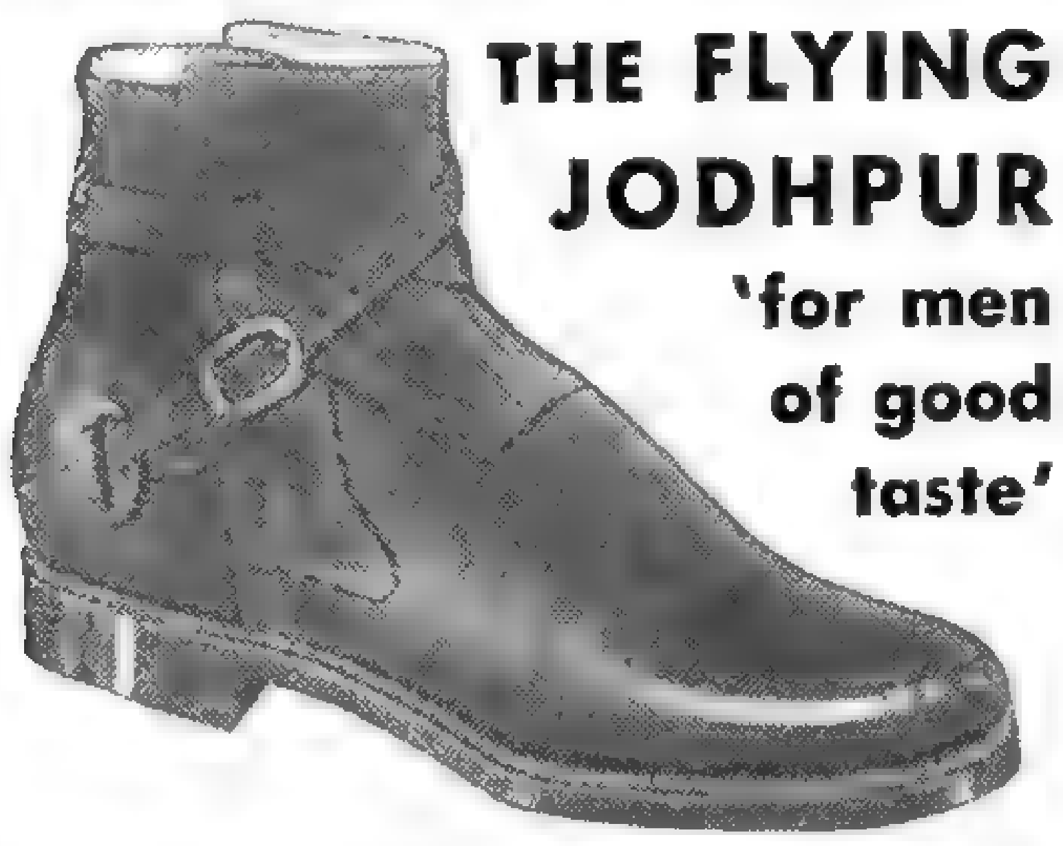
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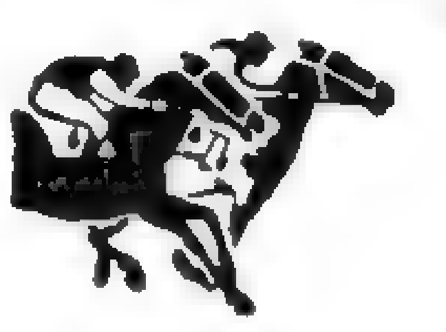
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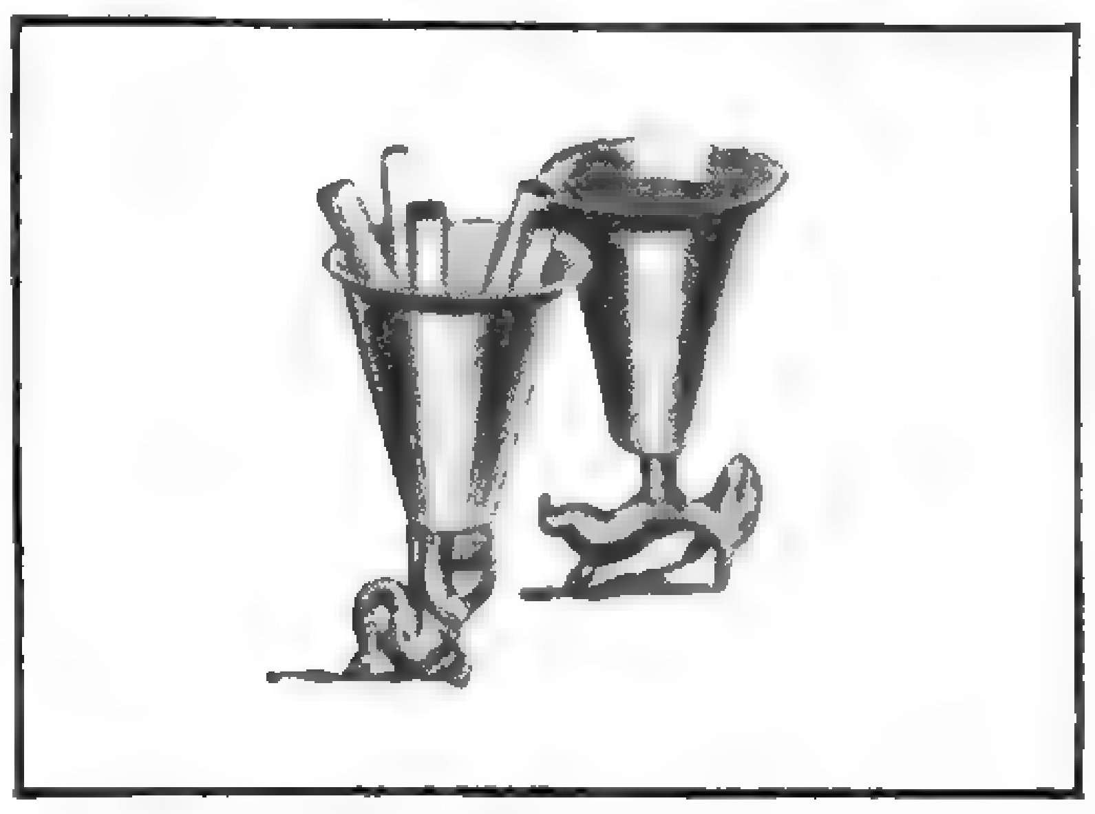
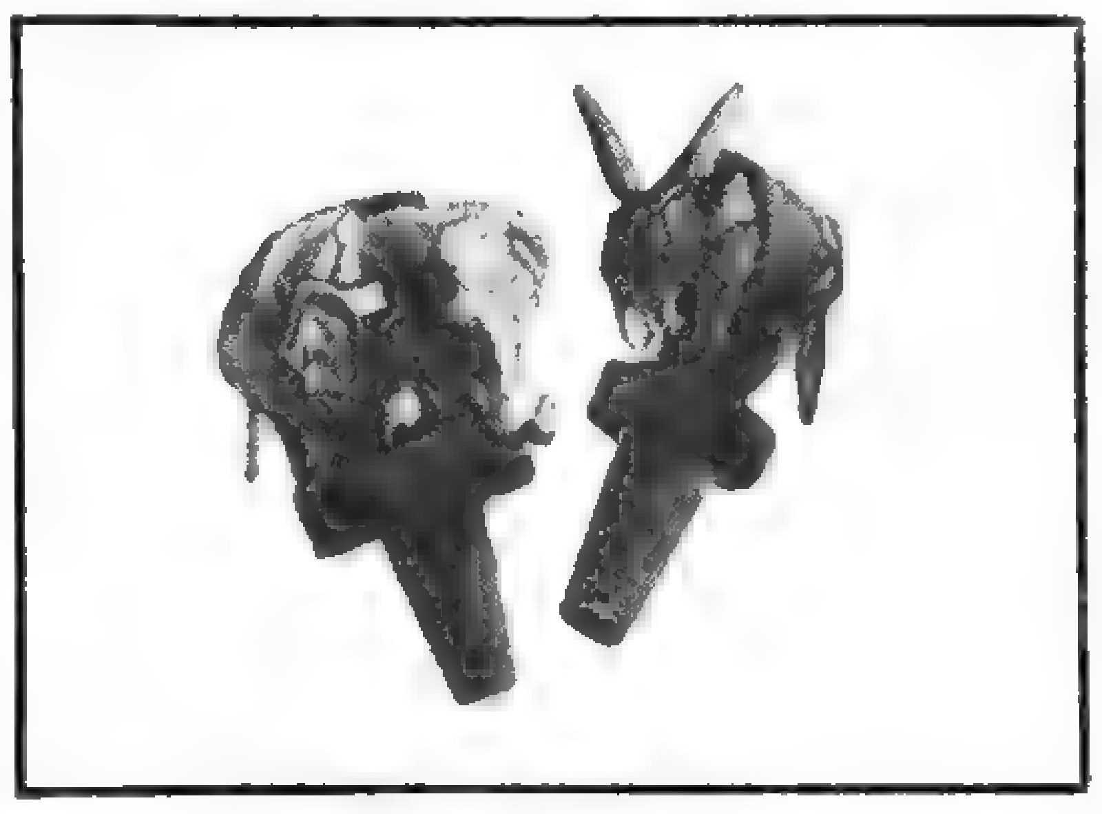
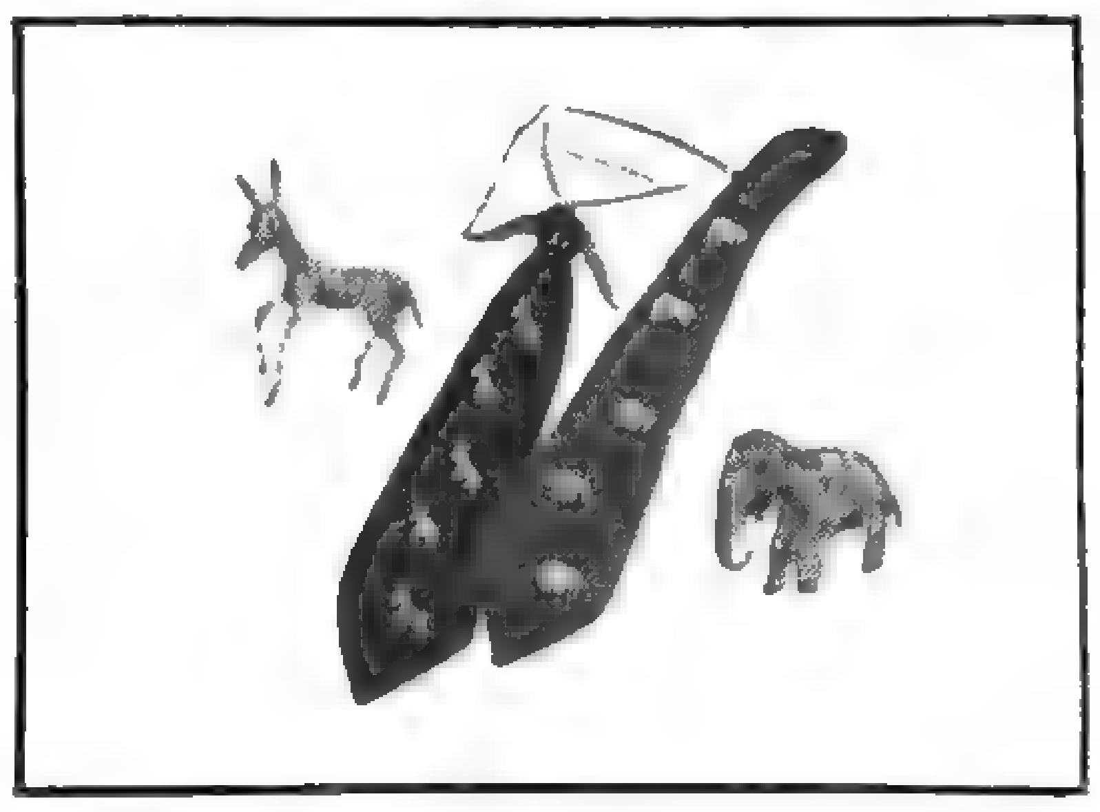
LIFE OF THE PARTY. These accommodating animals — the G.O.P. elephant and Democratic Donkey literally stand on their heads to keep your guests amused. Each balances a silver plated jigger, which can be used as a measure for making cocktails, hold cigarettes, or as a whiskey glass. Silver plated over copper.





ELECTION PARTY? Cork the bottles with this hand-carved twosome, imported from Italy. The little wooden animals are jointed in such a way that if you move the tail up and down, the head nods and the ears flop back and forth. Hand-painted and mounted on red-topped 2″ corks. Gift boxed singly or in pairs.

PARTY TIES. (Neckties, that is.) If you want to keep your political affiliations a secret, you won't be wearing one of these original ties. An all-over pattern of donkeys or elephants is embroidered on the front of each four-in-hand. Animals appear in tones of grey on ties of silk barathea —maroon, blue, green, or brown.



OPEN THE BEER and settle those election arguments, with these political bottle openers. This elephant and donkey duo are about 4″ high and made of heavy cast iron that will last long after the current election has been decided. Hand-painted and equipped with grins that would shame the most lens-happy of politicians.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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FOR Christmas Giving
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Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected — individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to U.S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift cards enclosed. Send gift list — we do the rest. No stamps. No C.O.D.s.

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No. 1 Deluxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$ 2.95
No. 2 Deluxe Box (18 to 24 pears)	4.75
No. 7 Asst. Fruit Chest (about 14 lbs.) . . .	5.75
No. 5 Asst. Fruit Basket (about 18 lbs.) . .	11.85

For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

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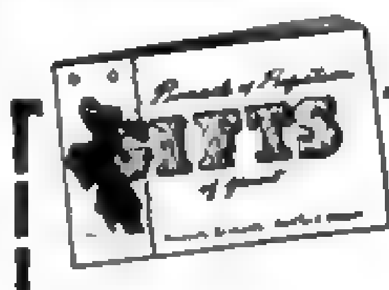

Corsair RUBBER COASTERS

They Won't Stick to Your Glass!

Lend a salty, nautical touch to your informal entertaining with unique flexible rubber coasters molded in a coiled rope design. They're liquor proof . . . washable and can't scratch, skid or mar. One red 6″ shaker coaster and eight 3″ coasters in green, yellow, blue and white. Ideal for gifts.

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Hair Getting Thin?

This efficient 7-way Scientific Method **HELPS SAVE THE HAIR YOU HAVE** ...gives thorough care for *dandruff, dry scalp, oily scalp*—easily *at home!*

YOU CAN GET THESE 7 ESSENTIALS OF SCIENTIFIC SCALP AND HAIR CARE

—at home, in just a few minutes a day!

1. **PROMOTES** the growth of the germinative cells from which the hair and scalp surface grows.
2. **CLEANS** away dirt, germs, dandruff, excessive oil and dried sebum—steps necessary to healthy scalp functioning.
3. **EXPEDITES** the natural shedding of dead or unhealthy skin cells—important to scalp hygiene and the control of dandruff.
4. **STRENGTHENS** the *natural* anti-bacterial defenses of the scalp. Much better than dousing the head with strong, irritating antiseptics.
5. **STIMULATES** blood supply of the scalp—increases the nourishment of the hair-making apparatus.
6. **CORRECTS** "dryness" or "oiliness"—conditions not just unsightly, but often a menace to scalp health.
7. **CONTROLS** the "dandruff-seborrhea complex," which means not merely excessive dandruff itself but the disorder generally regarded as the *chief forerunner of baldness.*

These 3 Scientific Ephraim Products (and a good hair brush*) are all you need

ACTIVATOR FORMULA
ACTIVATOR SHAMPOO
ACTIVATOR SCALP HAIR OIL

You get sufficient supply for 8 to 26 weeks of care.

EPHRAIM ACTIVATOR FORMULA promotes healthy functioning of scalp, encourages normal activity of sebaceous glands, helps control dandruff. (16 oz.)

EPHRAIM SCALP AND HAIR OIL gives scalp a soothing oil treatment, loosens dandruff, supplements natural oil, "enlivens" the hair. (8 oz.)

EPHRAIM ACTIVATOR SHAMPOO removes dirt and debris, expedites natural shedding of dead skin cells, strengthens bacteria-defensive action of scalp. (8 oz.)

Send convenient coupon now—and begin to enjoy the most advanced scalp and hair care for as little as 25¢ a week.

If your hair is getting thin, or if you have dandruff, dry scalp, oily scalp—you can now help SAVE the hair you have and KEEP your scalp and hair healthy with this new *scientific* care which is based upon a type of research that has won the highest commendations—see box at right.

The Tiny "Factories" that Grow Hair

You start out in life with about 100,000 tiny "hair factories" (groups of germinative cells). Each one pushes out hair from 2 to 6 years. Then it "shuts down." Ordinarily 40 to 60 of these factories shut down daily — and 40 to 60 hairs are shed! Usually they soon reopen and hair again goes into production.

But sometimes an abnormal number of factories close —and *never* reopen. THAT is the beginning of baldness.

What You CAN Do About Baldness

Many of the world's leading dermatologists agree that this constant process of shedding and *replacement* can in most instances be prolonged for as much as ten years even AFTER conditions appear which usually lead to baldness—and for a much longer time when conditions are favorable.

To *keep* scalp conditions favorable, there are 7 things, research shows, that you must do. Briefly they are: (1) promote growth of the "hair factory" cells; (2) cleanse scalp debris; (3) get rid of dead and unhealthy skin cells; (4) prevent scalp infection; (5) stimulate blood supply; (6) correct dryness or oiliness; (7) control the "dandruff-seborrhea complex."

EPHRAIM RESEARCH IS AUTHORITATIVE

Ephraim studies on the scalp, hair and similar subjects have appeared in books, magazines and monographs. Appropriate parts have been cited or commended by the following organizations or in their official publications:

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Every technical statement about scalp and hair in this announcement is supported by recognized scientific and medical data. A full bibliography is published in our manual, "What You Can Do About Saving Your Hair."

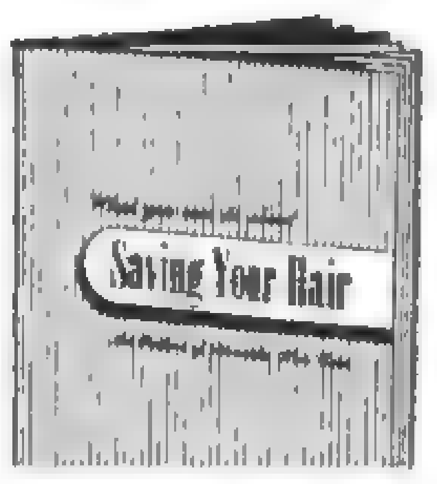
How This New Easy Method Works

No series of "scalp treatments," no matter how costly, can be really effective unless based upon these 7 essentials. What Ephraim & Company do is simply to bring you the means of applying them yourself—easily and economically. All you need are the three specially-adjusted formulas described at the left, plus a properly-designed hair brush. (If you do not have such a brush, we recommend the Activator Hair Brush described below). In this surprisingly easy way, *you can enjoy ALL the benefits of the most advanced techniques of scalp and hair care for as little as 25c a week!*

SEND NO MONEY (unless you wish)

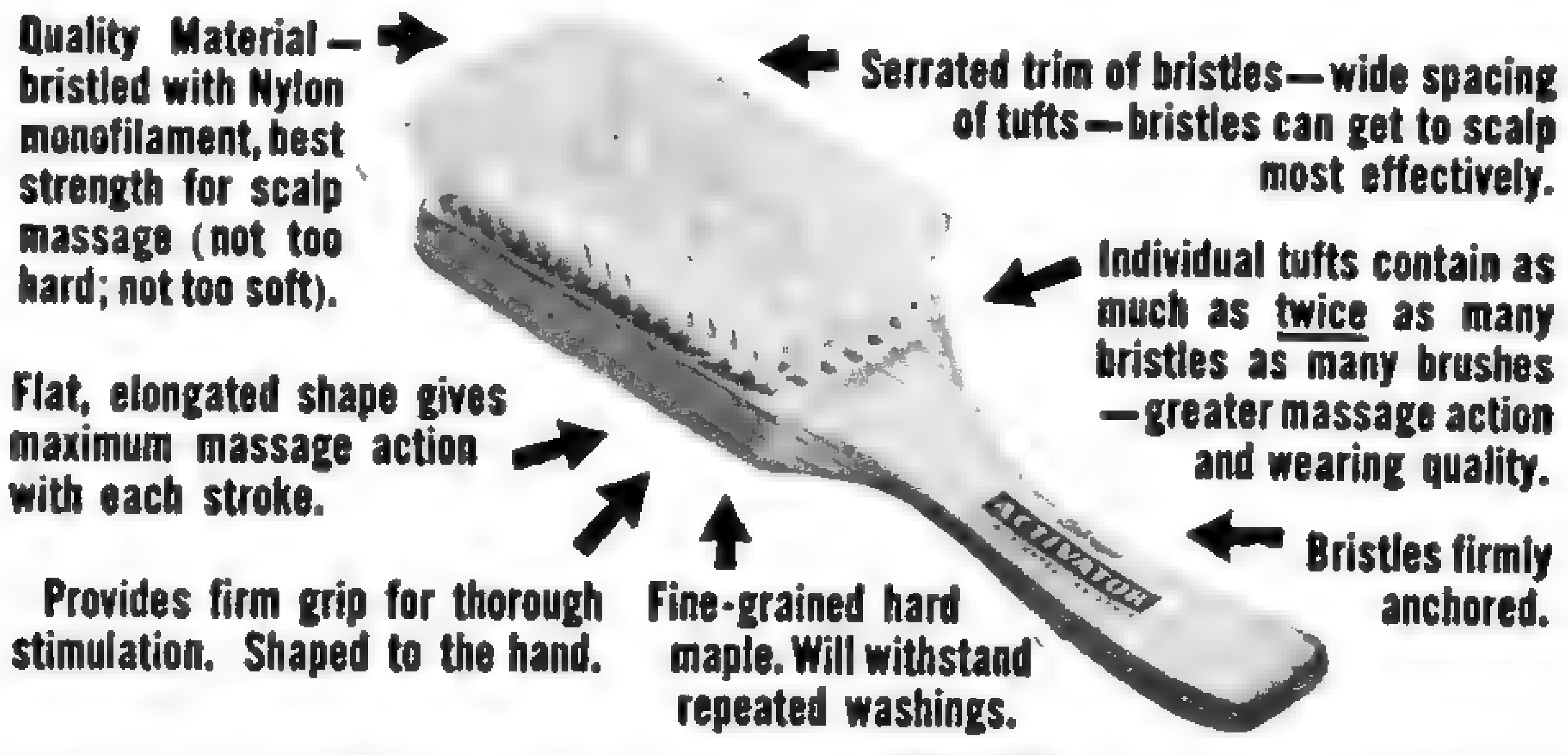
Just send the coupon (without money, if you prefer), and we will ship you the 3 Ephraim preparations you need, along with the simple instructions for this co-ordinated 7-way method. When package arrives, deposit only $6.59 plus postal charges. *This small sum is your full payment if you keep these preparations.* AND, since we know how much your scalp and hair will improve, we make this offer: If you are not delighted with results, return bottles with unused contents remaining after one month, and your $6.59 will be refunded in full.

FREE MANUAL to users if you act NOW



—we will include, at no extra charge, the fact-crammed 32-page manual, "What You CAN DO About Saving Your Hair." Gives proper care of dandruff and its complications; dry scalp; oily scalp—how to keep your hair healthy and attractive. Authentic — gives more basic data than many $3.00 books. Mail coupon today to Ephraim & Co., 15 New York Avenue, Newark 5, New Jersey.

*A Scalp and Hair Brush Specially Designed for the Job


Quality Material—bristled with Nylon monofilament, best strength for scalp massage (not too hard; not too soft).
Serrated trim of bristles—wide spacing of tufts—bristles can get to scalp most effectively.
Individual tufts contain as much as twice as many bristles as many brushes—greater massage action and wearing quality.
Flat, elongated shape gives maximum massage action with each stroke.
Bristles firmly anchored.
Provides firm grip for thorough stimulation. Shaped to the hand.
Fine-grained hard maple. Will withstand repeated washings.
ACTIVATOR

Leading dermatologists stress the importance of Daily Brushing-Massage. This means not just brushing the hair into place, but caring for the scalp. Used as directed, the Ephraim Activator Hair Brush:

- **A. STIMULATES** vital blood supply of scalp and hair follicles.
- **B. SWEEPS AWAY** loose dandruff and debris from the surface of scalp.
- **C. EXPEDITES** natural shedding of dead skin cells.
- **D. PROMOTES** growth of germinative cells that rebuild the scalp.
- **E. DISTRIBUTES** and works in natural scalp oil.

Designed to outlast the usual hair brush 2 to 1. Price $7.50, plus small postage and handling charge.

(Note: Because of their nature, hair brushes are not returnable, but are warranted as described.)

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Ephraim & Co., Dept. E-2 *Manufacturing Chemists*
15 New York Ave., Newark 5, New Jersey *Established 1928*

☐ Please send me—for co-ordinated scalp and hair care—one bottle each (2 to 6 month's full supply): Ephraim Scalp and Hair Oil; Ephraim Activator Shampoo; Ephraim Activator Formula, plus FREE manual ("What You Can Do About Saving Your Hair.") When package arrives I will deposit with postman $6.59 plus small postage and handling charge. If not delighted after one month, I can return unused portion of bottles for complete refund of my $6.59 deposit.

☐ ACTIVATOR HAIR BRUSH. Check here to receive hair brush described at left. Price $7.50, plus small postage and handling charge.

☐ SAVE SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGES. If you send full remittance (check or money order) with this coupon, we will pay the postage and shipping charges (TOTAL SHIPPING WEIGHT 6 LBS.) Money back on the 3 Ephraim Liquid Products, if not delighted. Brush not returnable, but fully warranted as described.

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
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Address ....

City..................Zone No.....State..............

BE SURE TO FILL IN ALL SPACES ABOVE AND AT THE RIGHT.

☞ **Check your scalp type:**

☐ NORMAL (no dandruff, dryness or oiliness)
☐ DANDRUFF (with no dryness or oiliness)
☐ DRY (with dandruff)
☐ DRY (without dandruff)
☐ OILY* (with dandruff)
☐ OILY* (without dandruff)

☞ **If ordering Activator Brush, check one box:**

☐ REGULAR model, moderately stiff bristles for general use.
☐ SPECIAL model, for less thick hair or more tender scalp.

*If scalp is oily, we replace Ephraim Scalp and Hair Oil with Ephraim Hair Groom-Wave Set, a non-oily preparation preferred in this condition.

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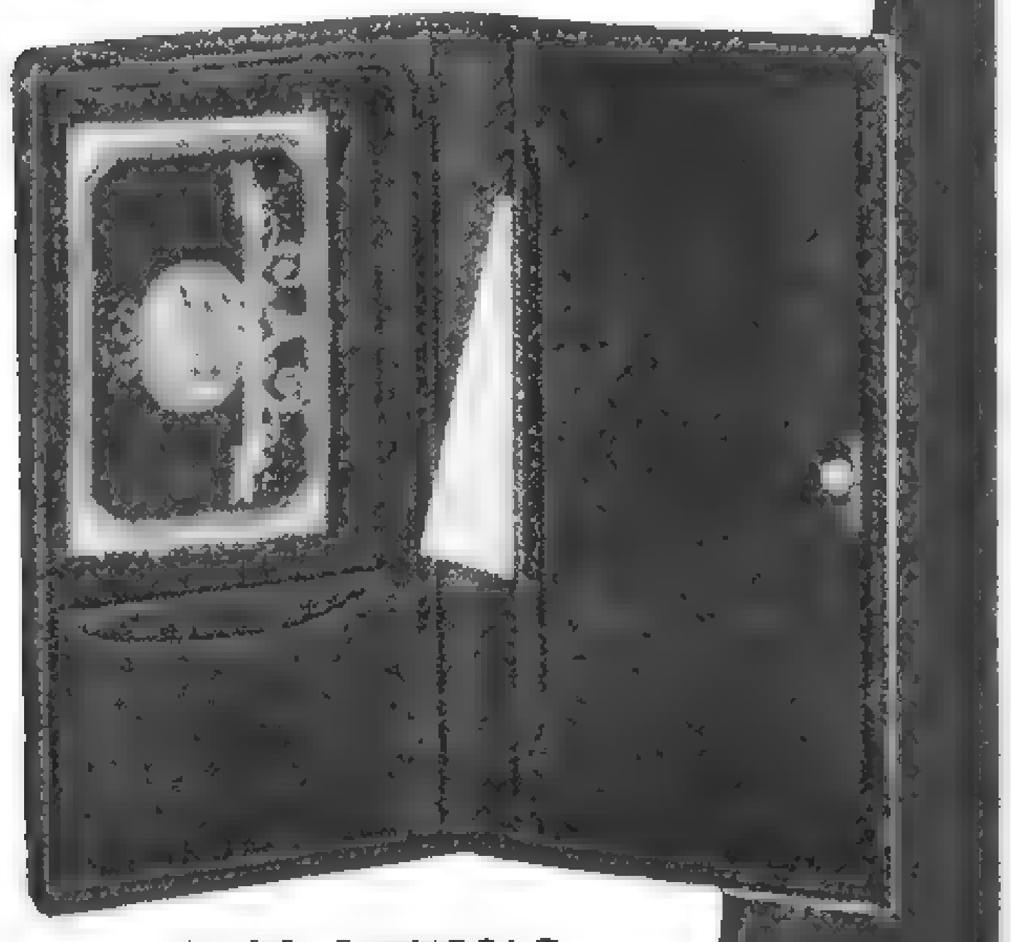

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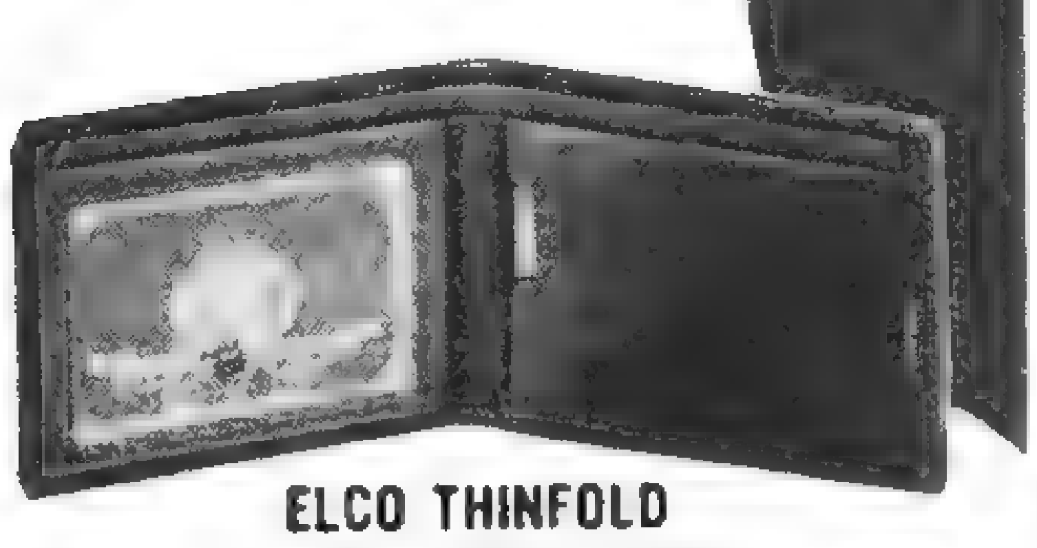

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Fine bright pinseal Turned edges
Double currency pocket. 10.00*

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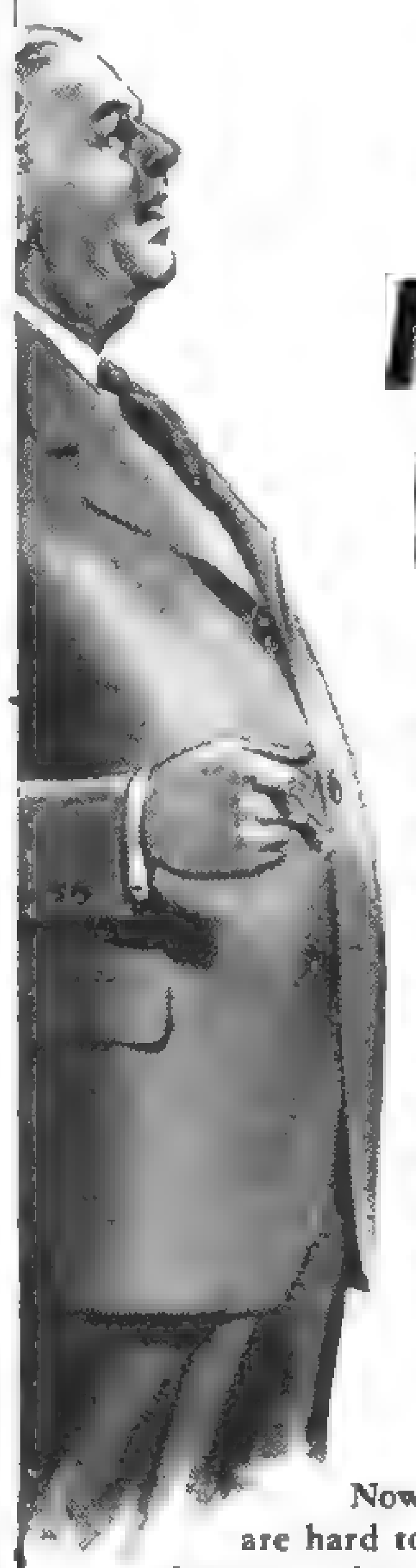

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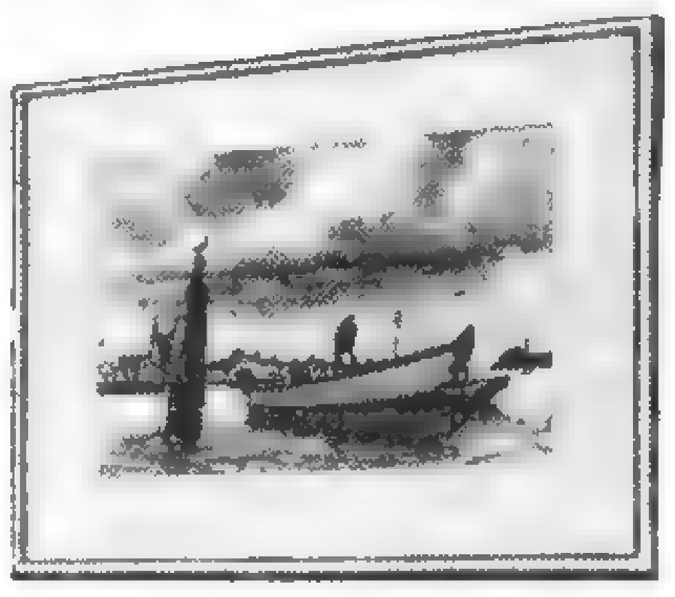

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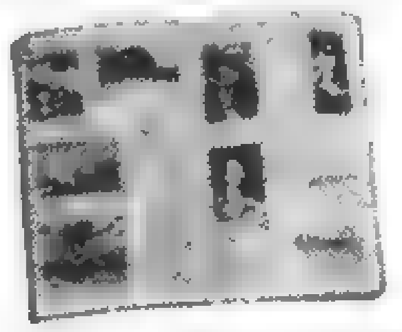

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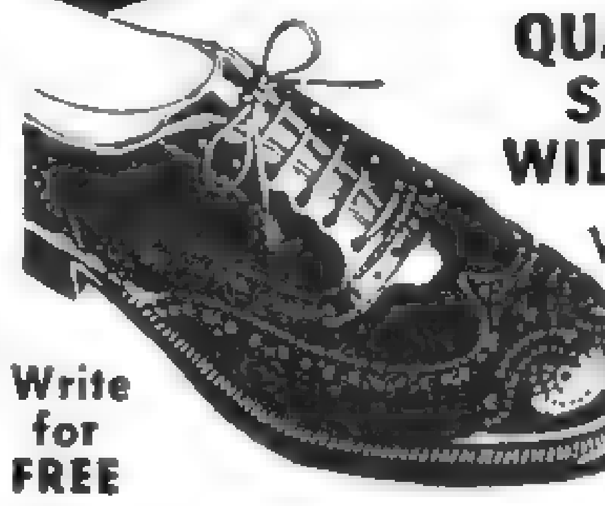

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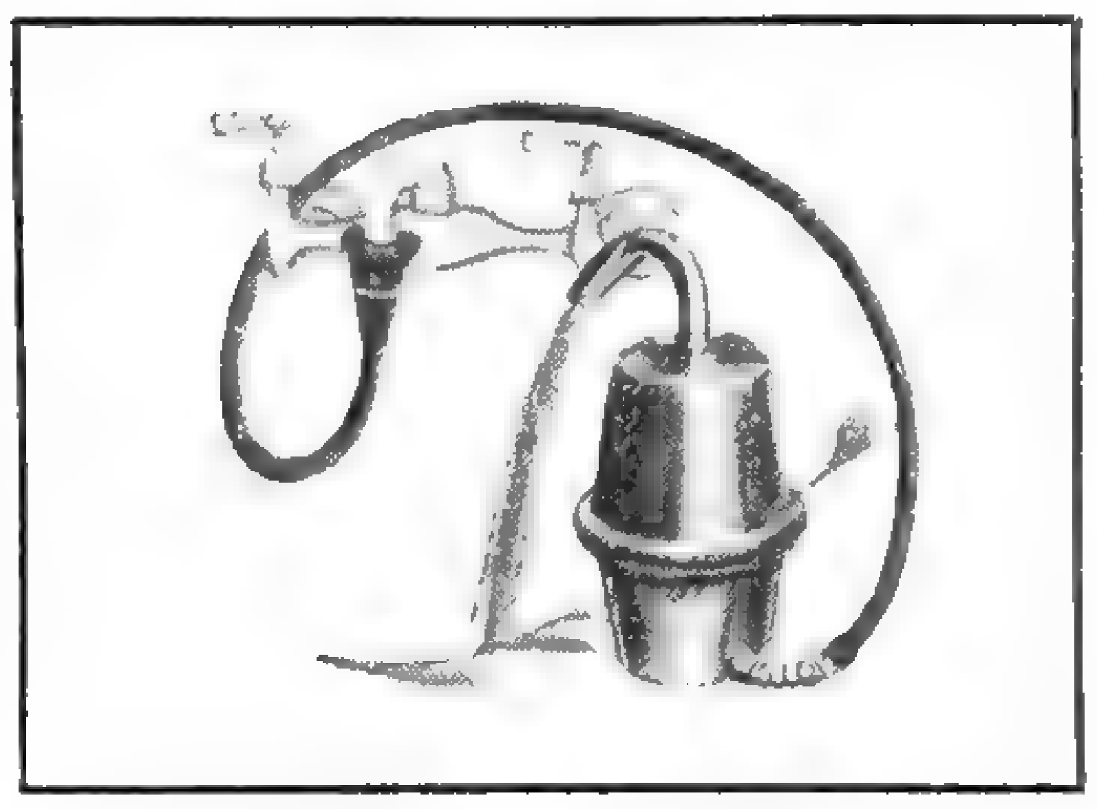
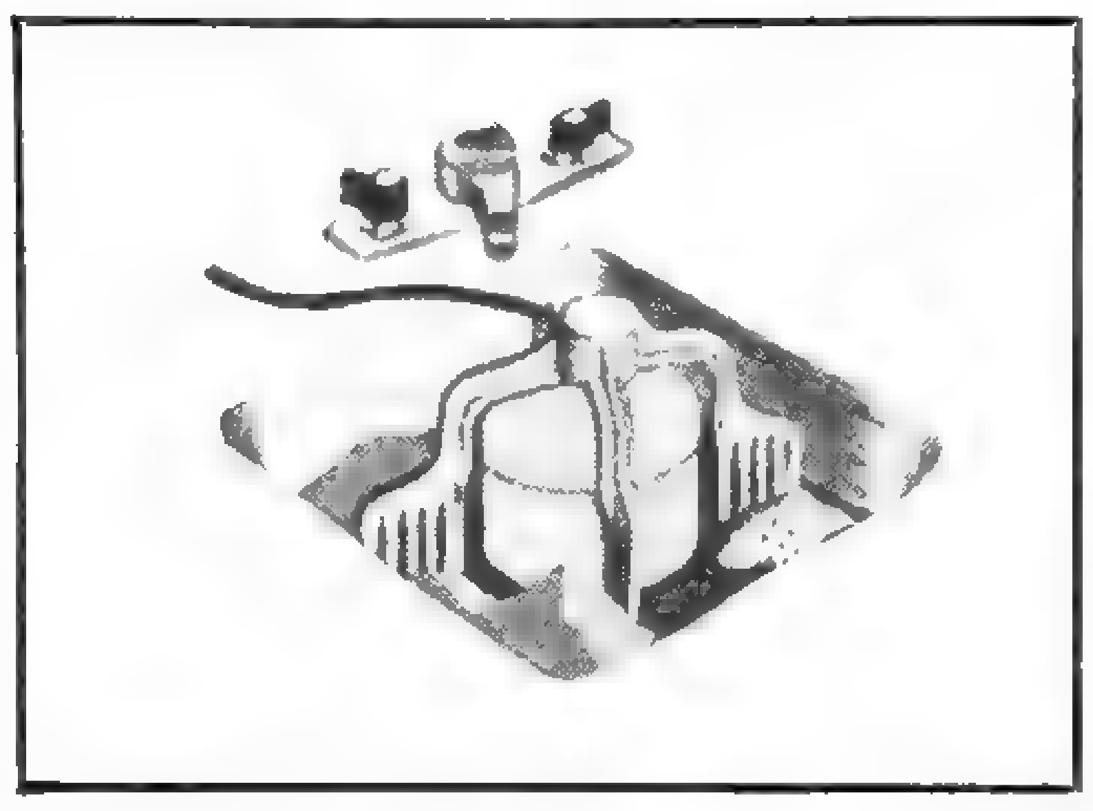
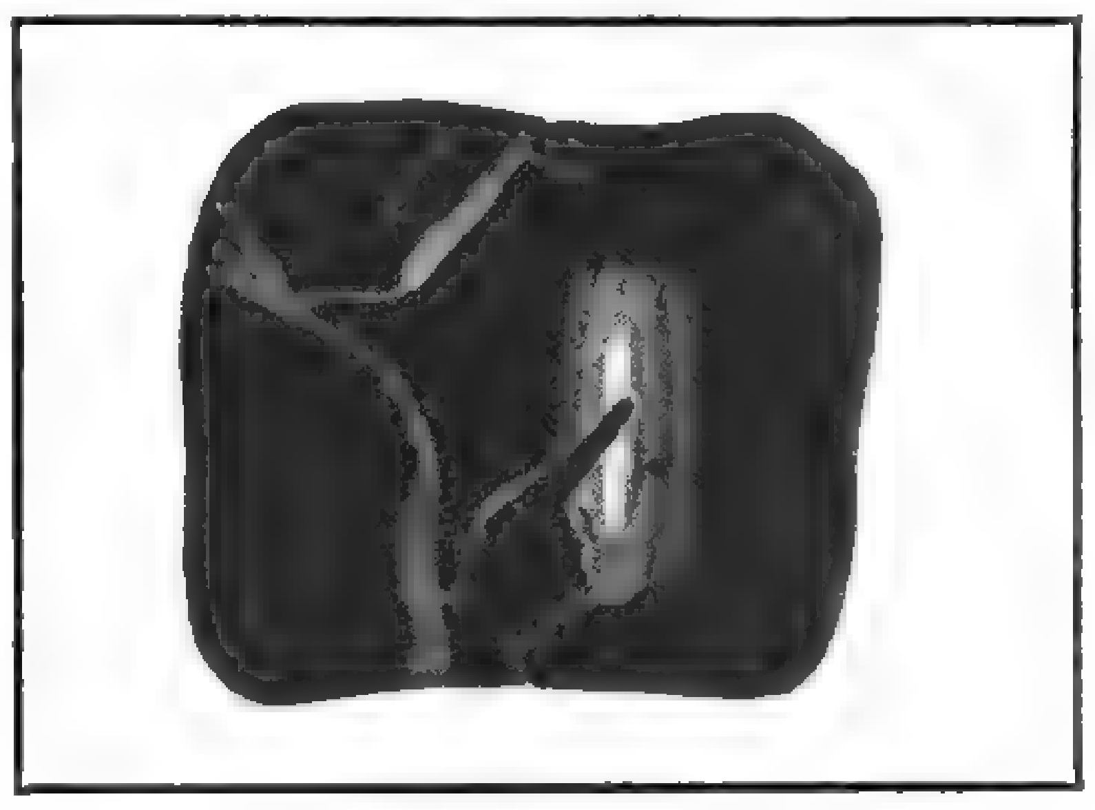


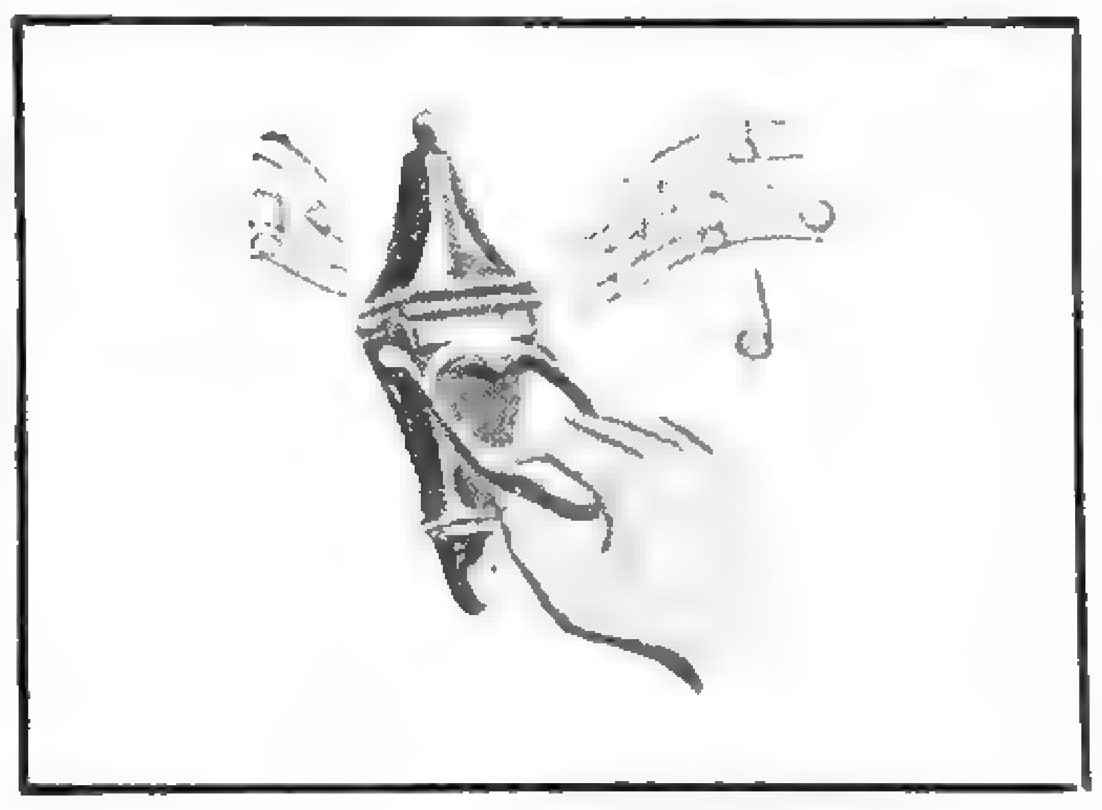
PORTABLE WATER SOFTENER. Just attach this compact water softener unit to the faucet in the kitchen or bath, turn on the tap, and out comes soft water. Big as a good-sized cocktail shaker, the aluminum container is lined with Fiberglas which holds the softening agent in place. Unit is regenerated with ordinary salt.



APARTMENT DWELLERS who would like a washing machine, but are stymied for space will appreciate this electric washer unit which fits into the kitchen sink; converts it into a washing machine. No plumbing connections necessary; unit handles up to 8 lbs. of clothes. Weighs about 25 lbs., operates on 110 volts, A-C.



BRIGHT IDEA for door bells. This luminous pushbar glows in the dark,—eliminates searching for that elusive door bell in the dead of night. For bell or chimes, whichever you have. Rain or fingers can't wear off the luminous finish, because it's molded right into the plastic bar. Chrome or brass finish mounting.



MUSICAL DOOR KNOCKER. Lift the handle of this brass door knocker, and it gives out with a musical chime. It's not electric, so there's no wiring or battery problem. Made of solid brass in an authentic Colonial design. The chimes are contained in an ivory metal box, attached to the inside door panel.

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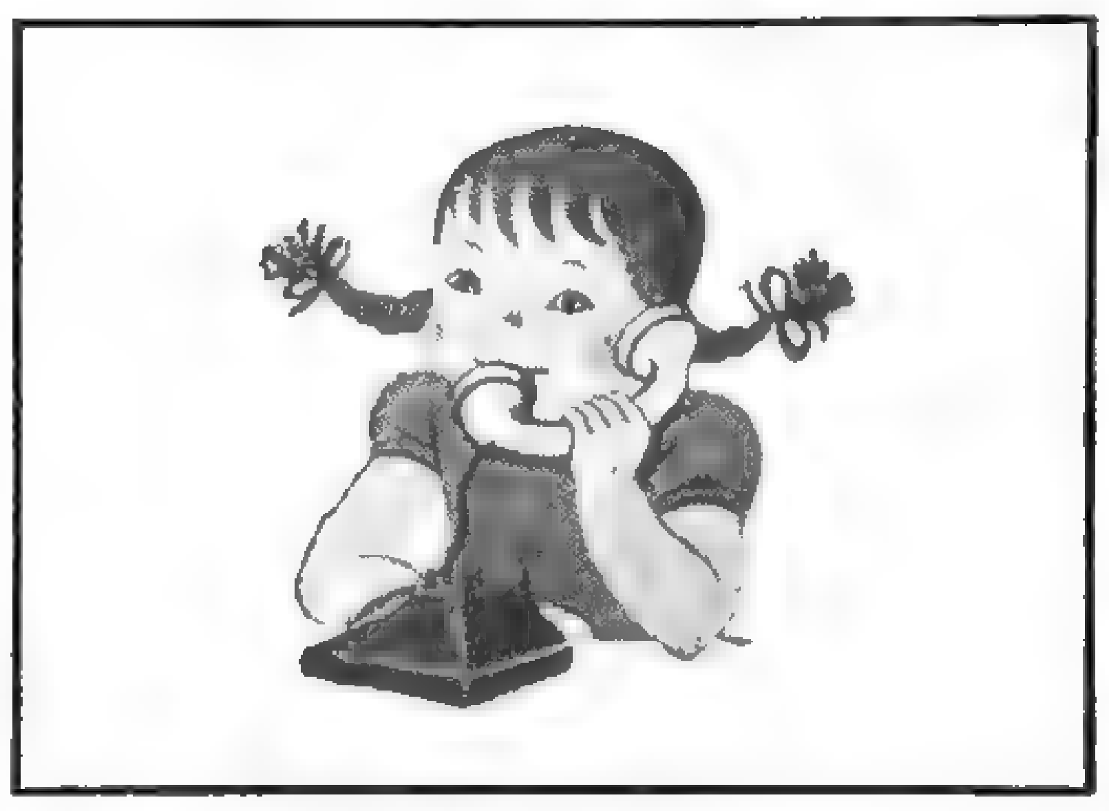
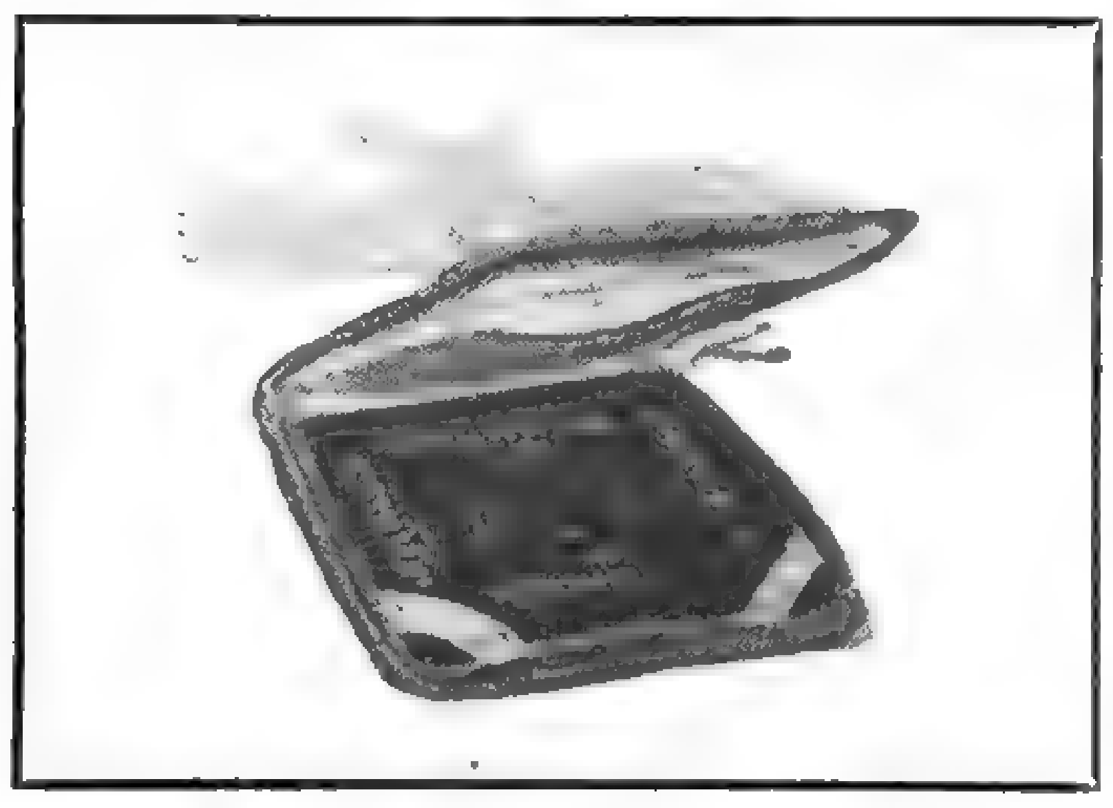
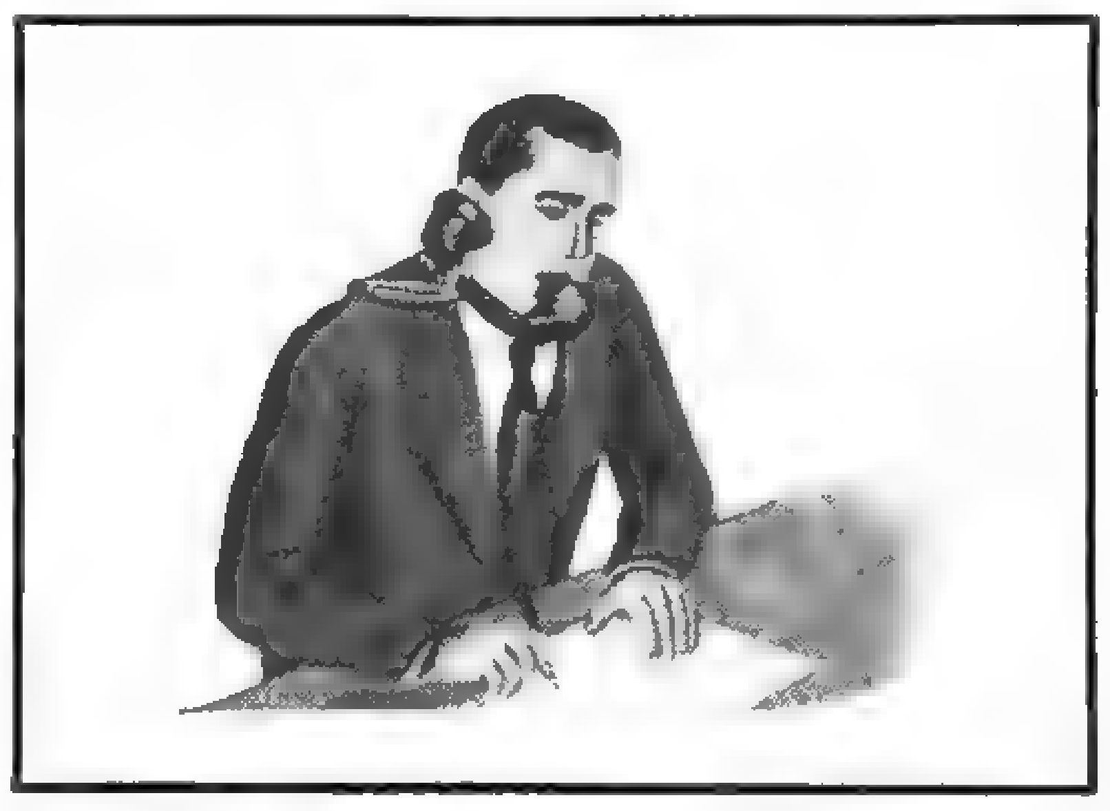
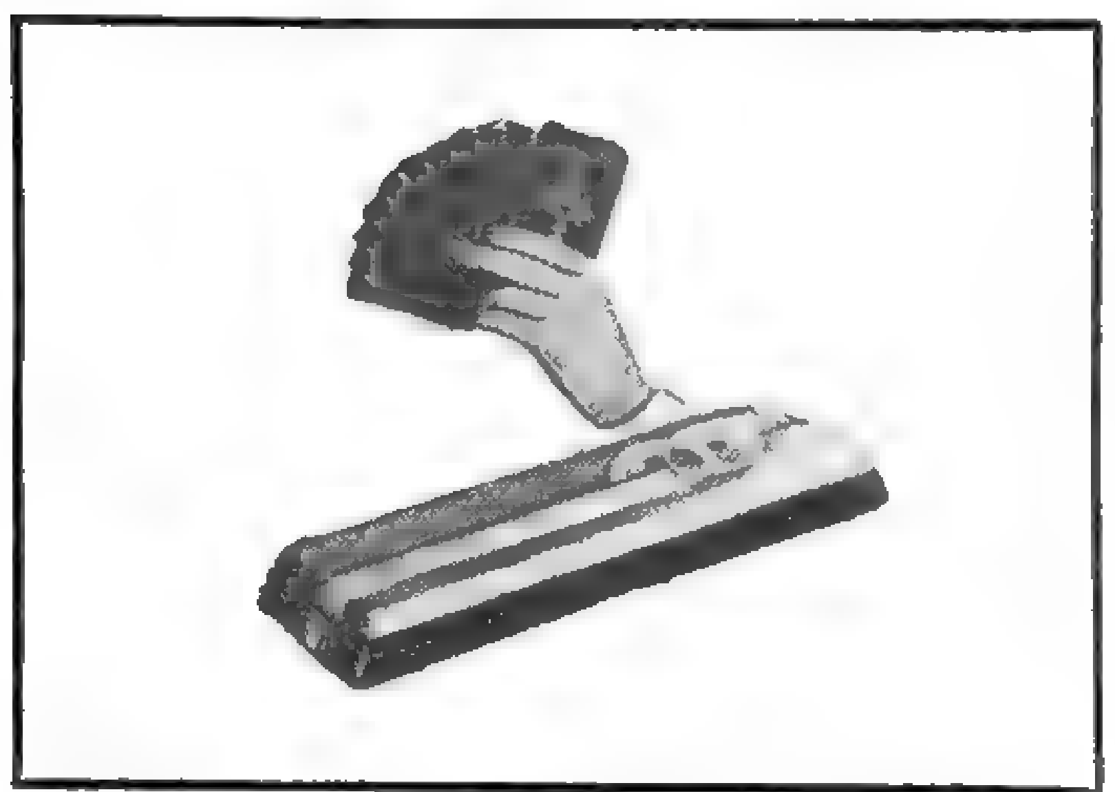




BRIDGE FIENDS who travel a lot can keep up with their Contract en route, with this pocket size bridge set. It contains all the necessary elements of a regular, four-handed game, but it's played solo. No need to scare up a compatible foursome, and no cards to each deal. Comes in a leather case with zipper closure.

LOOK, NO HANDS! You can talk on the telephone and have both hands free for making notes with the help of this lightweight, metal attachment. Helps hold the instrument up to your ear; a felt-backed arm keeps it from sliding down your collarbone. Folds flat against the cross-piece when not in use.





QUITE A CARD. These new playing cards can stand up under a rough session of Gin Rummy and still look like a fresh deck. They're made from tough, resilient Vinylite and will come clean in a trice, with a little help from a damp cloth. A double-deck set comes in a special permanent gift box.

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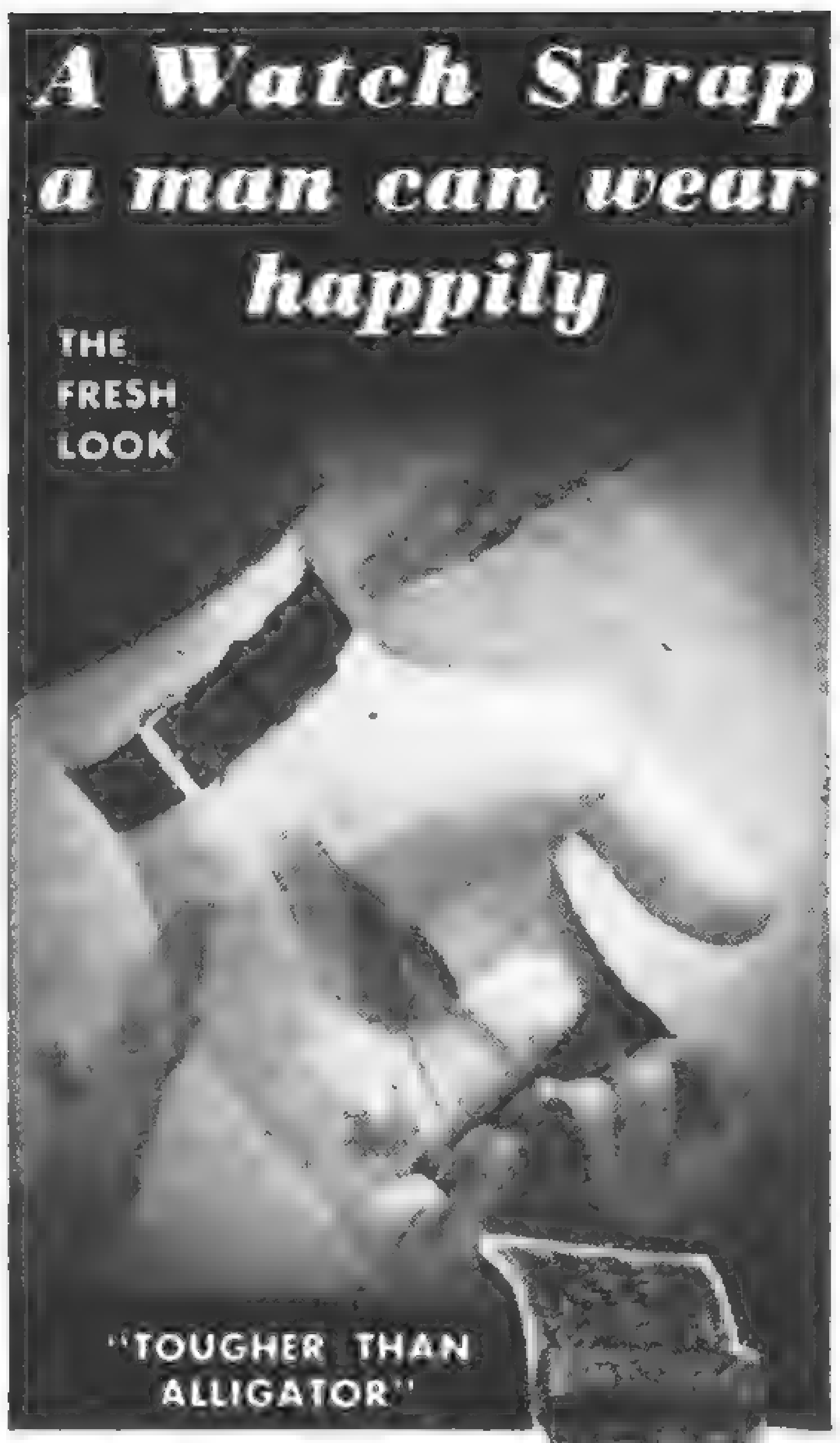

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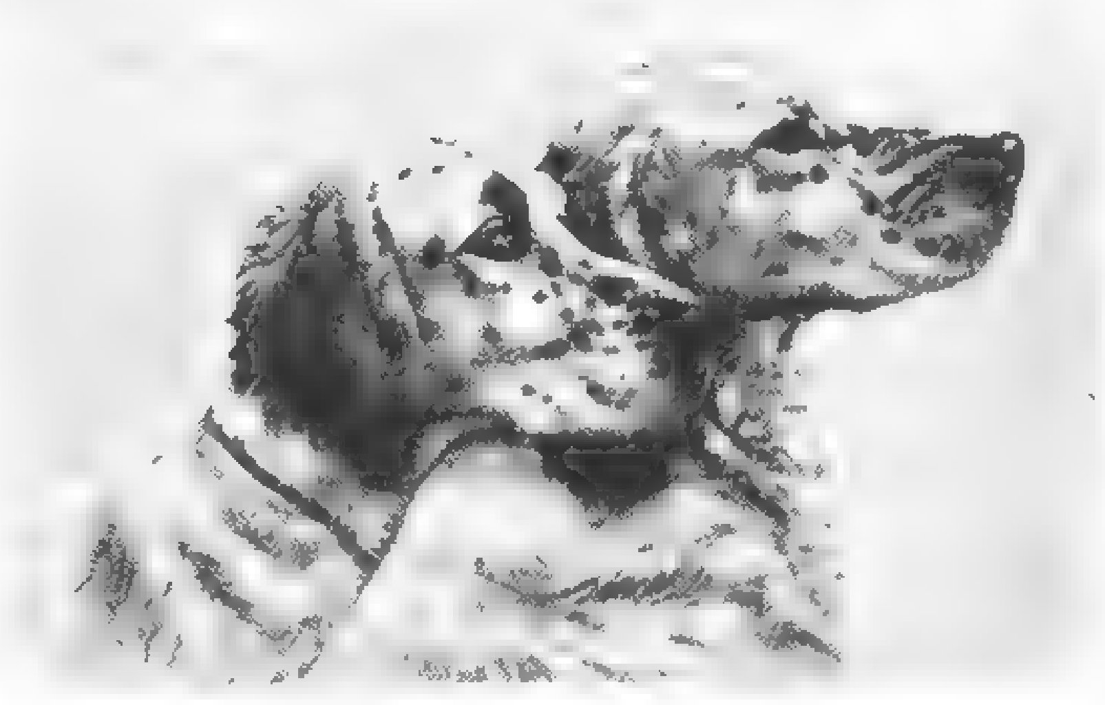

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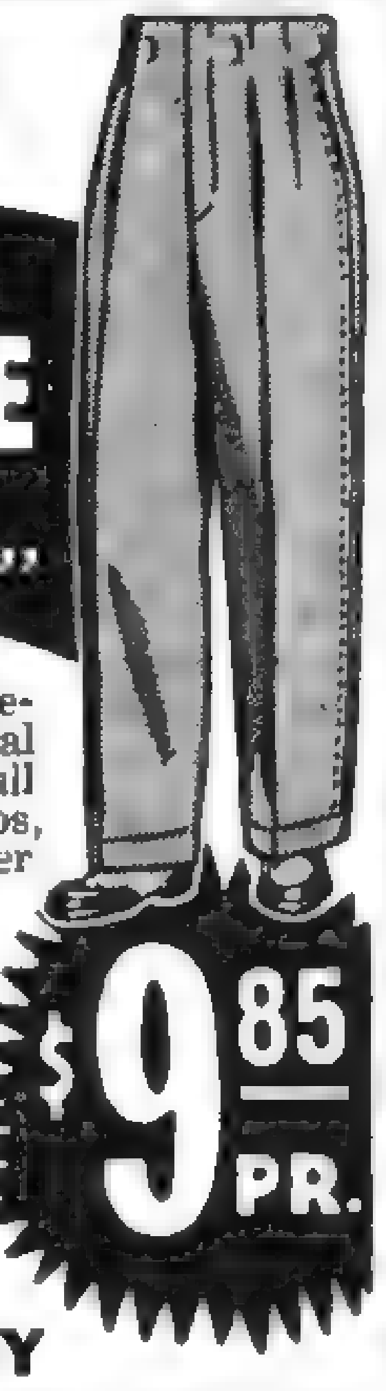

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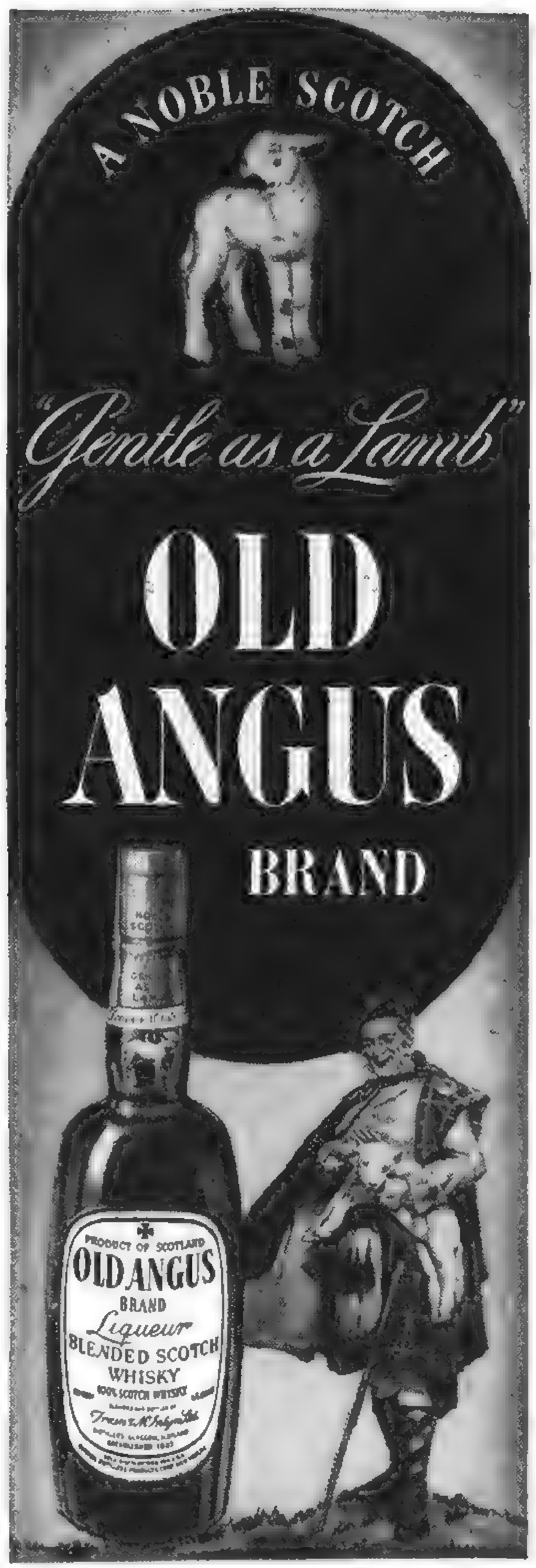

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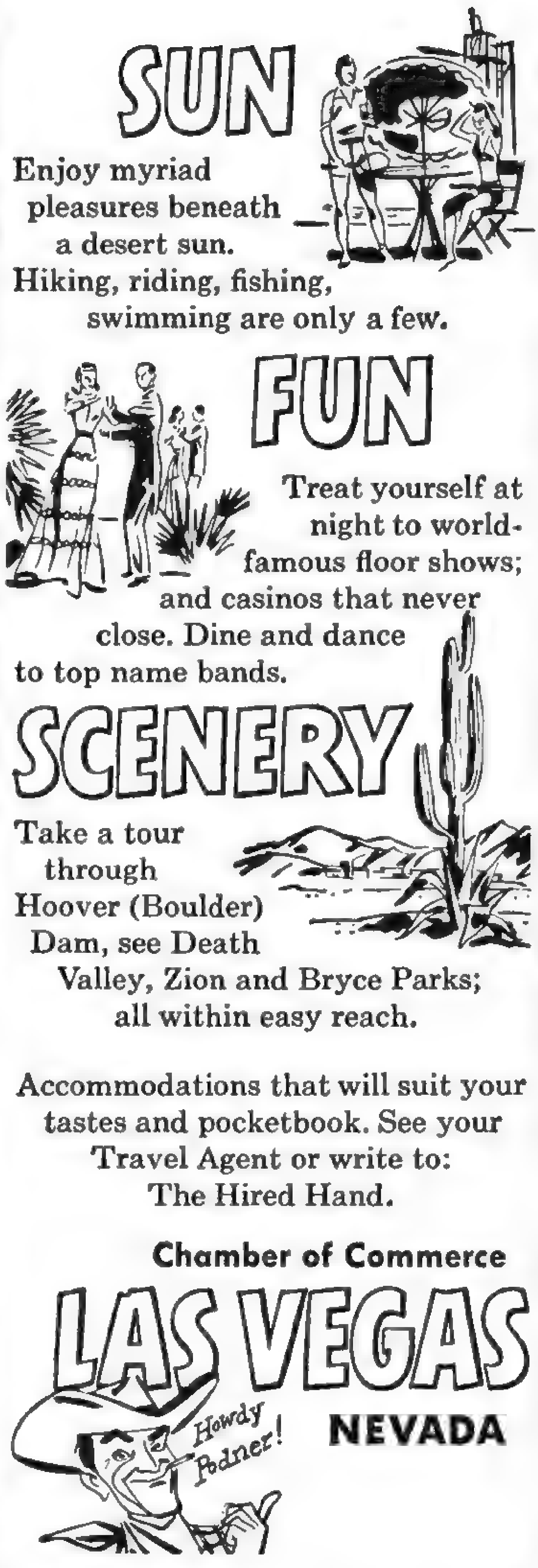

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Going Places

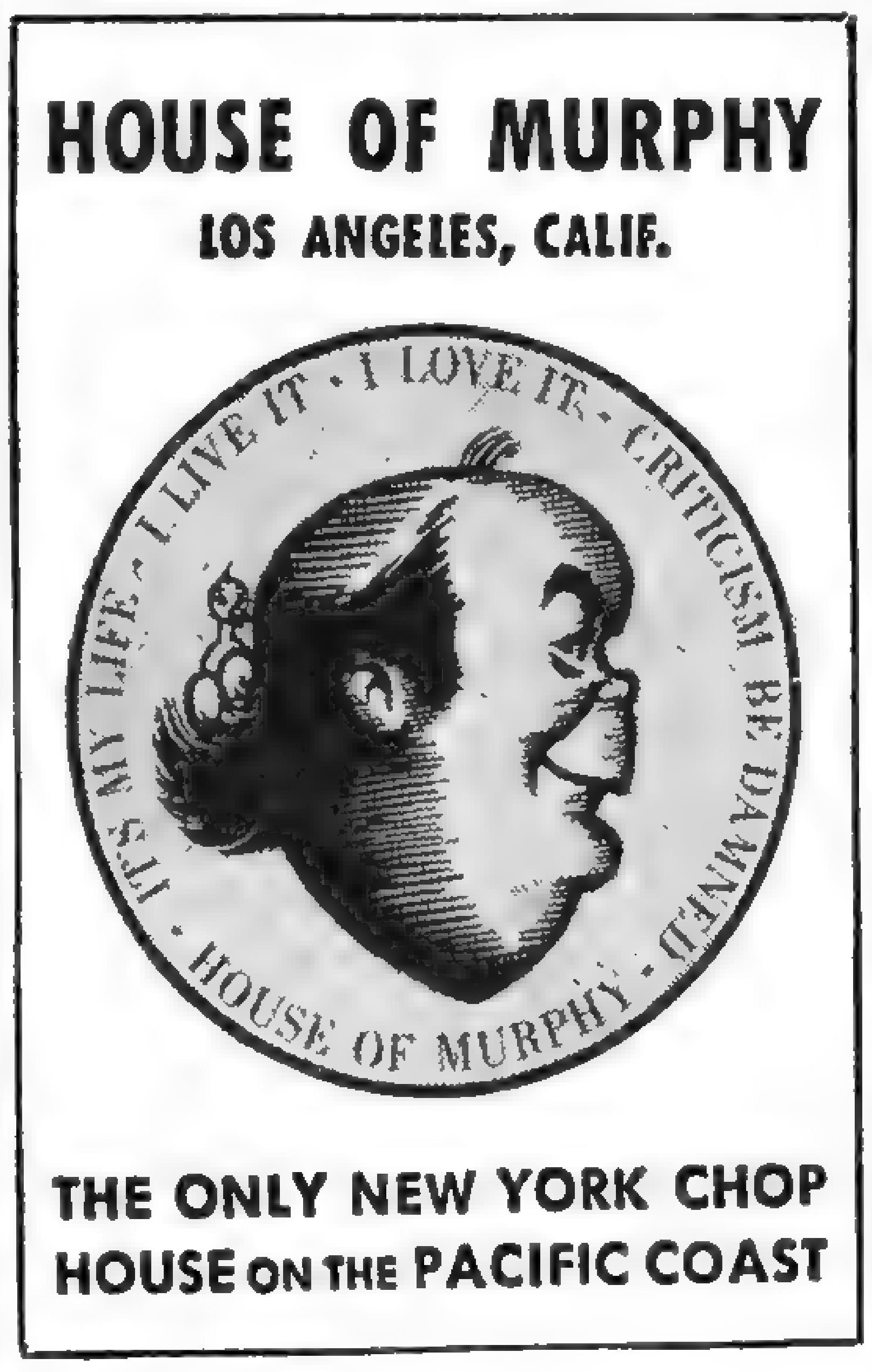
Painting the Town

RIGHT at this moment, Manhattan is just about as pleasant, commodious, and as much of a bargain as it's been in years. It is certainly less expensive and more amusing than it was in the nights of Prohibition. Take, for example, the Latin Quarter. In its particular field the Latin Quarter is a real thoroughbred. Its field happens to be the merchandising of entertainment for the masses. This it does quite handsomely. The girls are attractive (and, in several instances, authentically gorgeous), the acts swift and flashy, and the food well worth the reasonable prices it costs. We know of no other cabaret we can recommend any more enthusiastically than the vast pleasure dome which Lou Walters operates as the Latin Quarter.

AND THEN there is the Diamond Horseshoe, an enterprise run by a syndicated columnist named Billy Rose. Recently, Mr. Rose somehow deemed it canny to install a slew of strolling violinists as part of the floorshow and the effect is, to say the least, unnerving. The Horseshoe had always been a flamboyant establishment and one went there for the extravaganza touch, the but-oh-you-kid informality. Consequently, the presence of schmaltzy fiddlers puts us all off our feed. There is reason, though, to suspect that this is a passing fancy with Mr. Rose and that the minstrels will all have returned to their respective hofbraus by the time this piece appears in print. Otherwise, the Diamond Horseshoe is a pretty pleasant place.

WHILE we're harping on this matter of the twenties-contrasted-to-the-present, we wonder if that gilded era had many absolutely first-rate supper clubs. Like, for instance, the Blue Angel and Ruban Bleu, which are celebrated, and quite justly so, for the excellence of their cozy entertainment. Or, for that matter, like Encore? Recently converted into a supper club, Encore (at 9 East 48th Street) is still, as it was in its days as a restaurant only, a small and genuinely intimate room. The food hasn't changed either, and that's all to the good. Everything considered, the sight and sound of performers wandering onstage is reassuring, particularly since so many of the entertainers happen to be just that—entertainers.

THE HOUSE of Murphy, has been for eleven years one of Hollywood's—as well, indeed, as of the whole country's—top restaurants. This handsome chop house on La Cienega is indisputably a gourmet's delight. At the same time, however, it sacrifices nothing in the way of masculinity. Its steaks are huge; its drinks sizeable. And then, too, there is the fact that the decor is, to employ a rather overworked word, inviting. It is probably informative to mention that the keenest palates in the motion picture colony regard the House of Murphy as one of the few great Hollywood restaurants, but what is more to the point is that it falters in none of the qualifications which a superb eating place should afford—the service is prompt and frendly; the prices anything but exorbitant; and, as we said, the food unbelievably good.



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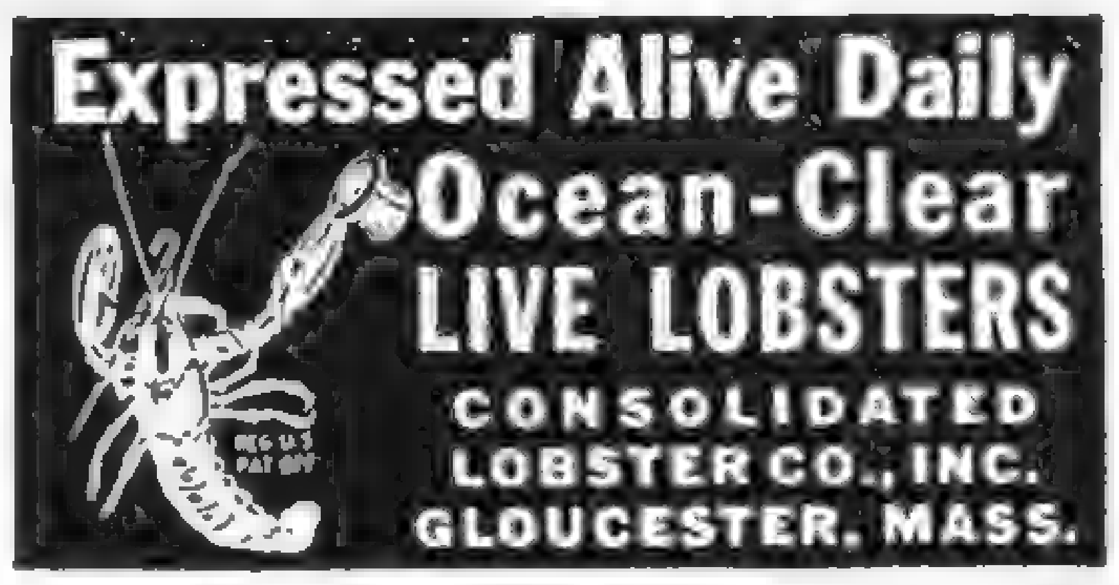

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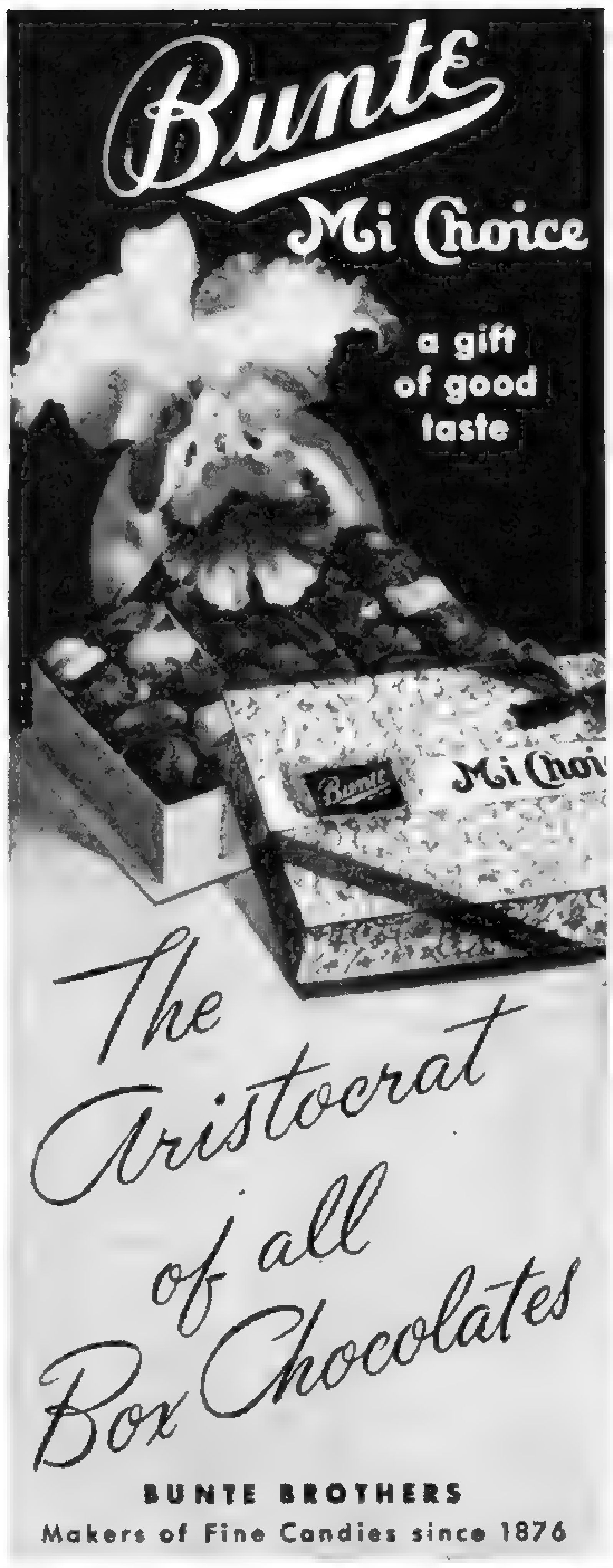
OCTOBER IS ONE OF THE YEAR'S TOP MONTHS for off-season vacationists. The weather is like wine over most of these United States, and you can usually take your choice of accommodations at whatever resorts are open. Hunting and fishing are at their best in most northern states, and you'll find much of Canada particularly exhilarating at this time of the year.

FALL'S FINE FOR CRUISES, TOO, since the summer crowds have long since gone back to school or their jobs, and the winter sunshine seekers haven't yet fled the northlands. Which means that you'll probably be able to book passage without recourse to the mother-in-law of the brother-in-law of the steamship line's district passenger agent. And if you don't believe it, just get in touch with your local travel agent or representative of the Grace Line, Eastern Steamship, Agwi, Porto Rico, Alcoa, Panama, Standard Fruit, United Fruit, Waterman or any other steamship line serving the Caribbean and West Indies areas. It's the beginning of the dry season, and the temperature, as usual, is just about right all through the islands and shoreline of the Caribbean.

CLEANING HOUSE HAPPILY after a record tourist season last summer, Europe is still not completely normal by pre-war standards, even though the creature comforts in the main tourist countries of western Europe are more than adequate for even the most demanding of visitors. Nevertheless a new booklet published by the French National Tourist Office, called "France Says Come," contains some very valuable tips for tourists who haven't been to Europe since 1939, or who are planning their first visit to the continent. Pointing out that the welcome mat is out again all over France, the booklet passes on some valuable pointers on passports, visas, currency regulations, where to go, what to see, what to pack, tips on tipping, shopping notes, etc. Prices of rooms and meals are discussed in detail, and the booklet even tells you what times the museums of Paris are open. For a free copy of the booklet, write to the French National Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

TURNING TO THE EAST, the Far East, that is—we find Northwest Airlines announcing that military authorities in Japan have approved a plan to allow a limited number of tourists to make a one-week tour of the principal island of Honshu. For $175 – covering hotels, rail and motor transportation, meals, baggage charges, guides and admission fees—you can visit Tokyo, Kyoto, Nara, the Shrines of Nikko, the hot springs of Atami on the Japanese Riviera, with assorted views of sacred Mount Fuji. The itinerary has been designed to give visitors the best possible view of ancient and modern Japan, covering everything from bombed-out cities to unscathed villages where the war was an unknown thing. Round-trip air fare—and here's the rub—from Chicago, say, is $1358, plus 15% tax.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



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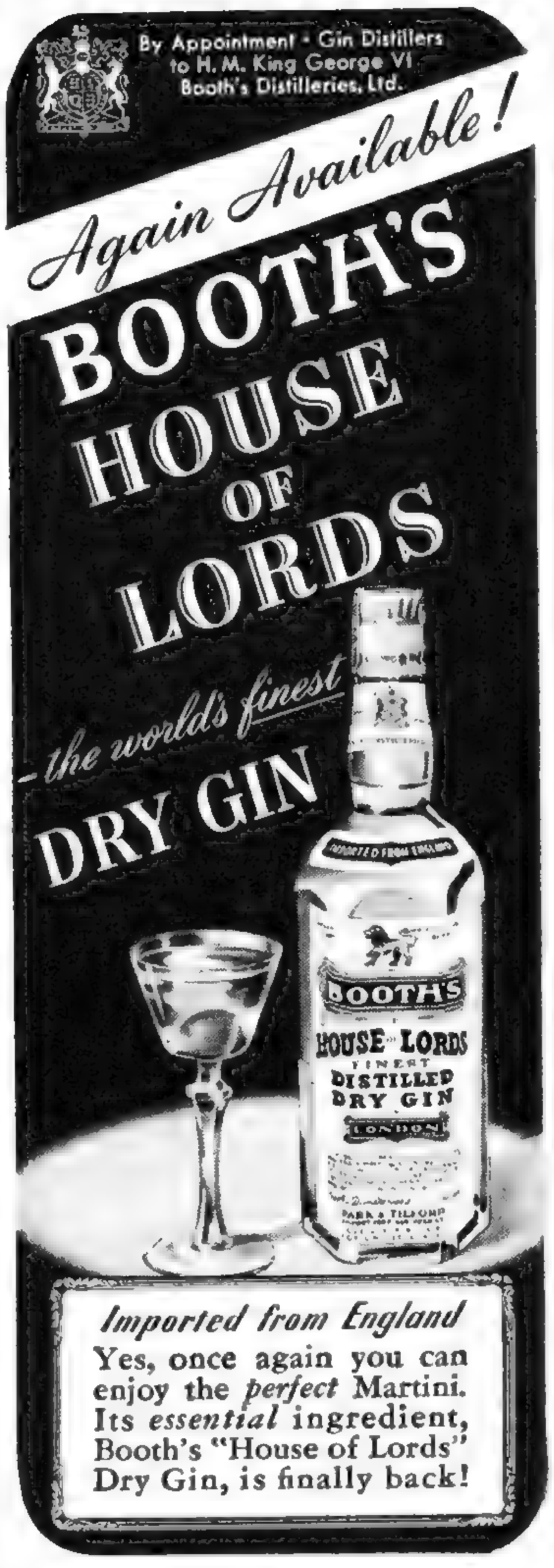
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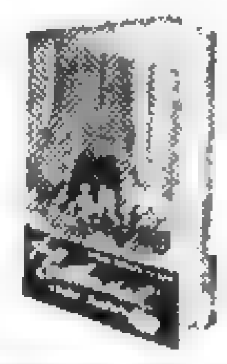

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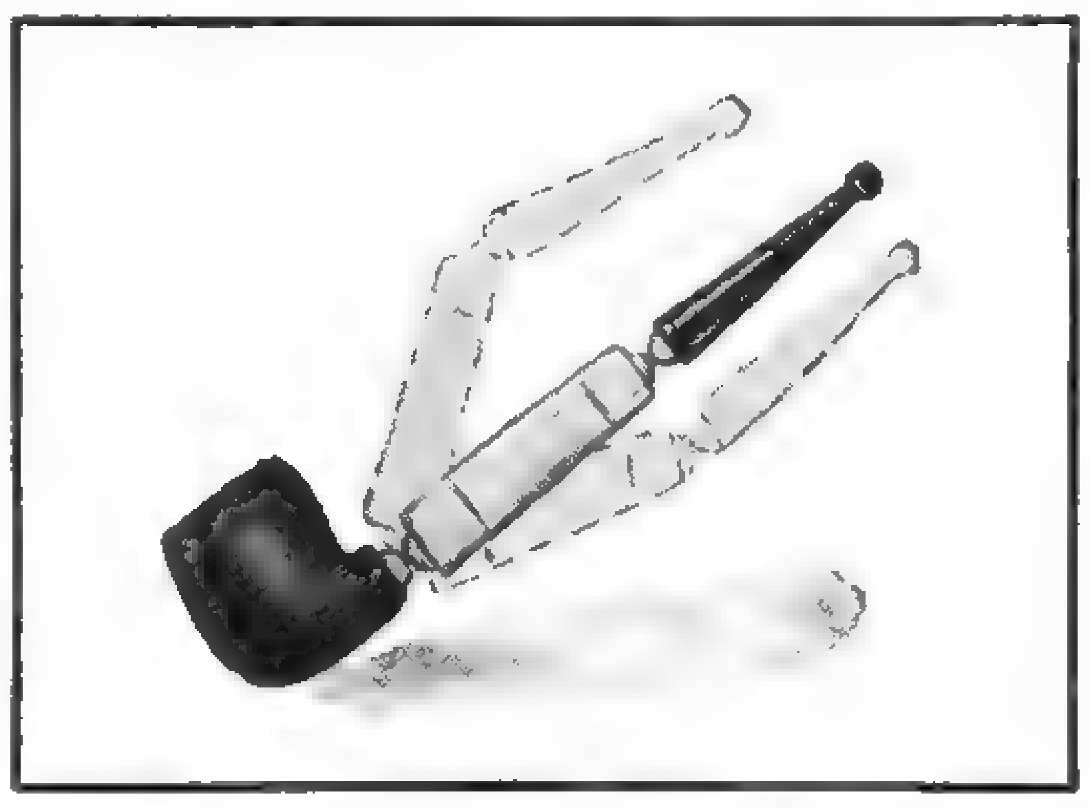

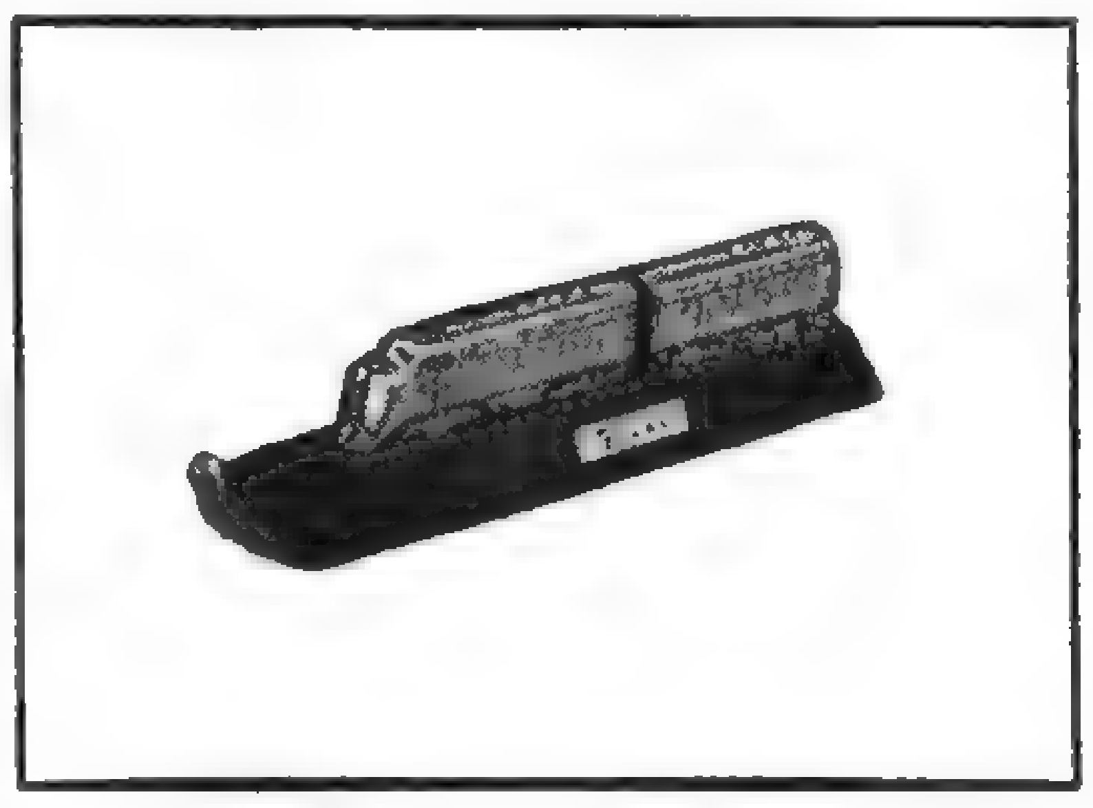

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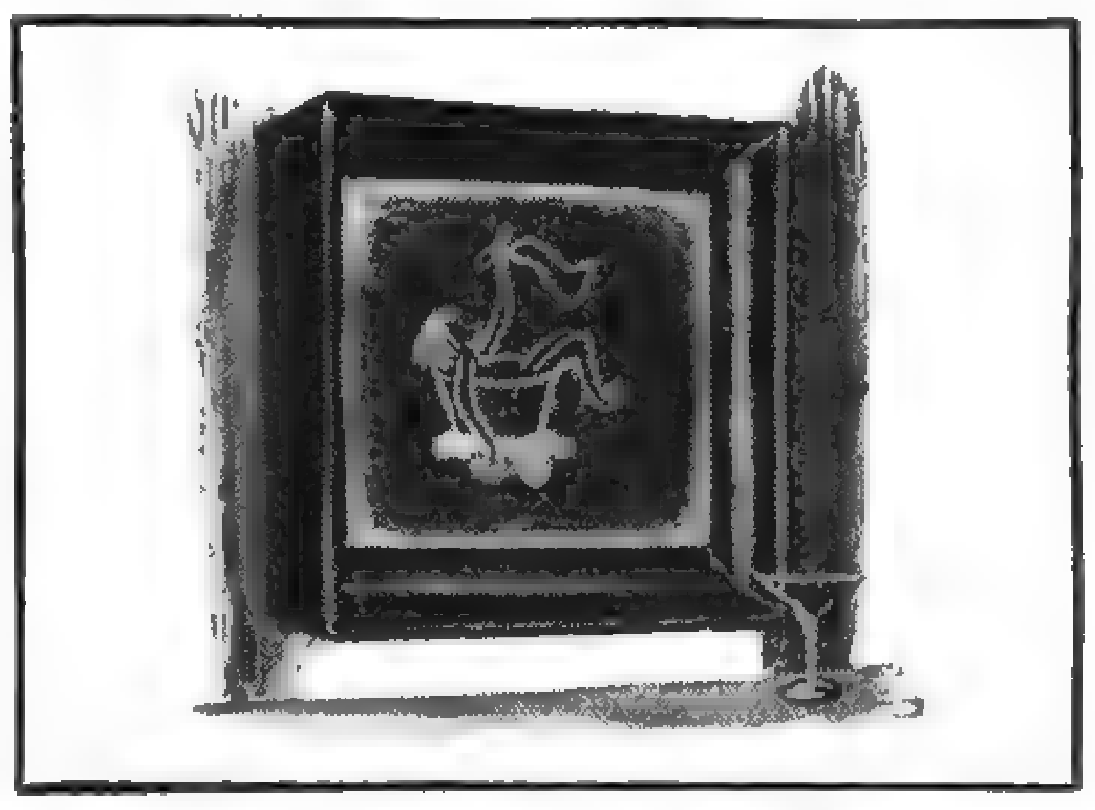

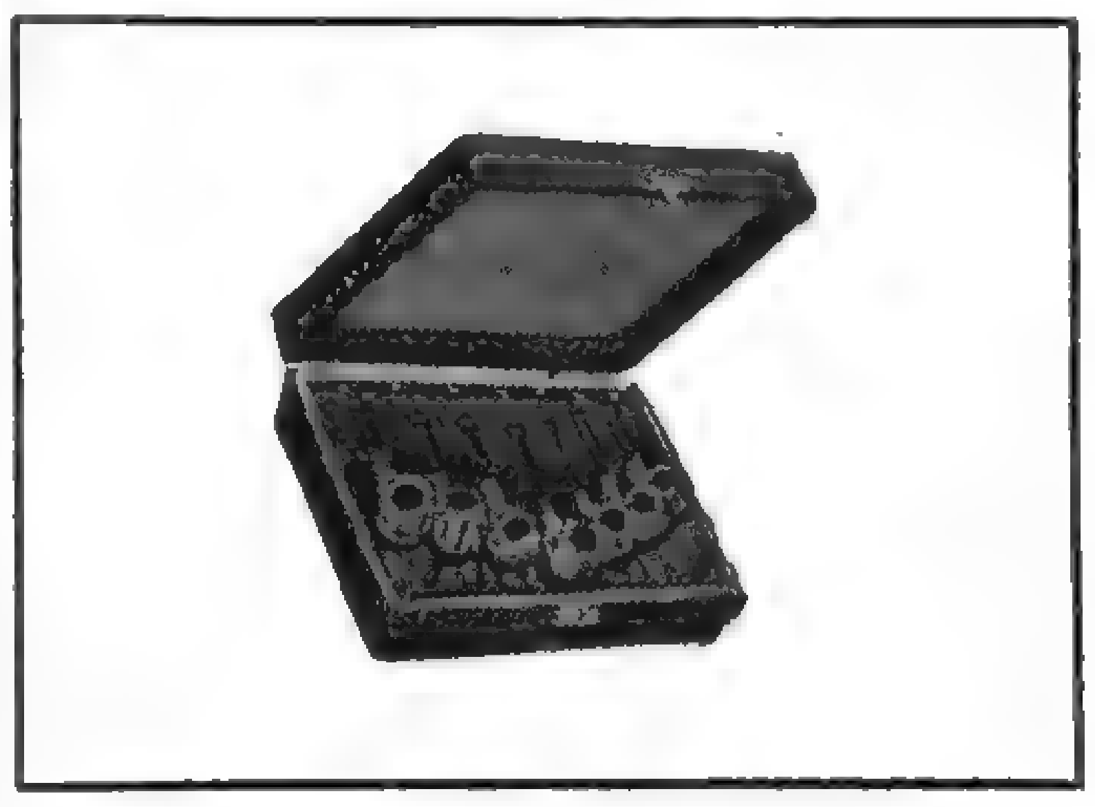

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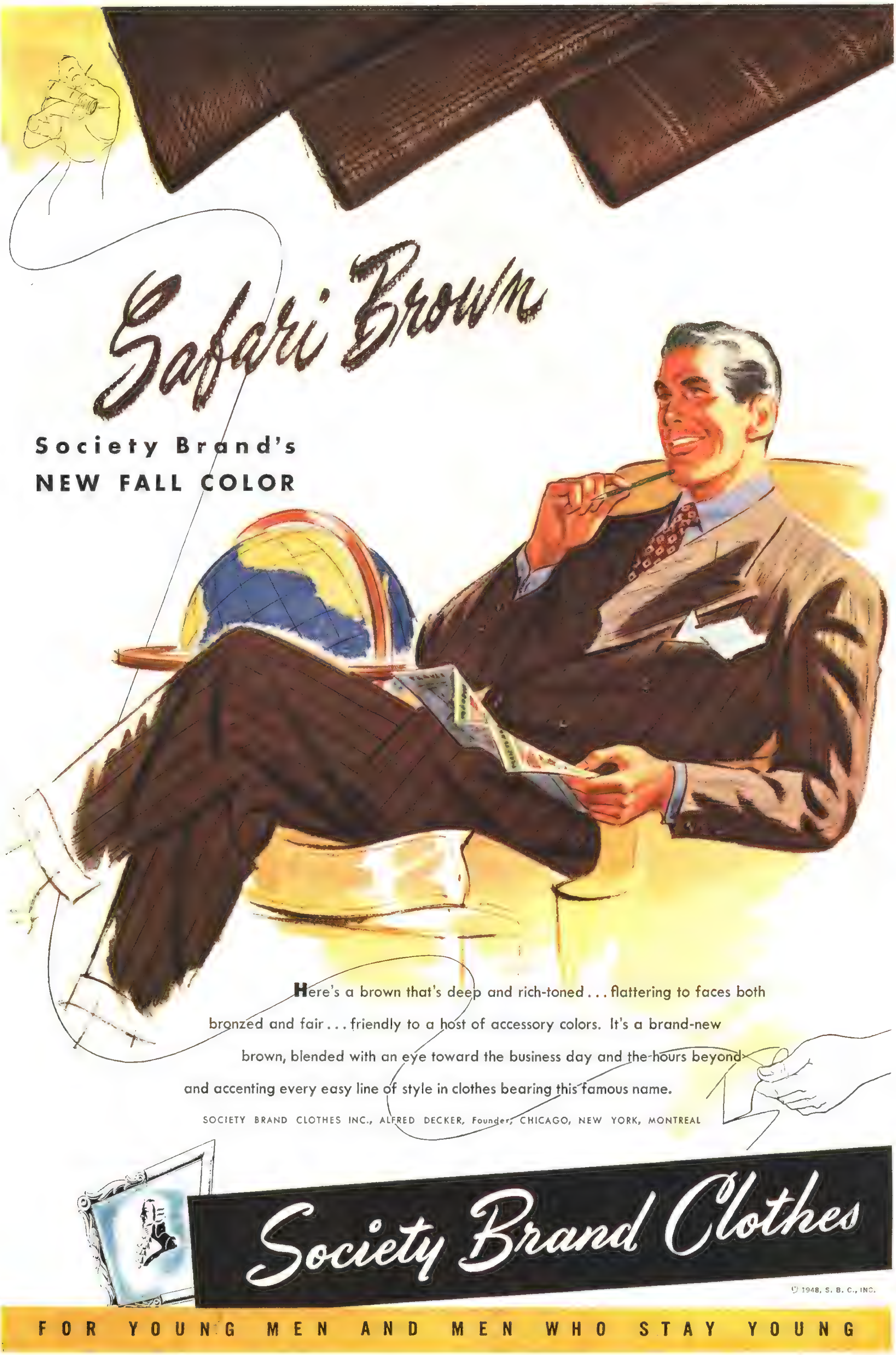

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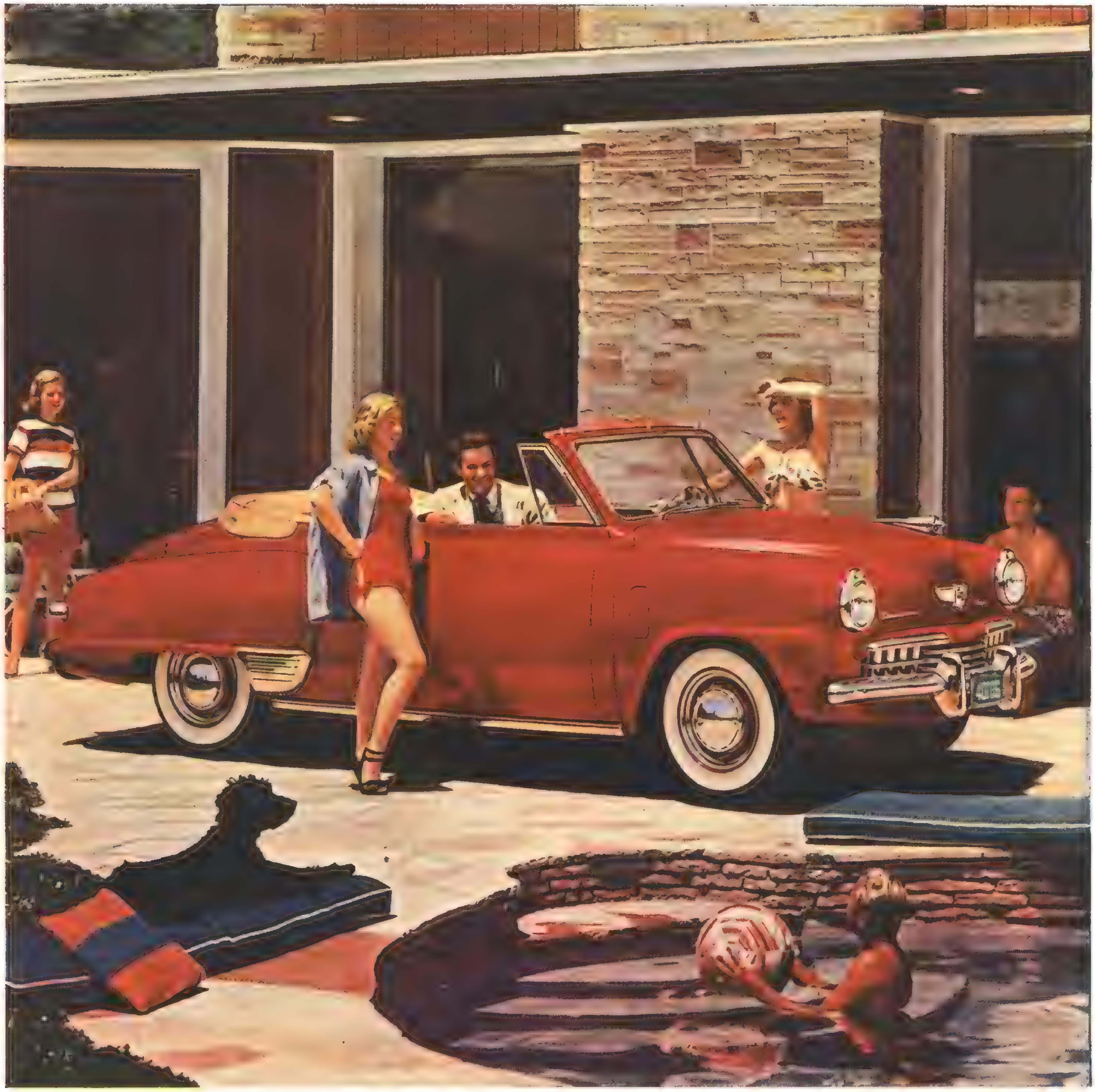

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But that flight-streamed new look is only a mild part of this convertible's thrill. Wait till you see how you reach for words when you drive it!

You never handled a sports car with anything like the light-touch ease of this Studebaker's response. What's more, the most rugged miles feel velvet smooth because there's plenty of soft-sprung, road-hugging weight beneath you.

Be sure you see the new Studebaker Champion and Commander sedans and coupes as well as the convertibles. For luxury unlimited, there's a special extra-long-wheelbase new Studebaker Land Cruiser.

STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in comfort...first by far with a postwar car

© 1948, Studebaker Corporation
South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

"Cavalier"
In mahogany or brown
shell cordovan.

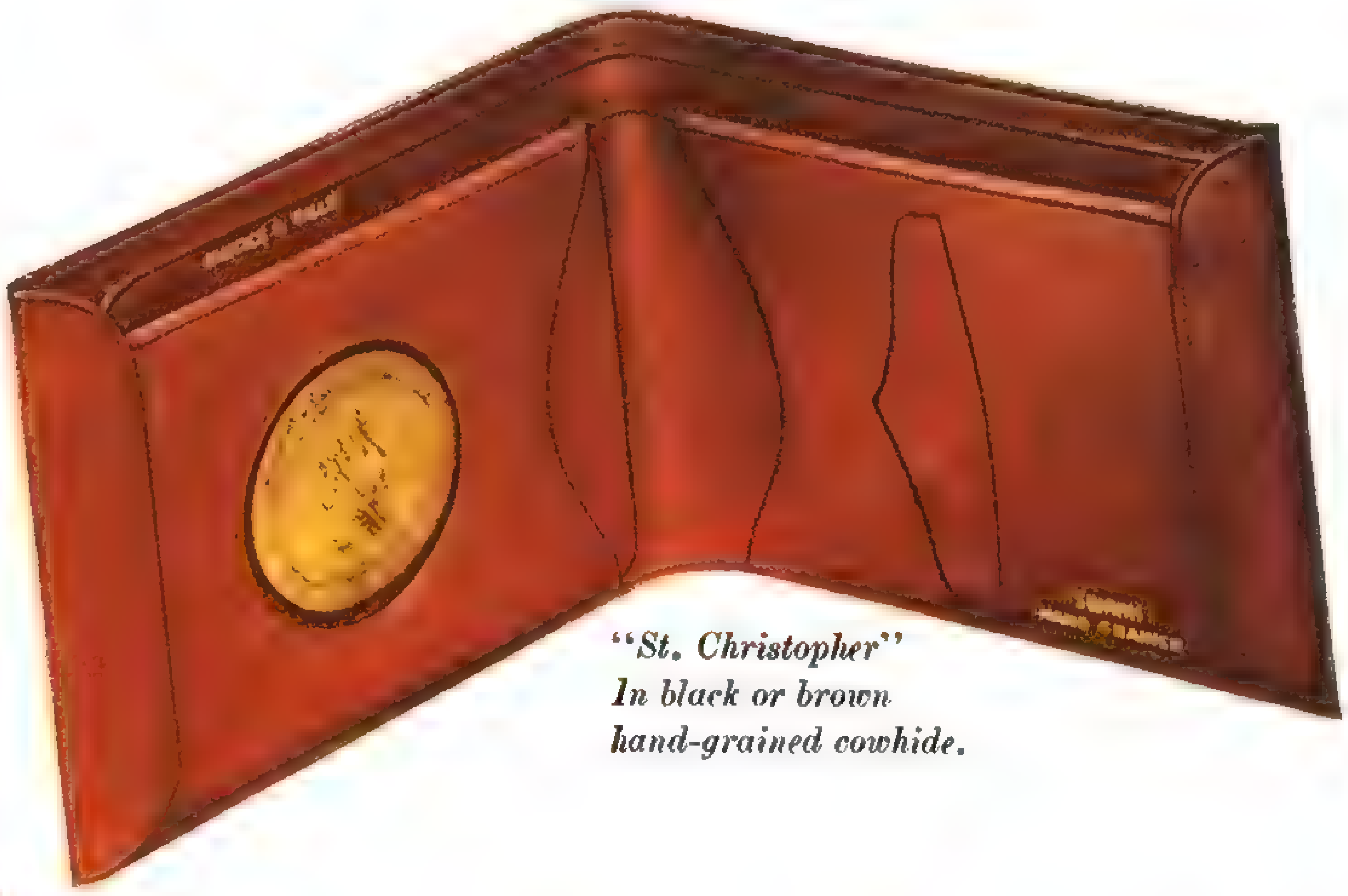
"The Senator"
With detachable pass case. In pigskin,
black or brown morocco, and saddle goat.

"Foto-fold"
With picture frame, in black
or brown morocco.

If you want the best in wallet value —make yours SWANK. *In this worthy array you'll find a variety of handsome billfolds, smoothly styled and of infinite carrying capacity. Pick one for Dad, brother and yours truly.*

All wallets illustrated, $5.00.

Price subject to Federal Tax



"St. Christopher"
In black or brown
hand-grained cowhide.

"Custodian"
In mahogany or brown
shell cordovan.

Your Money's Worthiest

Men prefer
SWANK

Always look for the name SWANK on all our products

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Mark Twain Shirts
MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYON FABRIC

WASHABLE WONDERS BY MOORESVILLE

WOVEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR Mark Twain Shirts

Fall's winning colors splash high, wide and handsome in this new series of Mooresville Fabrics, styled for Mark Twain Shirts. Every one of them carries the Mooresville "good conduct" medallion. Practically fool-proof in washing. Won't fade. Won't shrink or stretch more than 2%. Highly resistant to wrinkles, they stay crisp and fresh-looking through strenuous wear. Could you ask for anything more? Then ask for these Mooresville patterns at the good stores carrying Mark Twain Shirts.

MOORESVILLE

WASHABLE RAYONS

MOORESVILLE MILLS
Sales Office:
Empire State Building

MARK TWAIN Shirts
A
B
Buy by name - buy...
MARK TWAIN Shirts

COLORFUL MARK TWAIN SHIRTS WORK WONDERS WITH YOUR FALL LEISURE WEAR

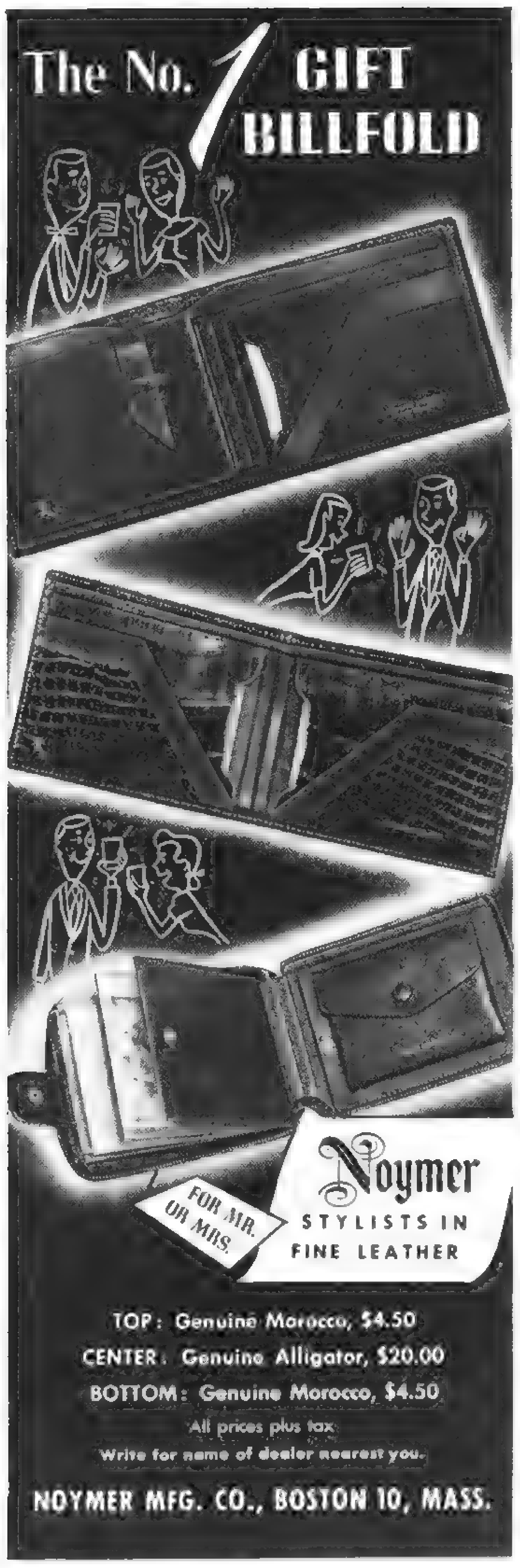
On these two pages are but a few of the brilliant Mooresville fabrics woven exclusively for Mark Twain. At left are two outstanding examples that crave leisure as much as you'll crave them... (A) is a sport shirt that's great with or without a tie. (B) has a new Mark Twain exclusive—the bi-swing back*... and a convertible collar. Wear it for sport or dress. Sizes 14-17½; Sleeve 32-35.

Write Dept. "E" for Dealer's Name

Mark Twain Shirts $3.50 to $5.95
Sport Shirts $3.50 to $8.95

*Mark Twain's bi-swing back gives added freedom. You enjoy sport shirt comfort with dress shirt fit and appearance.

ELDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY • ST. LOUIS
Manufacturers of MARK TWAIN SHIRTS for Men and TOM SAWYER Apparel for Real Boys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STYLISTS IN FINE LEATHER
FOR MR. OR MRS.

TOP: Genuine Morocco, $4.50
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All prices plus tax.
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MICRO-LITE

The phosphorescent tip glows all night after the light's switched off!

Keep one with you always... at home or when you travel. When houselights fail, when keyholes are elusive, or when a night-light is needed, its phosphorescent tip says "Here I am." Grab for the glow. There's a reliable, powerful flashlight attached to it.

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Chrome plated $2.65 Postpaid
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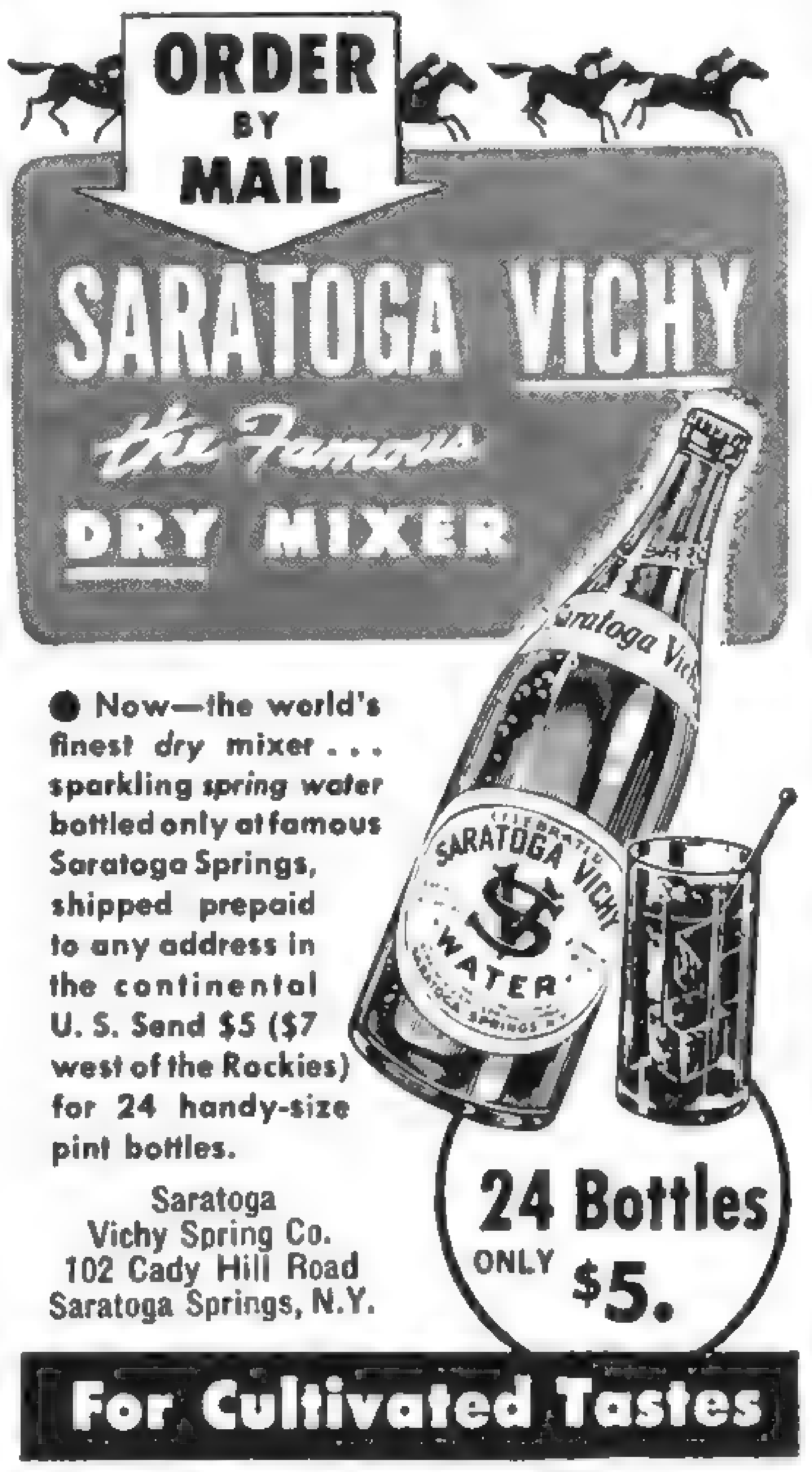
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correct riding clothes
cost less than you think
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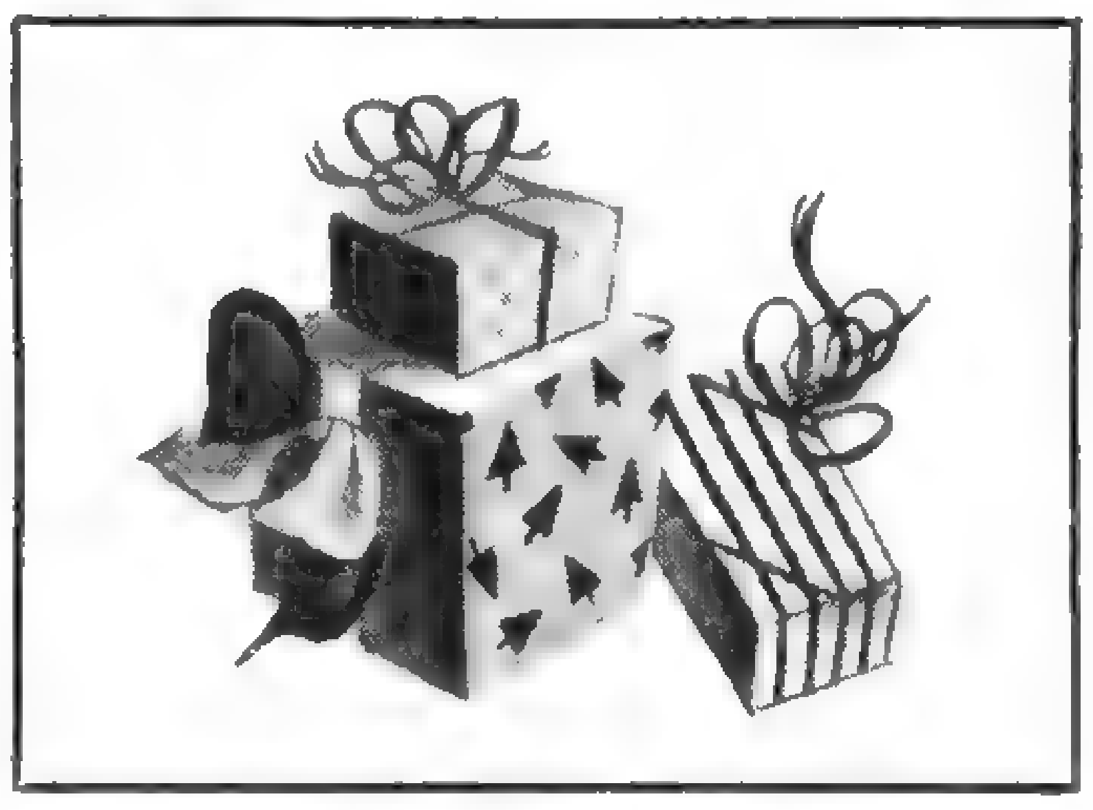
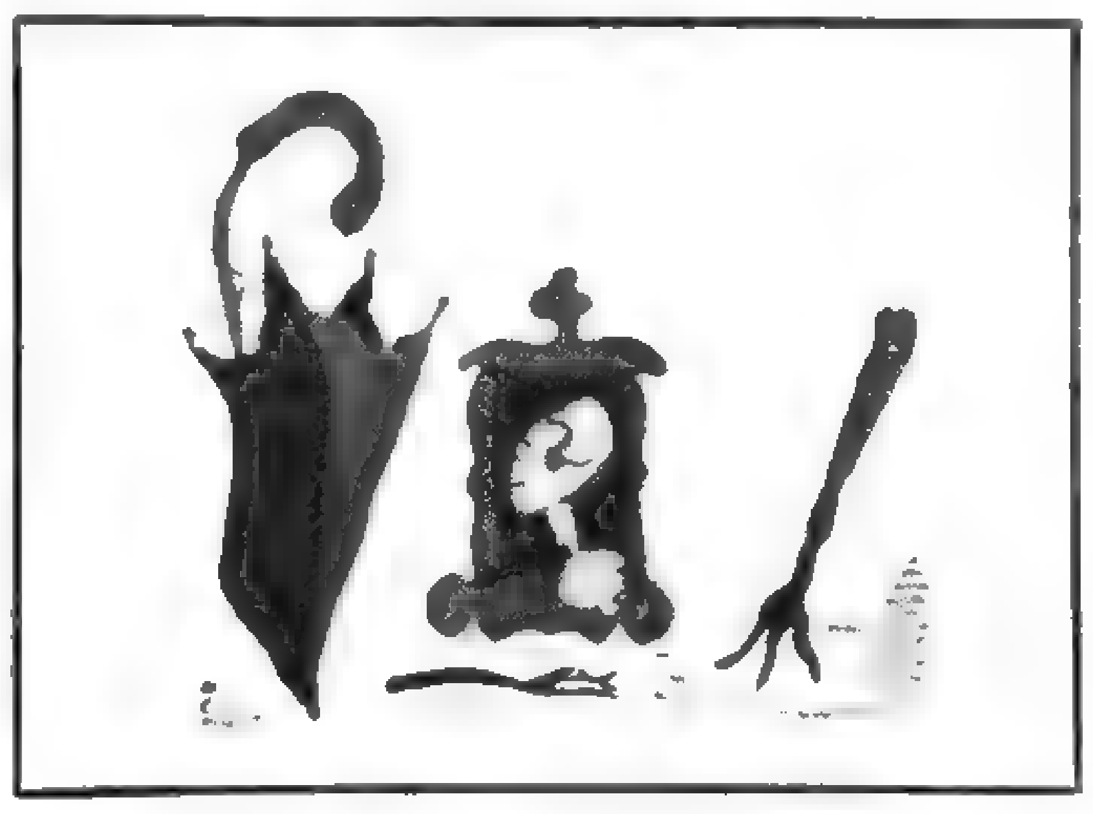
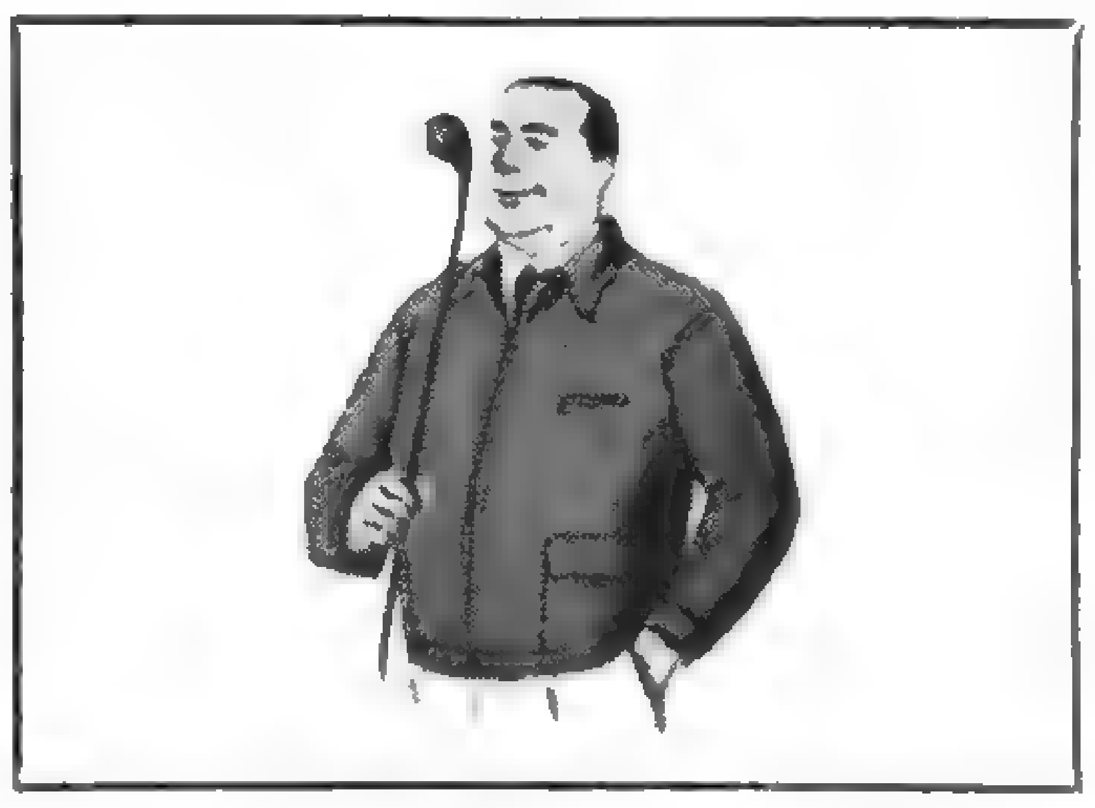
Talking Shop with Esquire



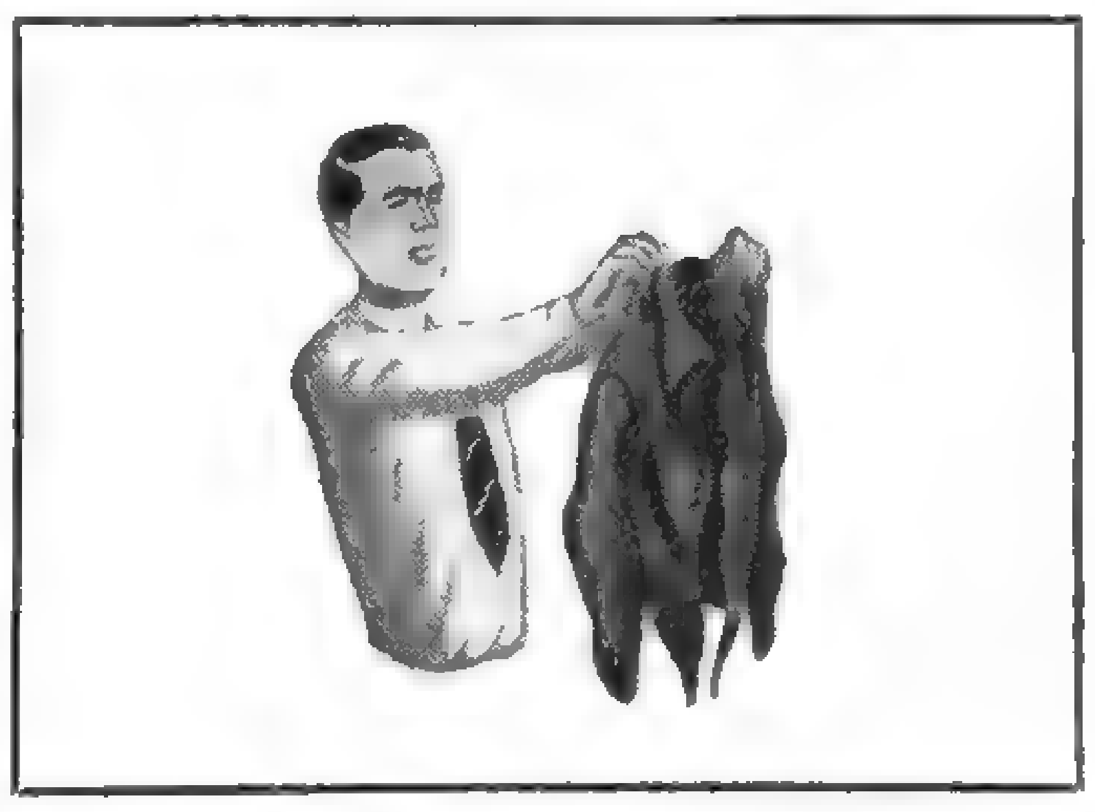
SERVICES UNLIMITED. Do anniversaries and birthdays have a way of slipping up on you—find you too busy to shop? An automatic Gift Service will make purchases, attend to gift wrapping, mail the package. Just fill out the gift-questionnaire, listing persons to be remembered, date in question, amount to be spent.



ON THE MEND. If you have a lighter that's on the blink, worn or marred jewelry that needs replating, you'll want to know about this jewelry work shop. They're specialists in mending fine things. If you've inherited a set of silver from a rich uncle and want the initials changed, they can do that, too.



A WORD TO THE WIDE. Big men who have a tough time buying clothes that will fit properly will be interested in this shop that caters to king-size customers. Sizes range from 44 to 70 and most of their merchandise is made up especially for stouter silhouettes. Sketched is a water repellent jacket with a full cut.



A SUEDE JACKET with that beat-up look can be revived and given a new lease on life, if it's sent along to this firm of leather experts. They will clean it by a special process, recondition it and send it back to you, looking like new. They also do a nice job on women's suede jackets, coats and gloves.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Use a SHINE-BOY SHOE HOLDER!
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"It's not how I talk, it's what I say.

They fit!

That's why they feel as good as they look!"

There's something unusual about a goat talking. And plenty unusual about the Mt. Rock coat story he tells. *They Fit*—see? *Fit*—smartly, comfortably, amazingly.

They fit because they have extra width from here to there, keeping the lapels flat.

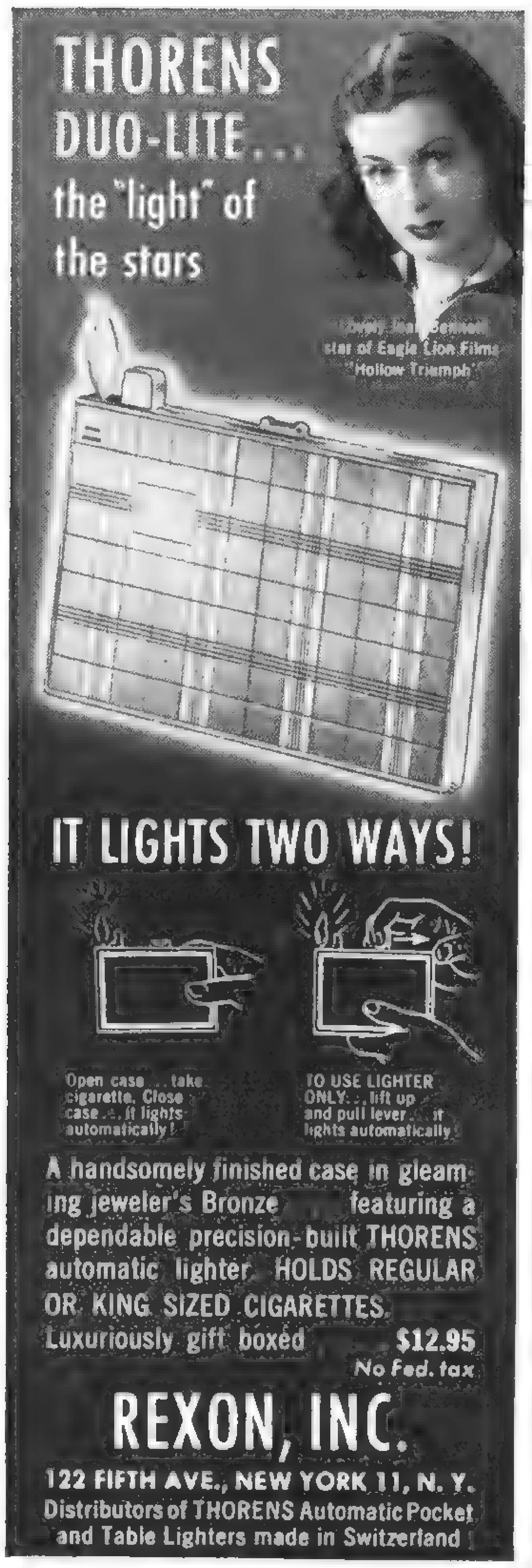
They fit because extra depth from here to there makes collar snug, shoulders smooth.

They fit because they put you in the middle of your coat where you should be. Like this:

SPIDER SPUN... The most comfortable topcoat you ever put on—warm, light, and styled in patterns and new solid shades you've never seen before in Covert. An exclusive Worumbo fabric. $75.00. Other Mt. Rock Coats are priced at $50 to $125. Send for don herold's free book, "This Man Just Had A Fit." Write Dept. E.

MT. ROCK COATS • 15 HAND ST., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Featuring exclusive fabrics by Ardsley, Cereý, Continental and Worumbo



THORENS DUO-LITE... the "light" of the stars

Lovely Joan Bennett star of Eagle Lion Films "Hollow Triumph"

IT LIGHTS TWO WAYS!

Open case . . . take cigarette. Close case . . . it lights automatically!

TO USE LIGHTER ONLY . . . lift up and pull lever . . . it lights automatically

A handsomely finished case in gleaming jeweler's Bronze featuring a dependable precision-built THORENS automatic lighter. HOLDS REGULAR OR KING SIZED CIGARETTES. Luxuriously gift boxed $12.95 No Fed. tax

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Gene Krupa SAYS "I'm a FELDPARK FAN"

Known as "finicky" about his clothes . . . Gene Krupa has gone all out for this new Feldpark fall styling in the new Glen Plaid weave.

Look for these features:
★ Double breasted with long roll front.
★ Coat has one piece back.
★ Unusual 6-button trim.
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Feldpark

At Leading stores, or write
MAX FELDSTEIN & SONS, INC.
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BE TALLER
WEAR CUSTOM MADE STATURAIDS
$19.50

SAGAMORE
No. 1004—Brown grain (shown above)

Get the Thrill of Being Taller
ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL . . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

*Free Catalog "Rise to New Heights" showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request.

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PRAIRIE TALES by Tom Zib

"His jacket is always open now that he wears a Prairie belt with that 'BOLD LOOK'!"

Up-to-the-minute styling, plus fine craftsmanship is why you'll find Prairie belt around well-dressed men. Prairie belts and suspenders from $1 up at your favorite dealer.

Prairie REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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the HOUSE SLIPPERS you've dreamed about

Order Direct from Factory! Soft, dressy, comfortable. Finest Kid Leather. All Sizes, including *extra large*. Styles for Men—Women—Children. An ideal gift. Low Prices. Write
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Catalog FREE

A Campbell Hat is a Basic Fundamental

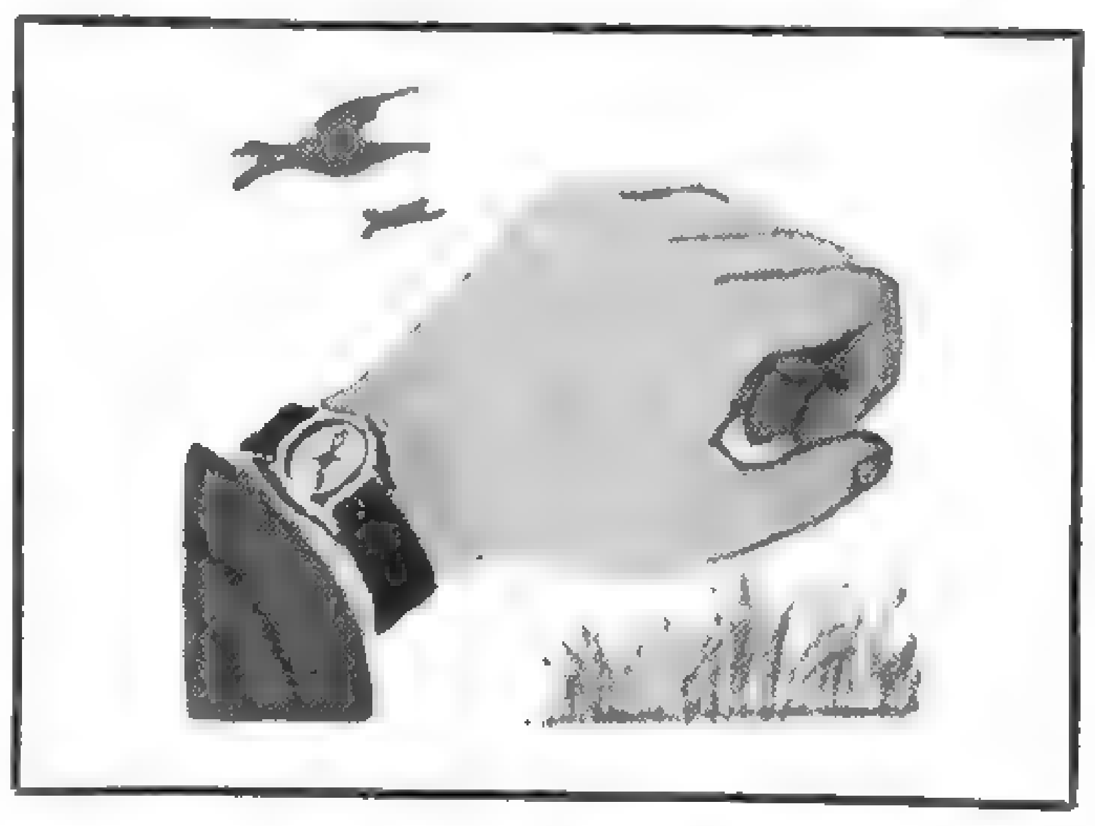
All the world is built upon a few basic shapes and so is fashion! A Campbell Hat insures your choice of shape, form-fitted to your personality and contour **Aqua-Pruf*** treated at the factory, affording complete invisible weather protection.

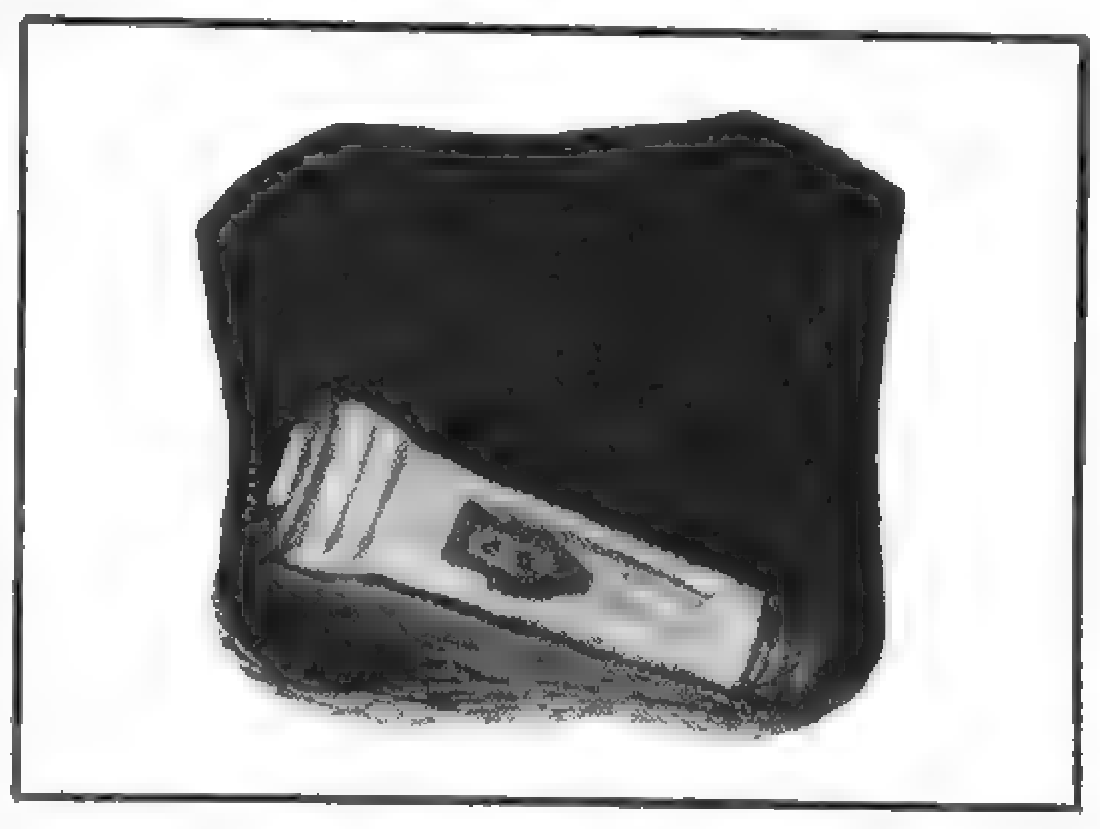
Aqua-Pruf*

CAMPBELL hats.
*Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Talking Shop with Esquire

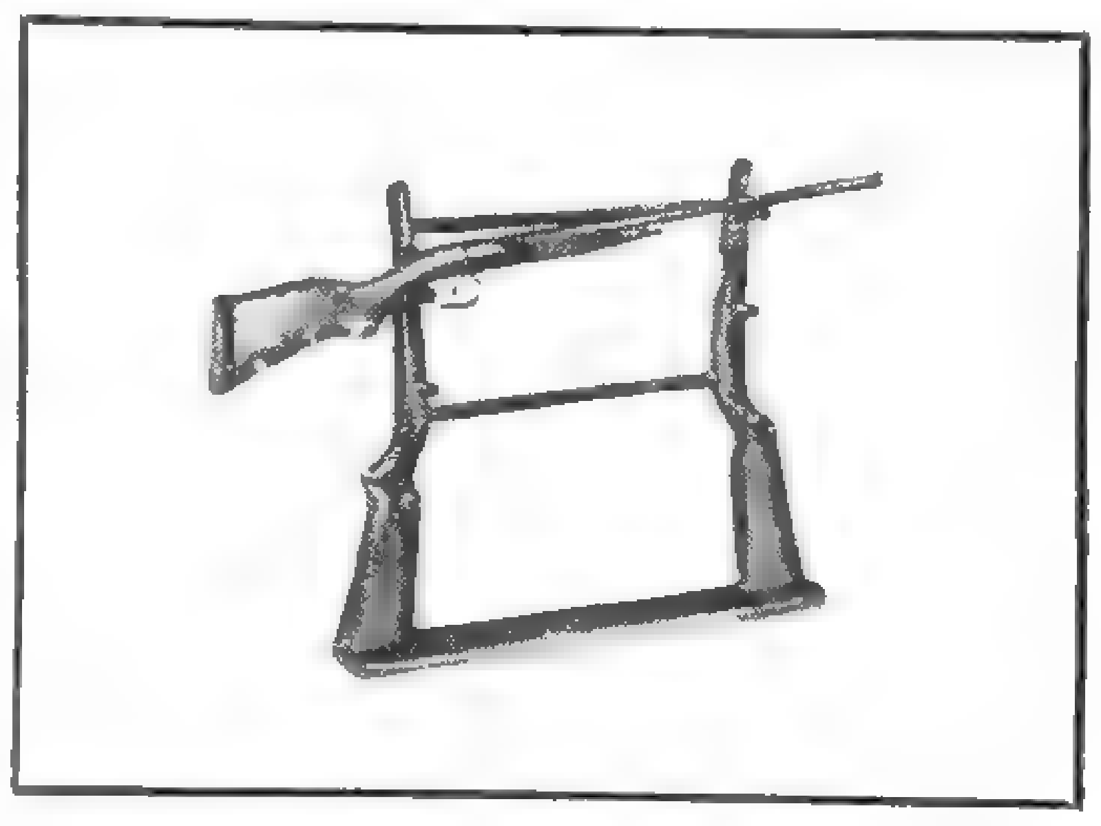
GOOD TIMING. This sportsman's wrist watch is built to take to the outdoor life. 17 jewel movement, stainless steel case, sweep second hand, radium dial and antimagnetic. One of these watches went overboard last summer in a Wisconsin lake. It was recovered later inside a 20 lb. Muskellunge, in perfect running order!

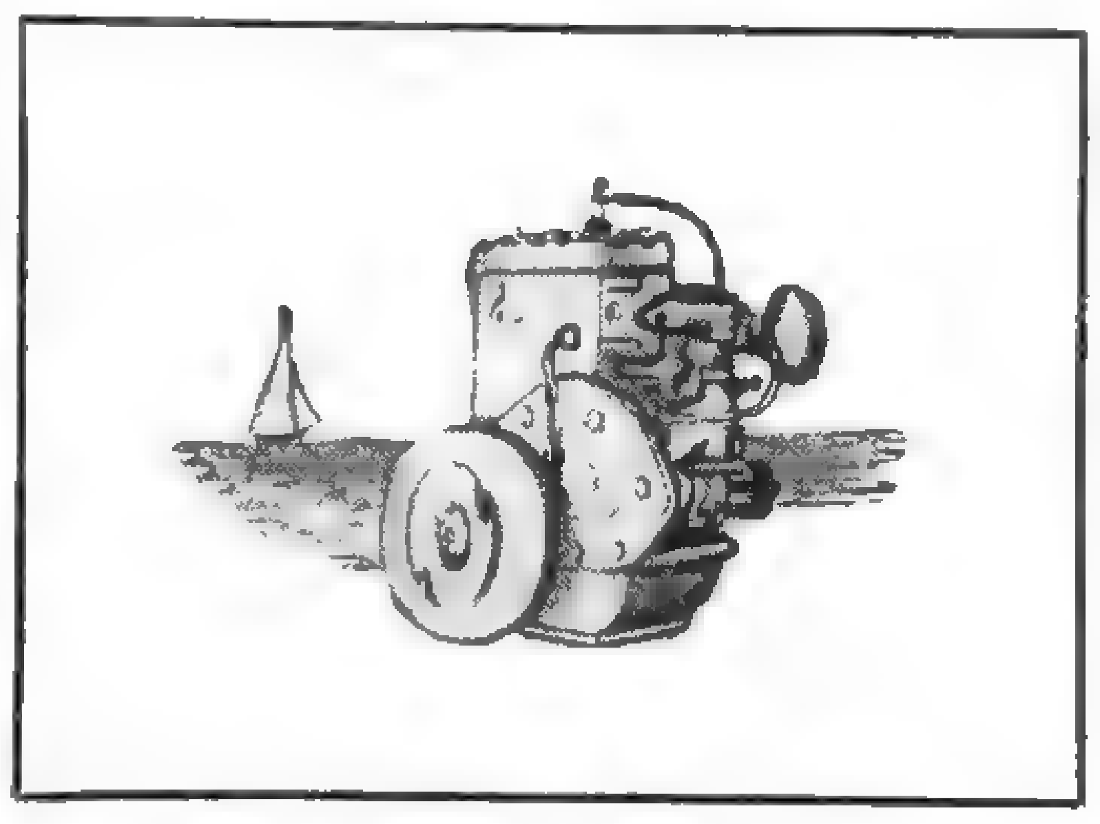




WHERE'S THAT FLASHLIGHT? No groping around in the middle of the night for this flashlight—it glows in the dark! The case has special luminous finish, protected by plastic, so it won't wear off. Luminous material is "charged" by exposure to any light for a few seconds. Interior works on regular battery principle.

RACK YOUR RIFLES. The polished walnut carbine stocks that support each side of this gun rack are the real army article. Designed for holding and displaying all types of guns, in game room, cabin, or gun club. Enough room for three guns on the rack and a ¾" hardwood shelf accommodates pistols and knives.





MORE POWER TO YOU. This single cylinder, inboard motor has been designed for use on small launches, fishing boats, and for auxiliary use on sail boats. The 5 horsepower engine is water-cooled, has a counterweighted crankshaft, marine carburetor with flame arrester. Weighs about 62 pounds.

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If it doesn't relax or convulse me, I get my money back!
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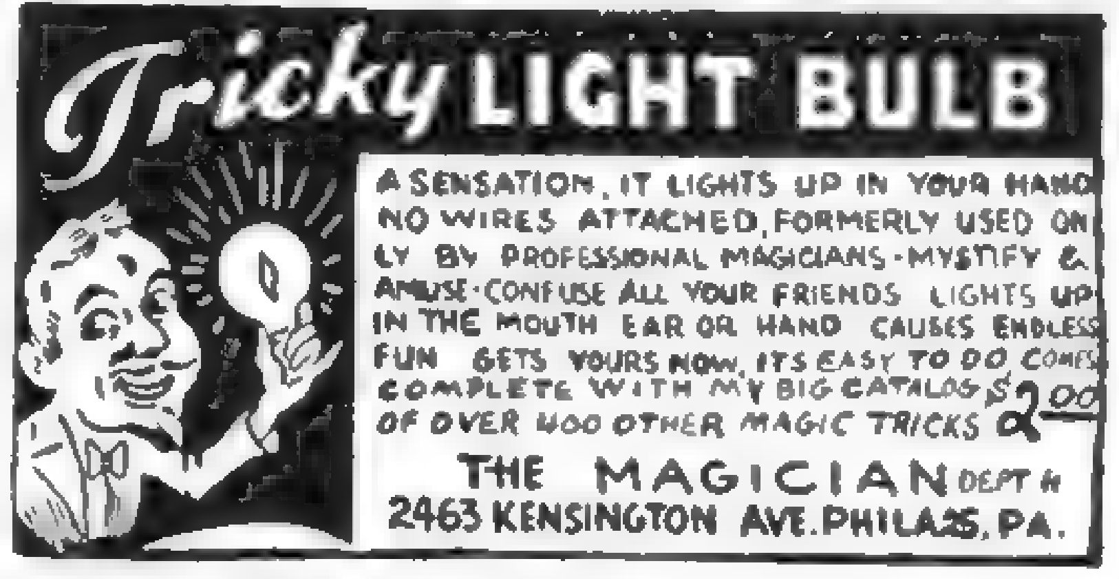

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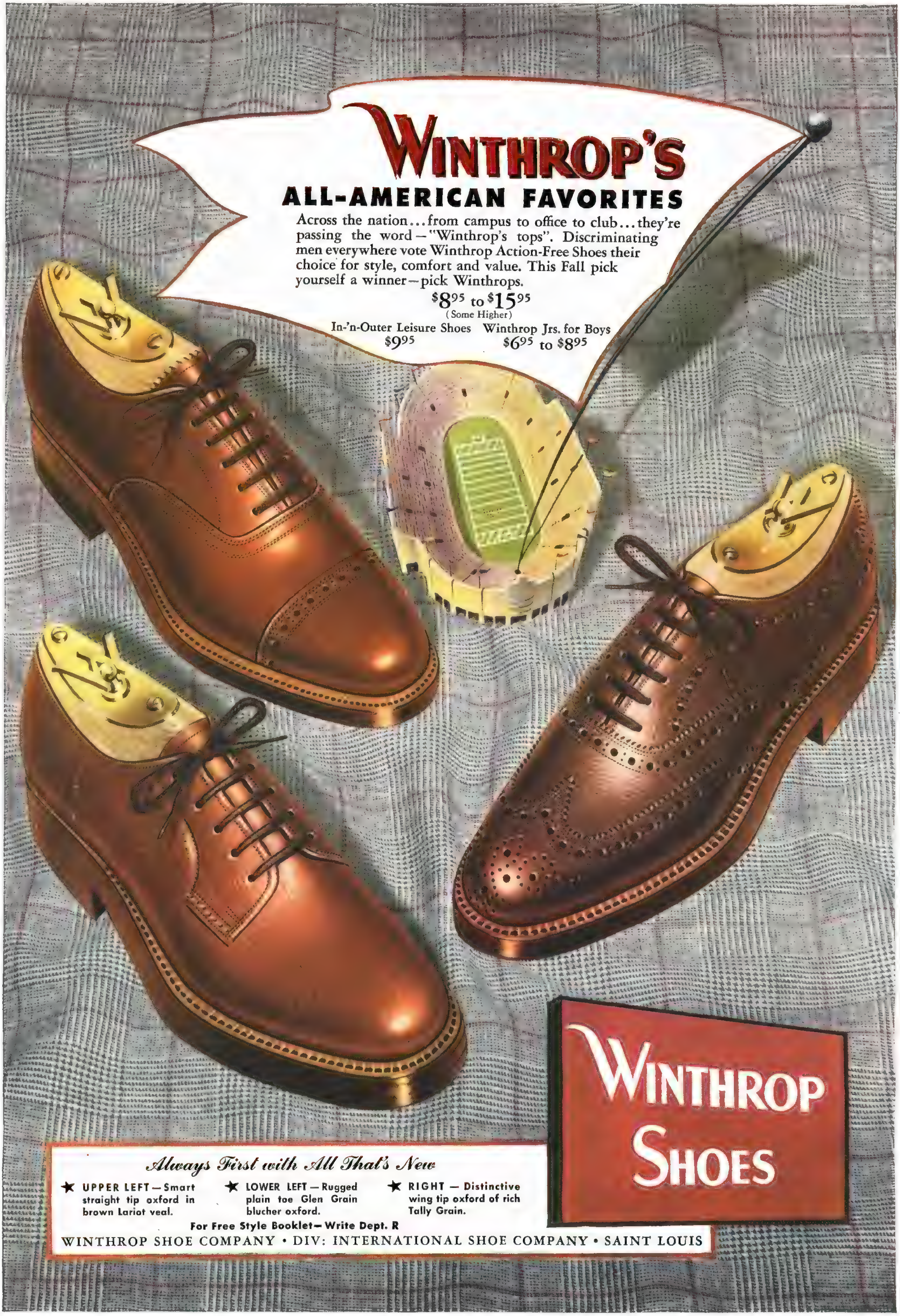

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ALL-AMERICAN FAVORITES

Across the nation...from campus to office to club...they're passing the word—"Winthrop's tops". Discriminating men everywhere vote Winthrop Action-Free Shoes their choice for style, comfort and value. This Fall pick yourself a winner—pick Winthrops.

$\$8^{95}$ to $\$15^{95}$
(Some Higher)

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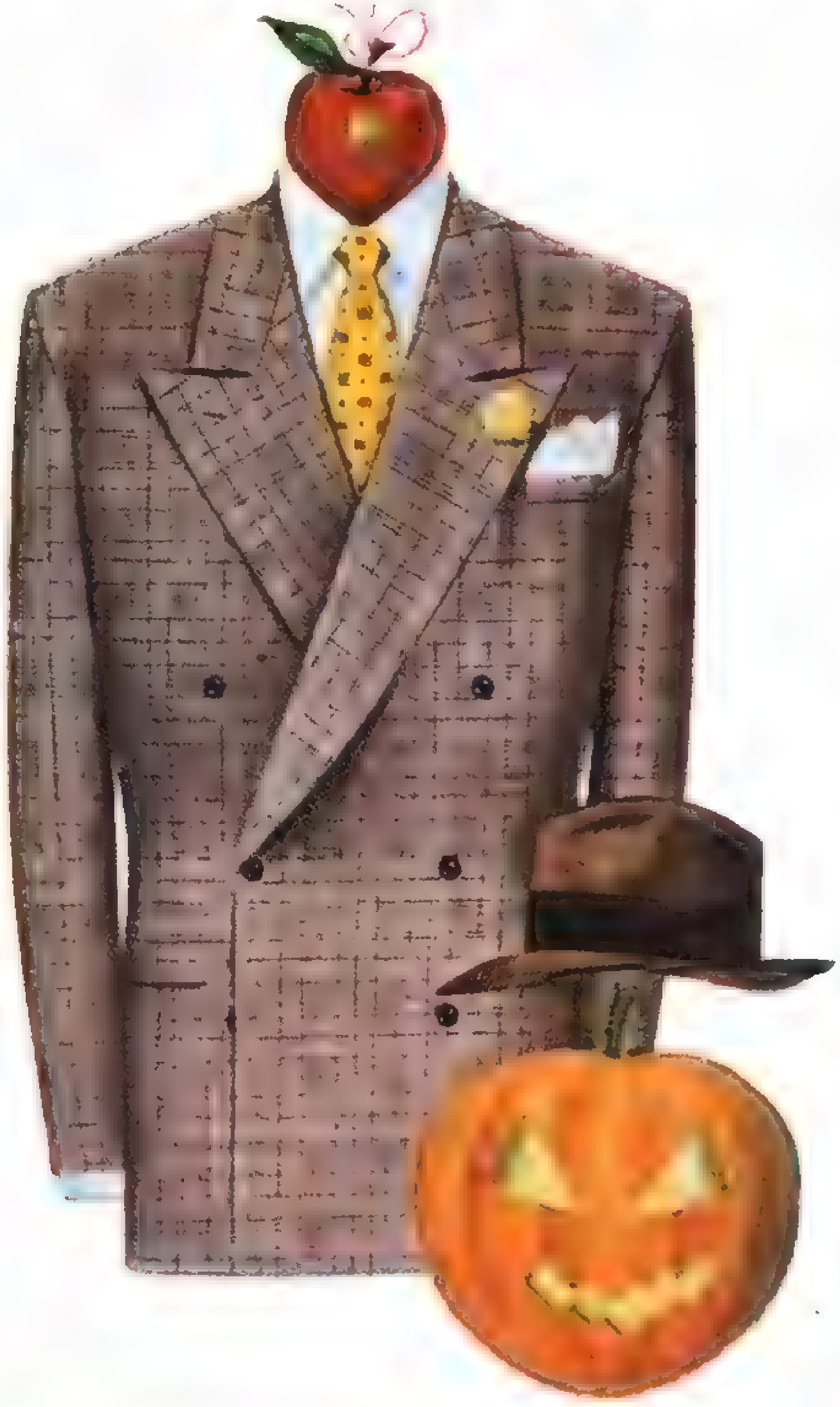
Always First with All That's New

- ★ **UPPER LEFT**—Smart straight tip oxford in brown Lariot veal.
- ★ **LOWER LEFT**—Rugged plain toe Glen Grain blucher oxford.
- ★ **RIGHT**—Distinctive wing tip oxford of rich Tally Grain.

For Free Style Booklet—Write Dept. R

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

Hammonton Park Clothes

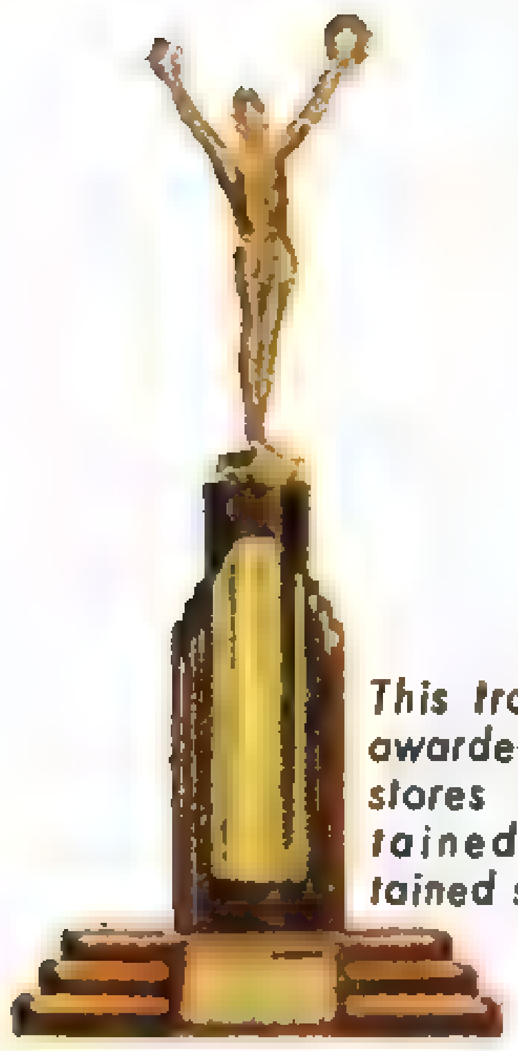


animated style If you think of witches around Halloween time, it's proper to think of wizards in connection with Animated Style. Wizardry of design that achieves style-in-motion. Wizardry with color expressed in exhilarating fabric patterns. A whiz of a value, too—as you'll find when you visit one of the fine stores that displays the famous Style Trophy.

HAMMONTON PARK CLOTHES

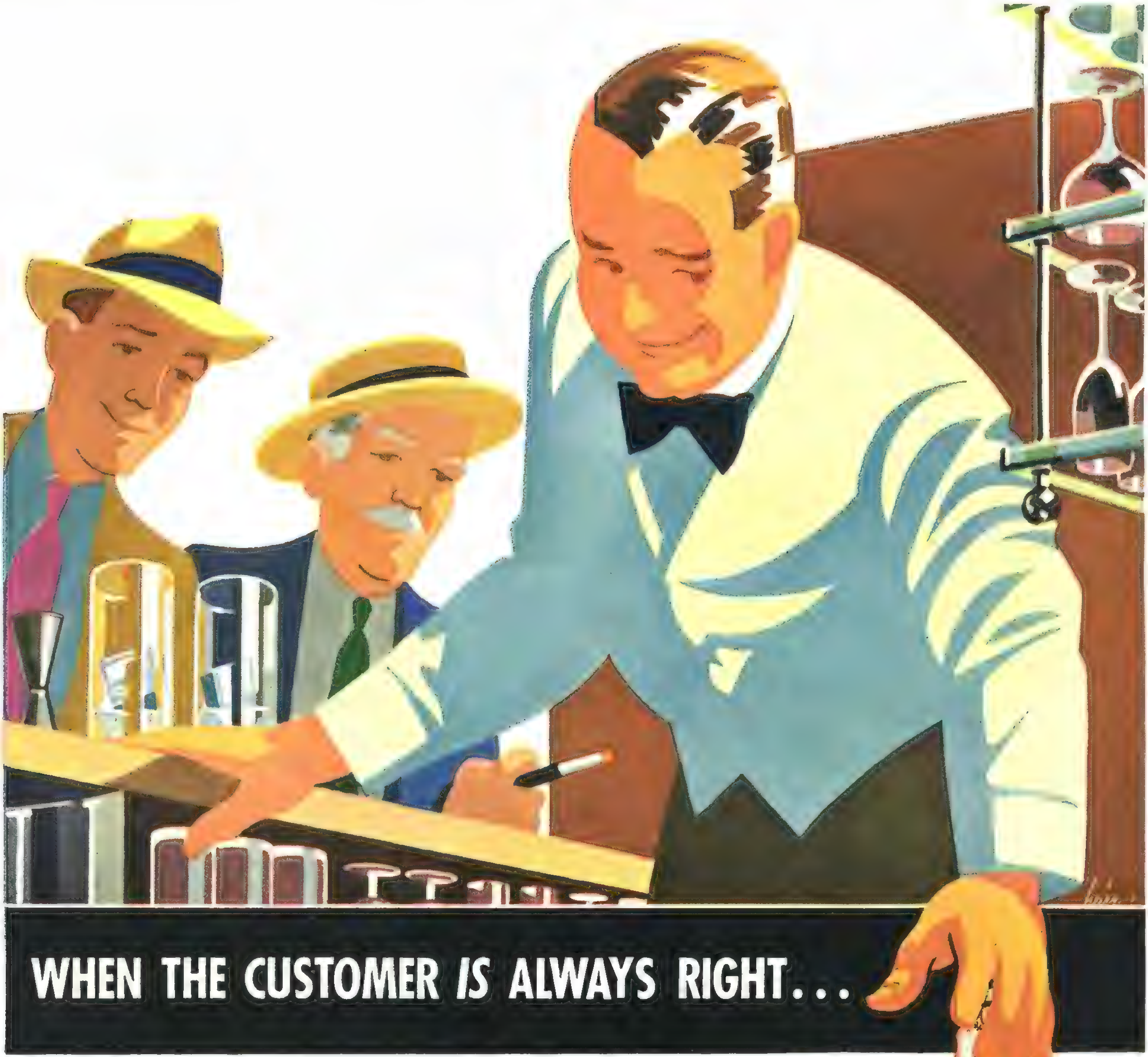
Dept. E12, 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

free "A Manual of Modes and Manners" on correct dress for business, sports and formal occasions. Also a guide to proper accessories and color harmonies. Simply drop us a postcard.



This trophy has been awarded to selected stores that have attained and maintained style eminence

Copyright Wm. B. Kessler Inc. 1948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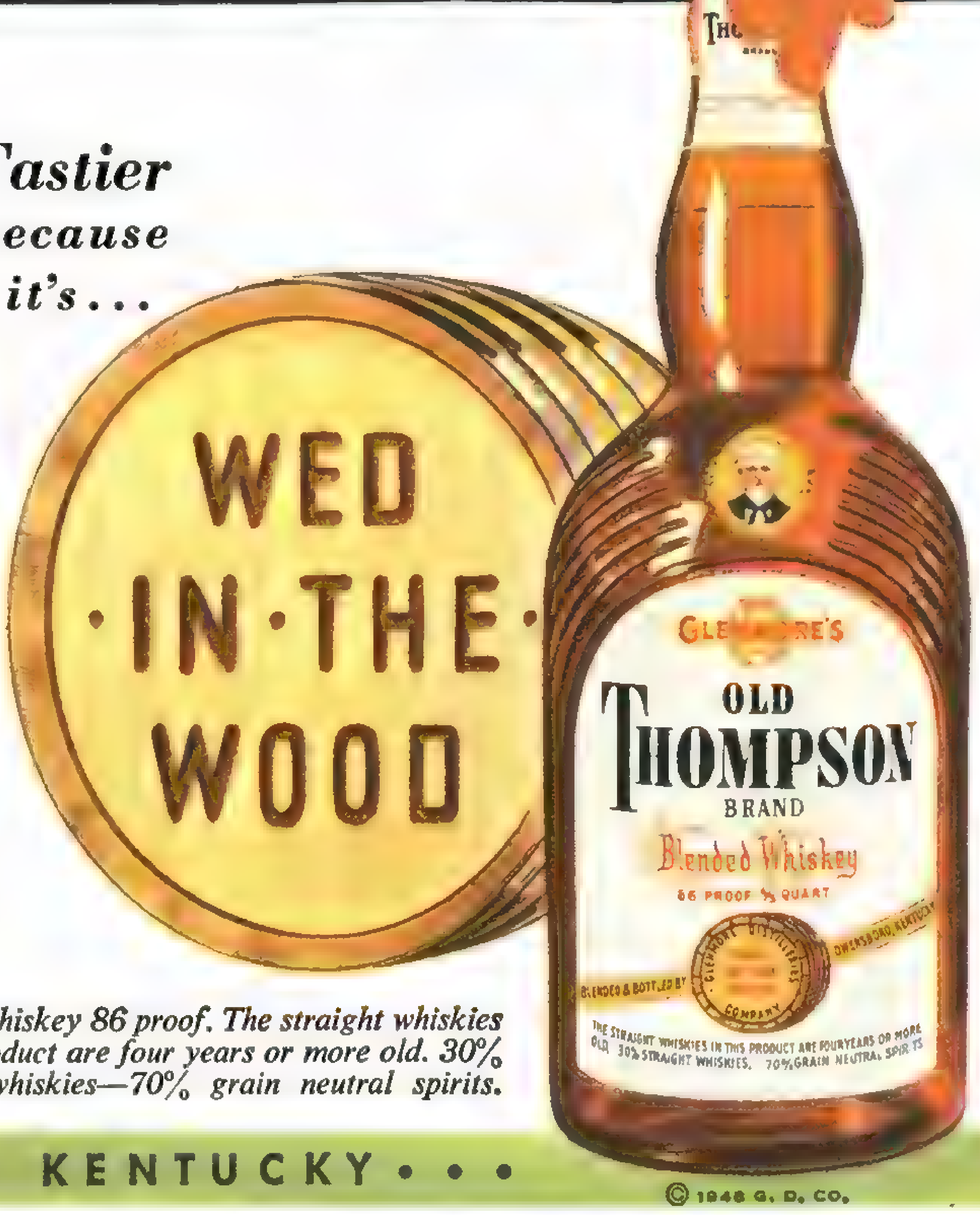
Asking for Old Thompson by name proves your knowledge of good whiskey. "Thompson" is smoother and tastes better because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. This means that fine Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but the difference in taste is there for you to enjoy.

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

Tastier
because
it's . . .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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 30% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY • • •

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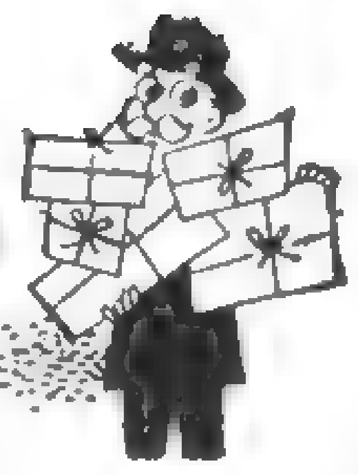
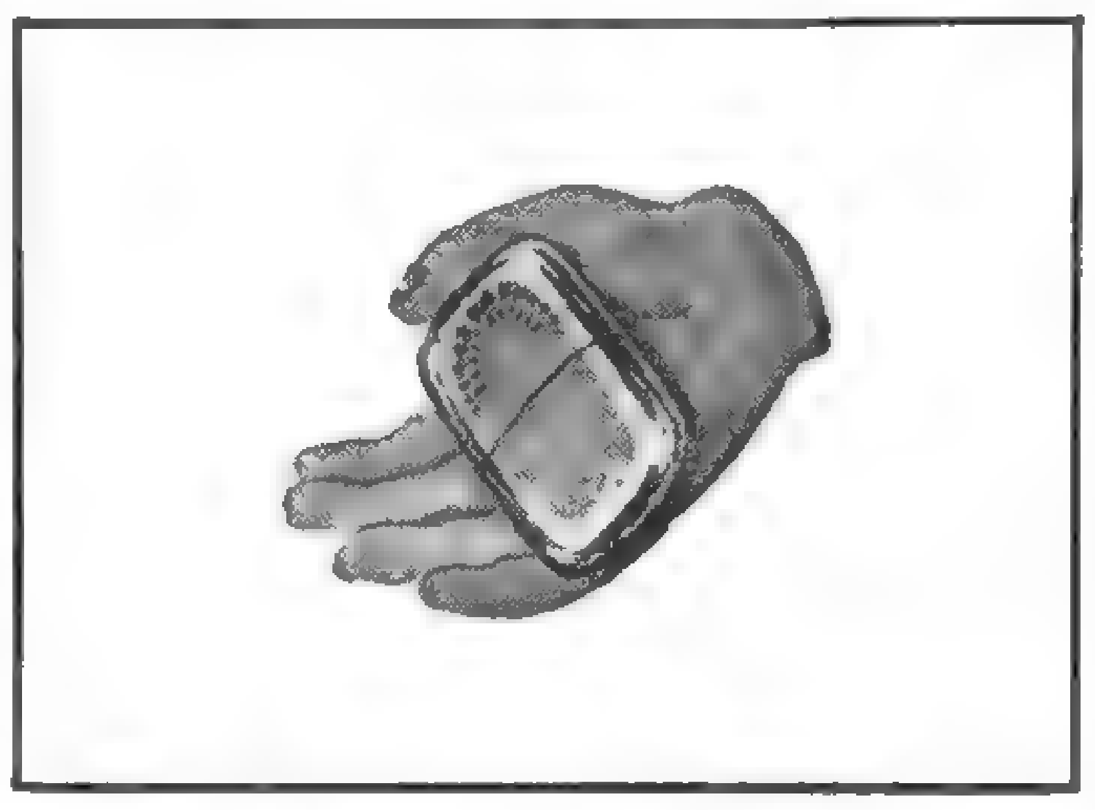
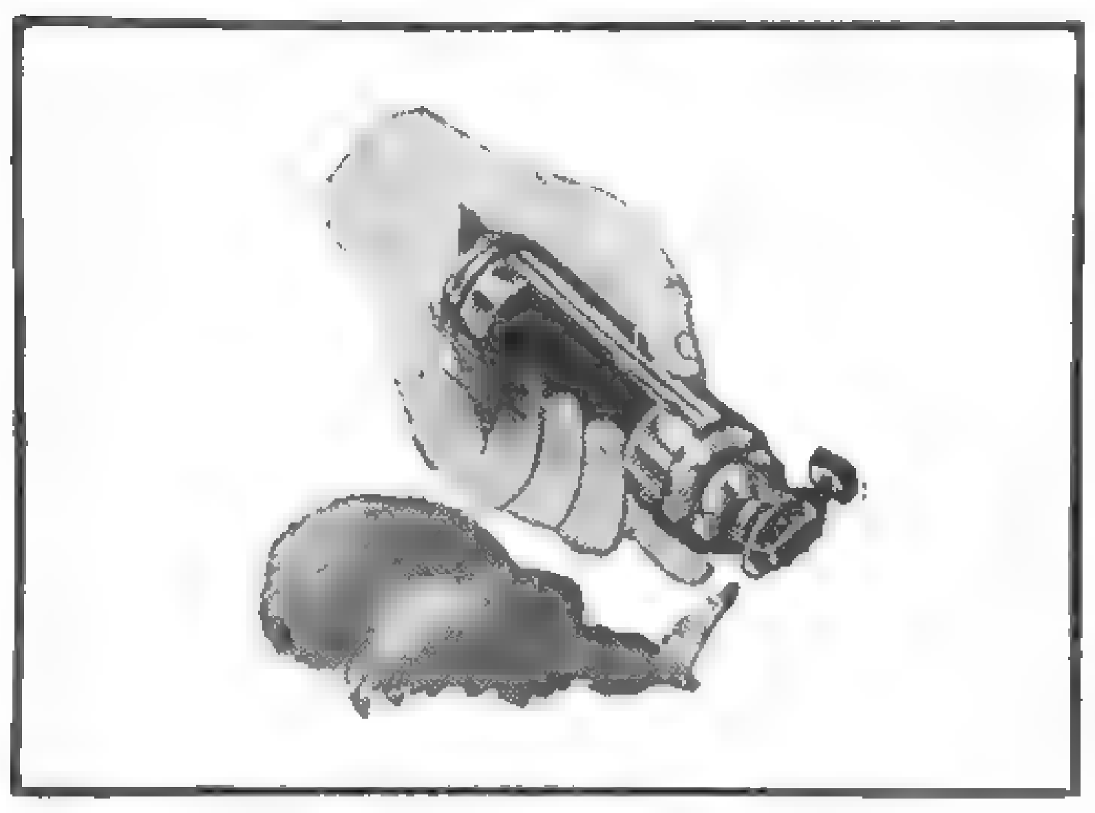
Talking Shop with Esquire



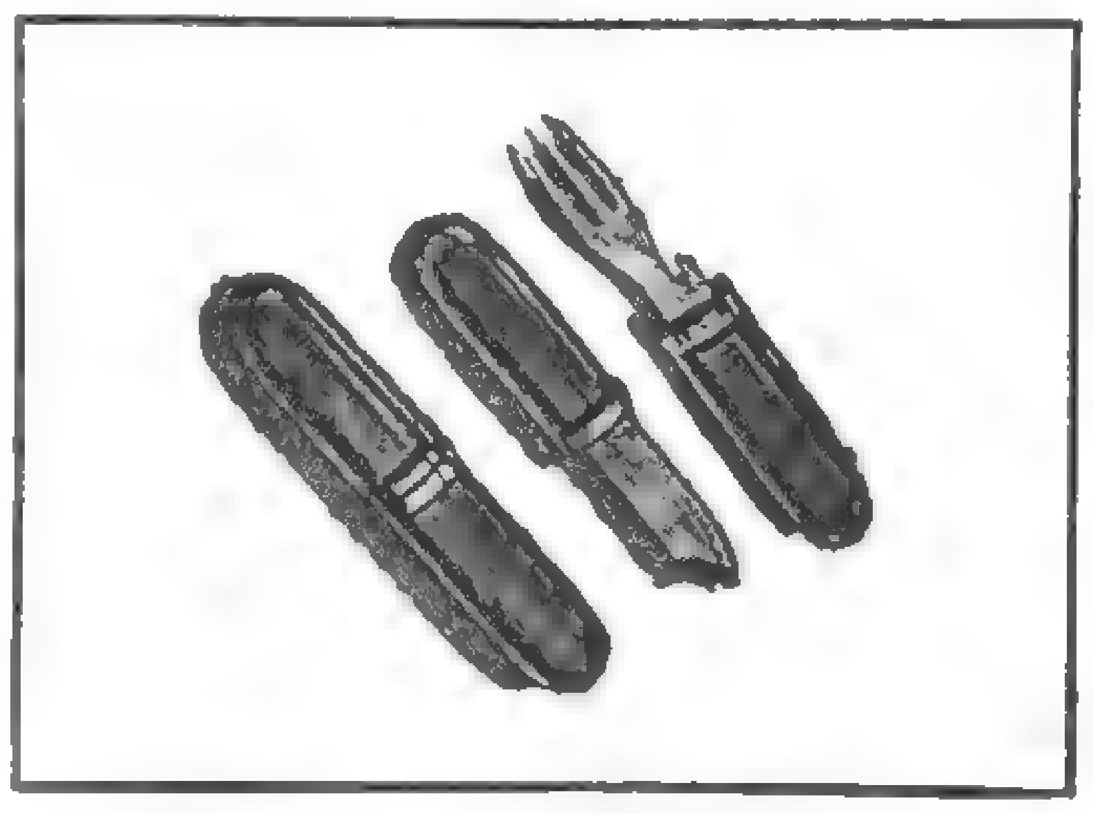
POCKET HEATER. A cold trigger finger can spoil a good shot—but not if you have one of these little heaters inside your glove or pocket. Holds an even 120° for 20 to 30 hours; won't burn the hands. No batteries or wiring, it works something like cigarette lighter. A heater in each boot will keep feet from freezing.

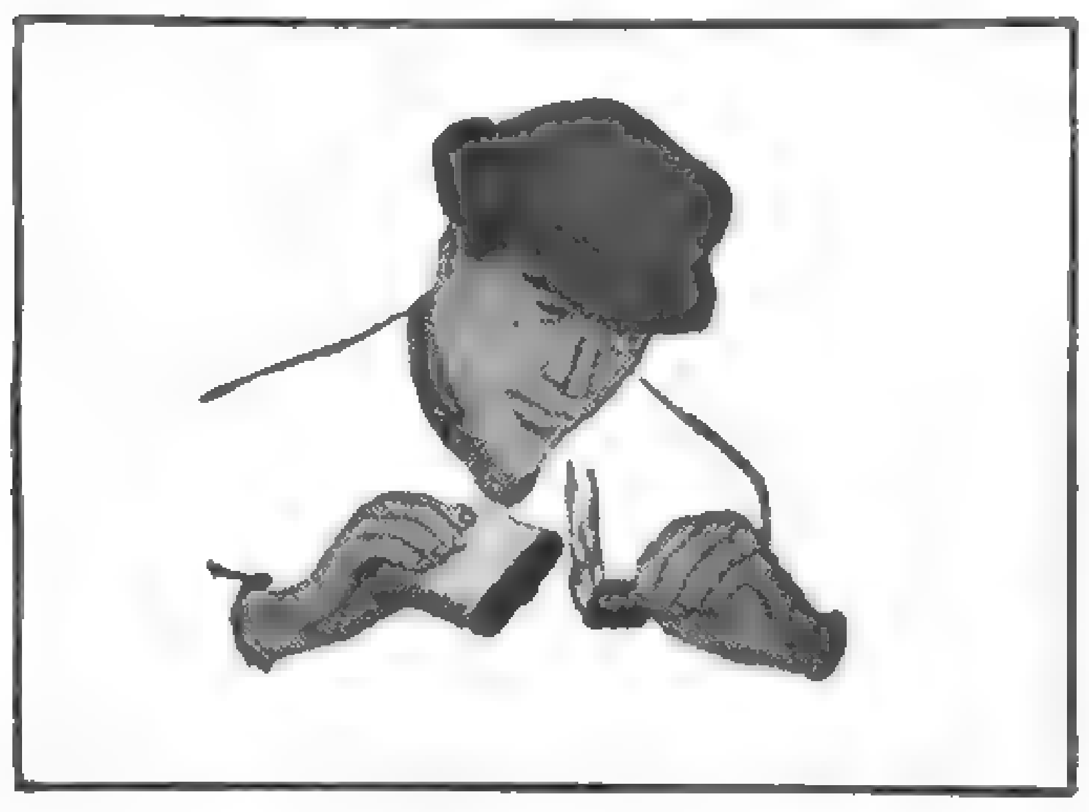




MIDGET EXTINGUISHER. This little fire extinguisher is only 8″ long, but it's instantly effective in quelling a fire. Nothing complicated about it—just invert, unscrew the valve, aim at the base of the blaze and the fire is out. Takes up a minimum of space in the car or aboard ship. Harmless to food, clothing.

BEANS OR BAR-B-QUE—whatever the "vittels," you're equipped to deal with the situation with this combination knife and fork. The handles are a walnut finish plastic; business ends are stainless steel—all this and a bottle opener too. The knife slips into the base of the fork, and vice versa, to form a single unit.





FIRE INSURANCE. Never mind rubbing those two sticks together, these effective little fire starters will get the camp-fire going in a hurry. The 1″ tablets are tipped with phosphorus and each one burns a full seven minutes—long enough to get the wood blazing. Light by striking on the water-proofed container.

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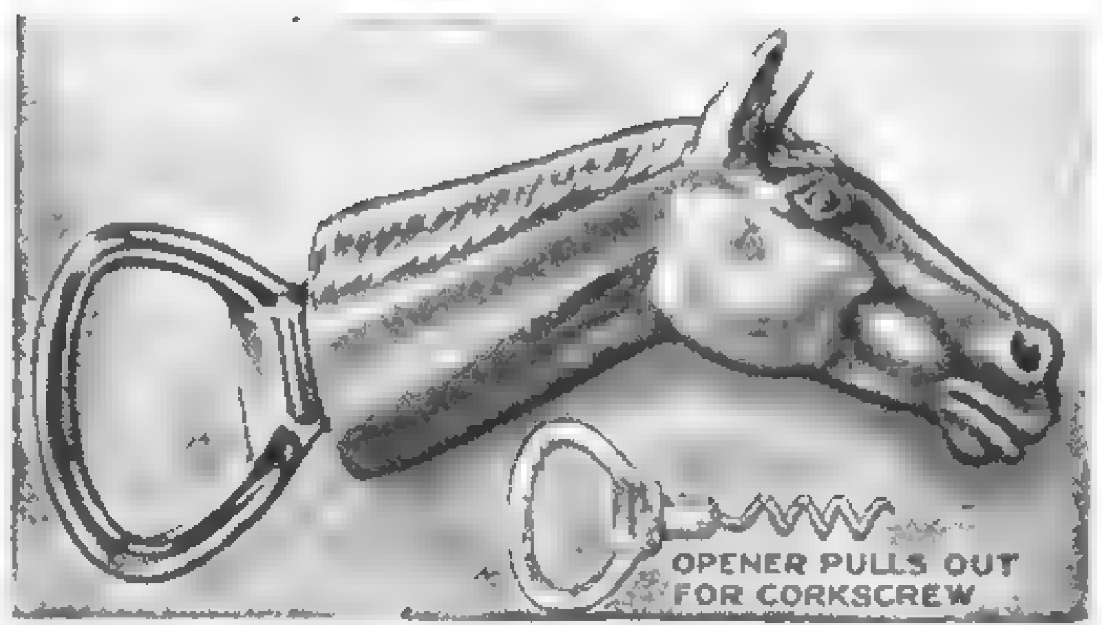
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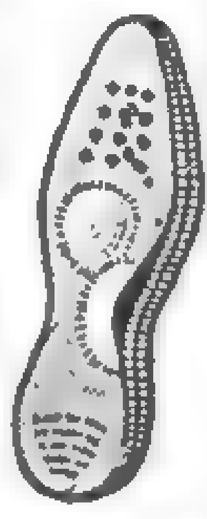

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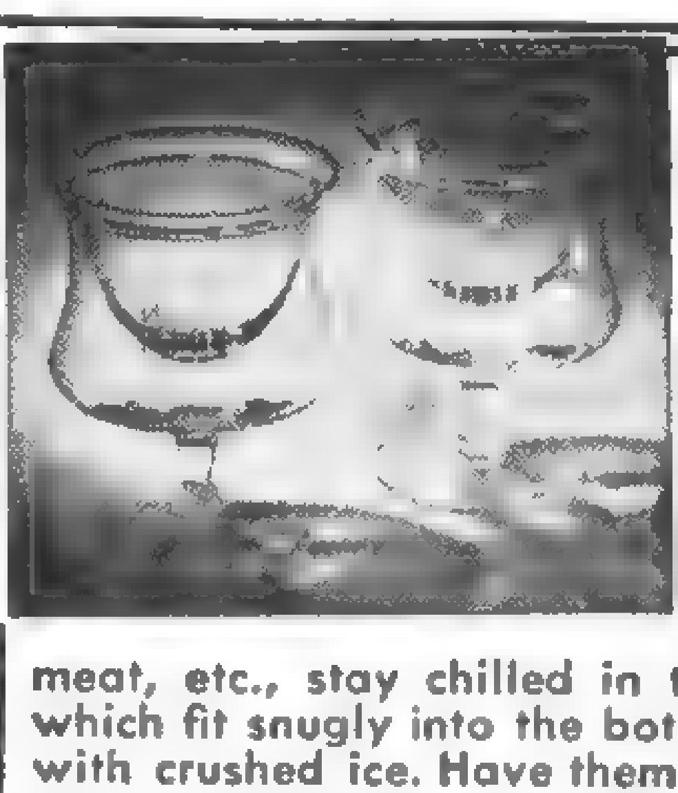

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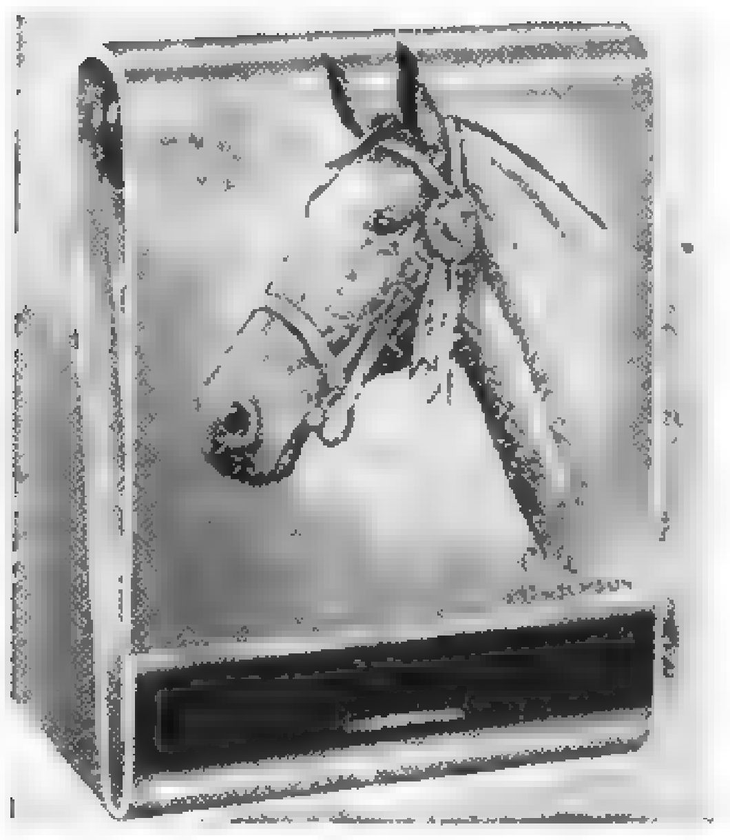

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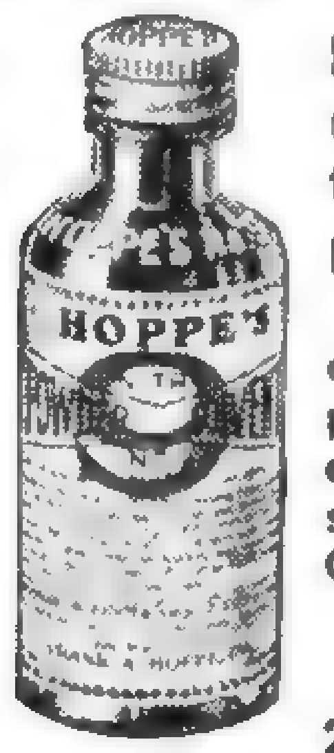

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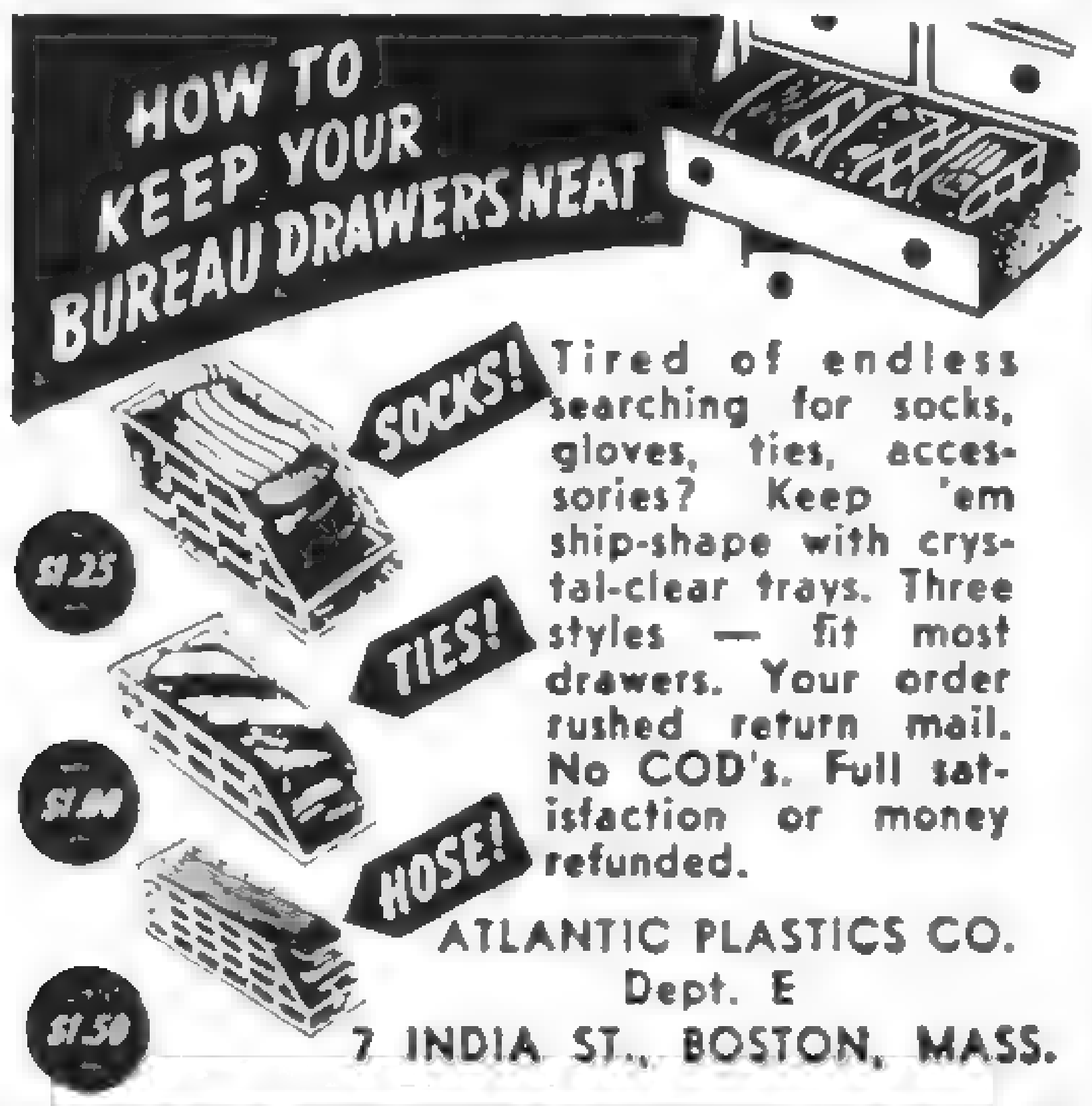
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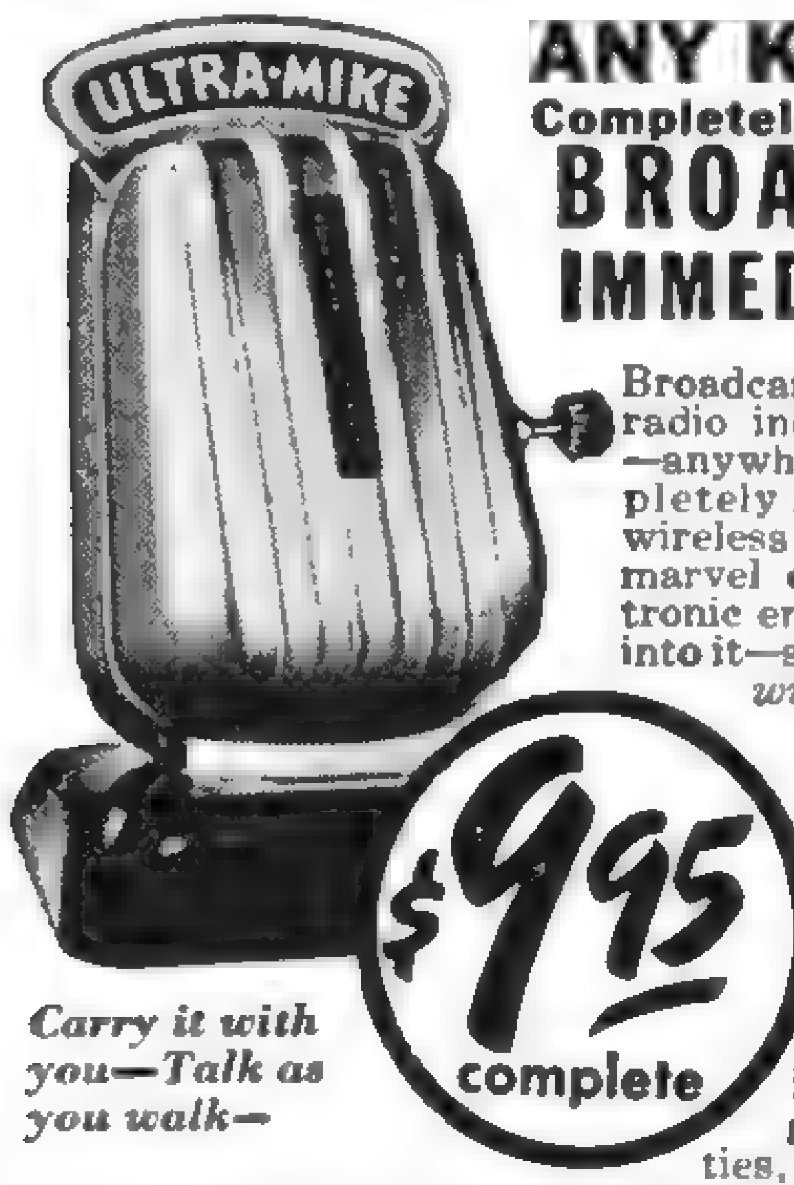

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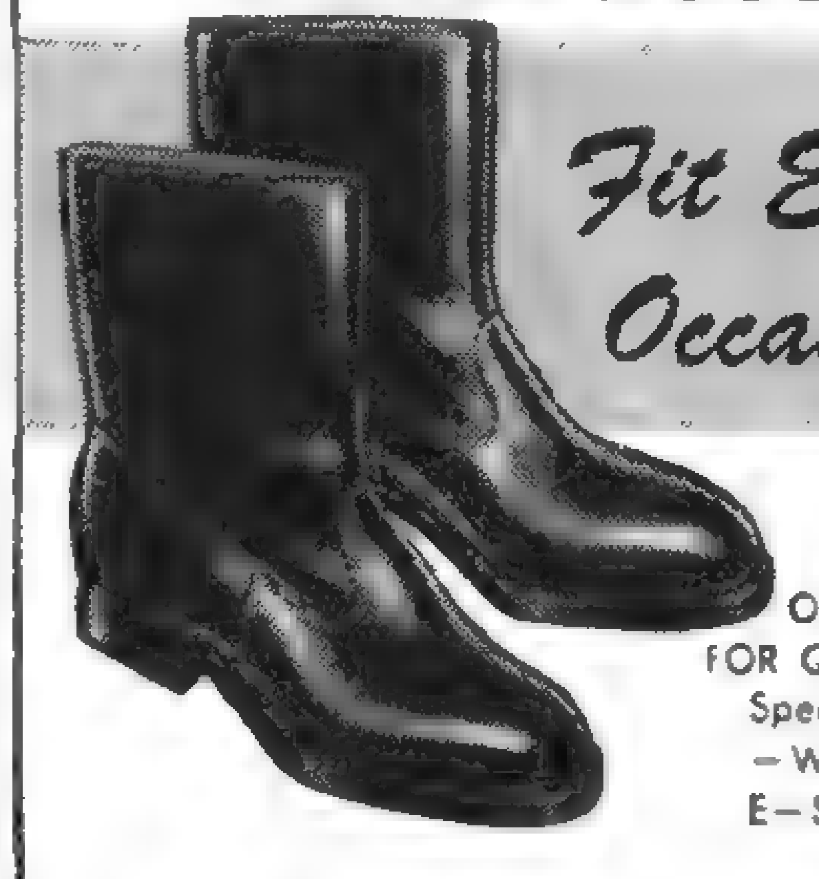

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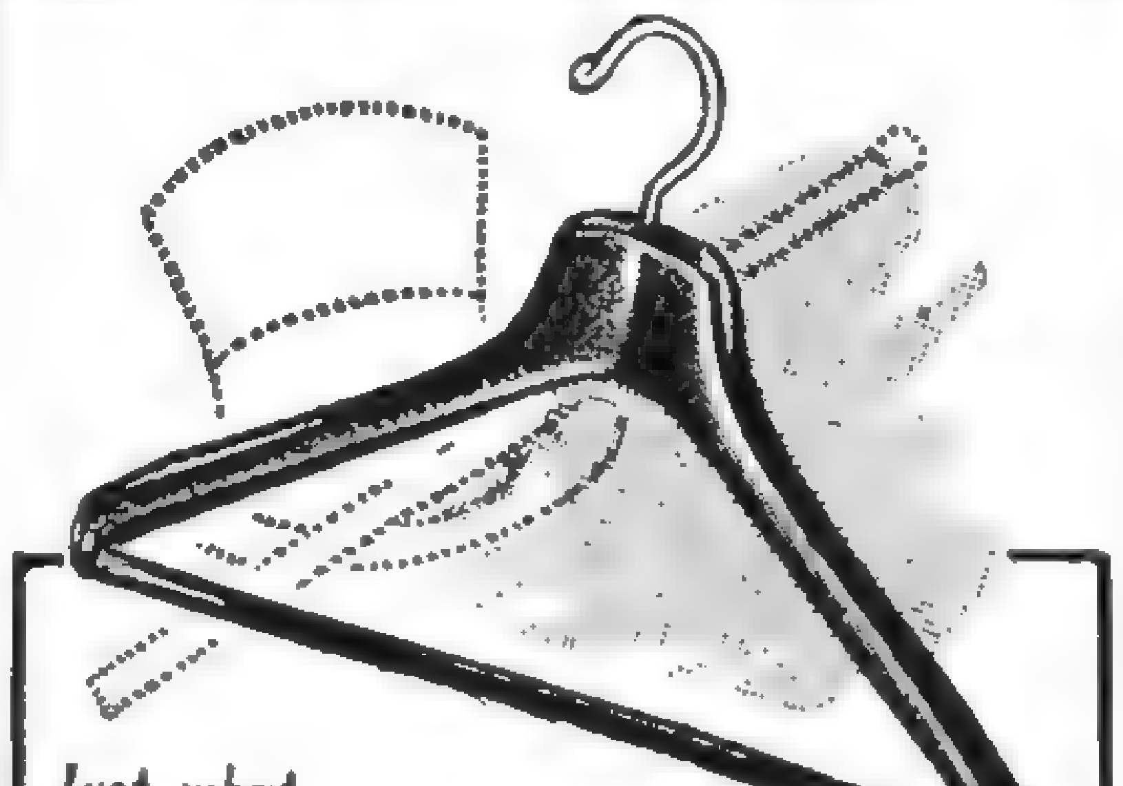

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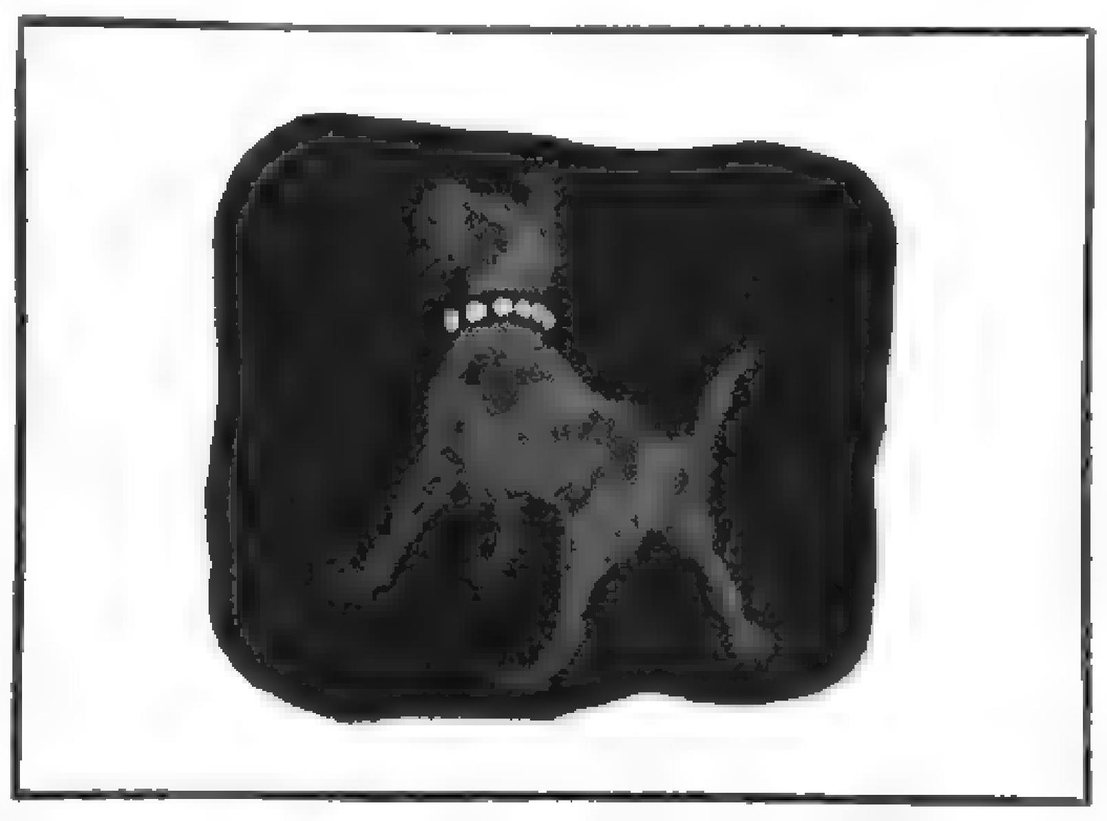

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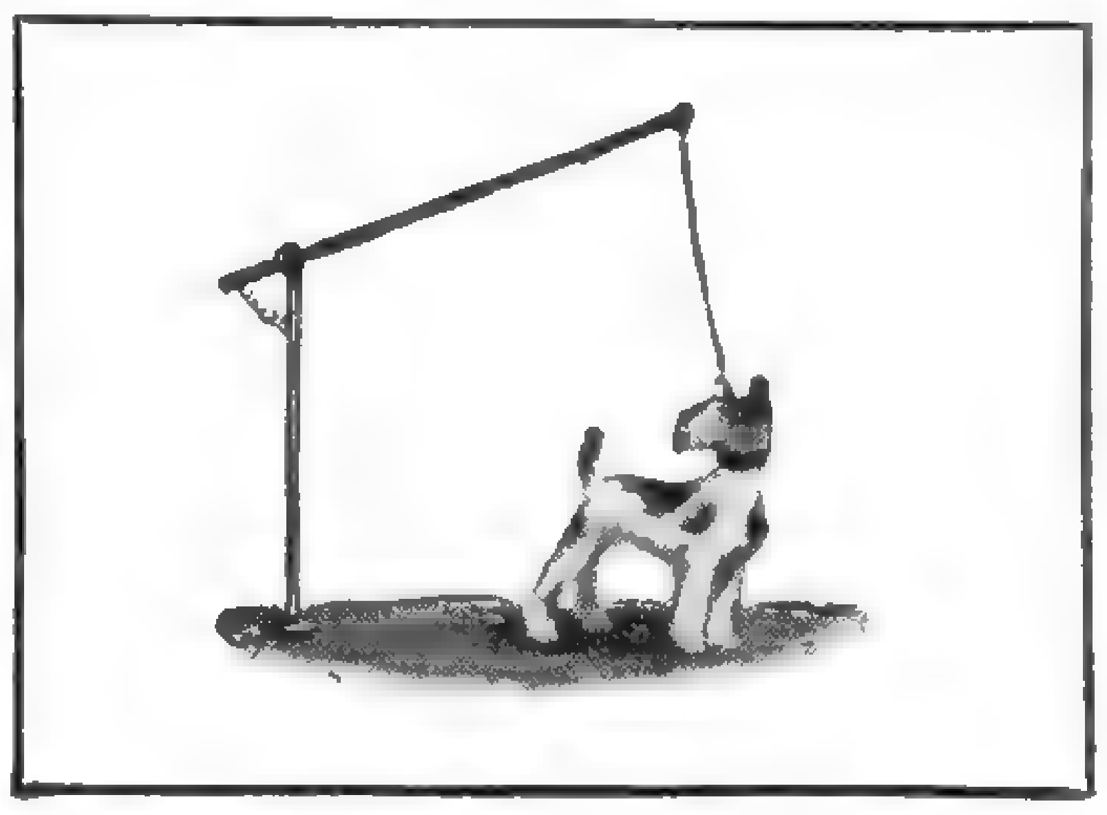

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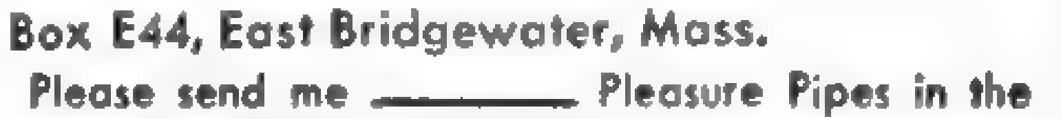

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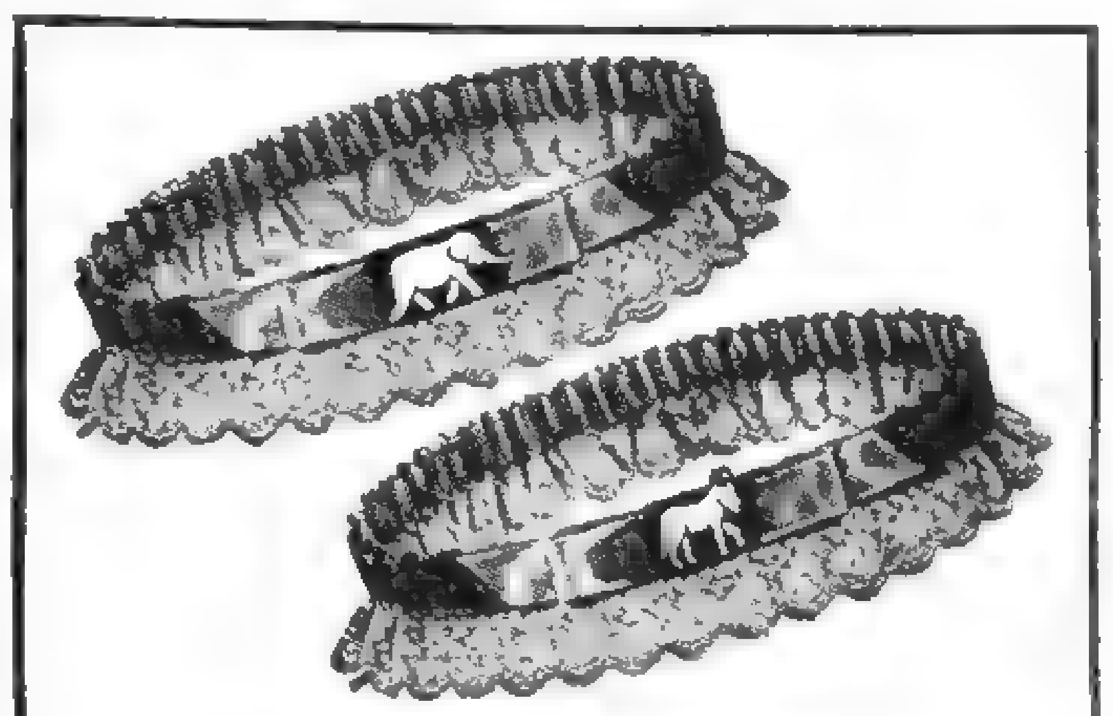

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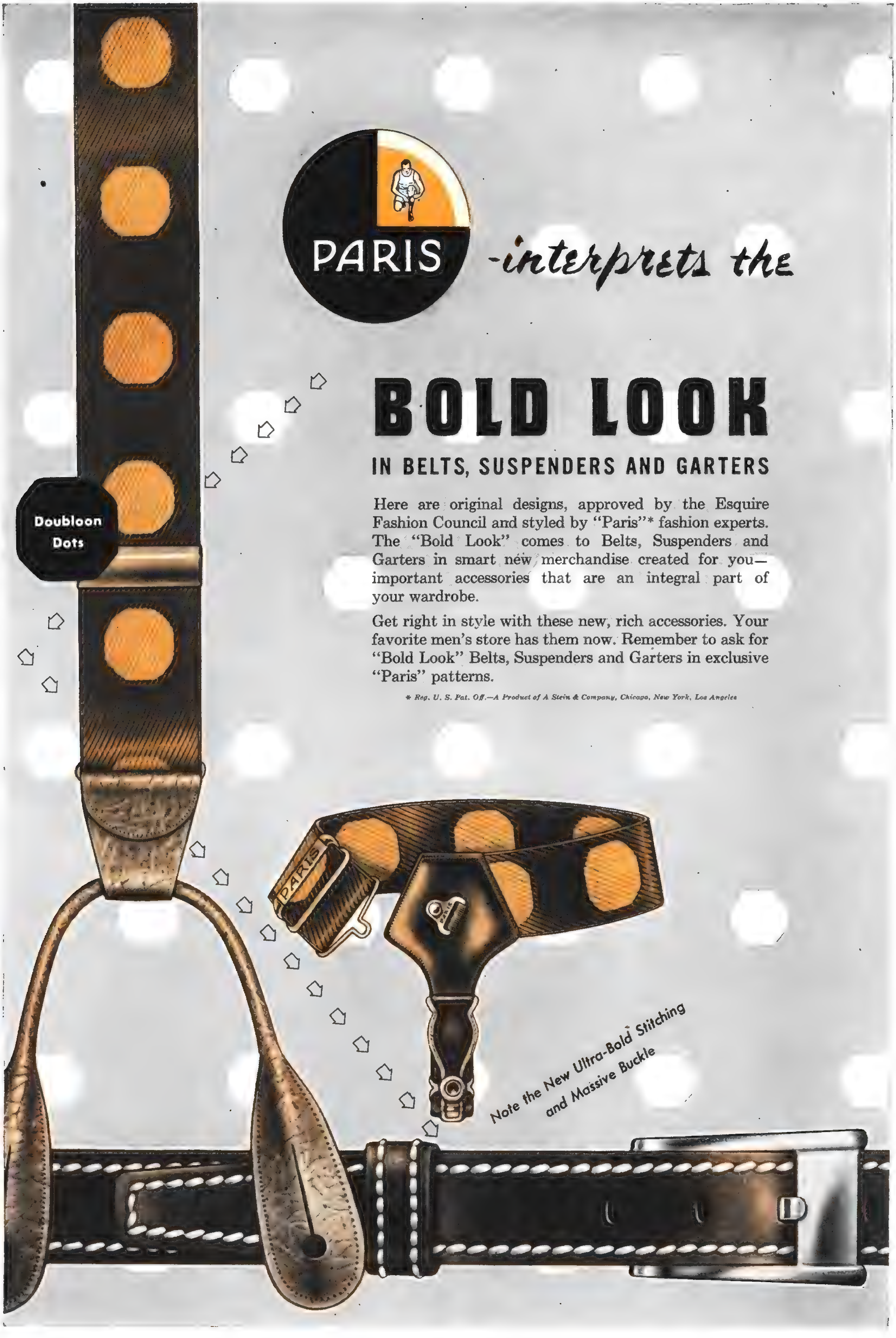

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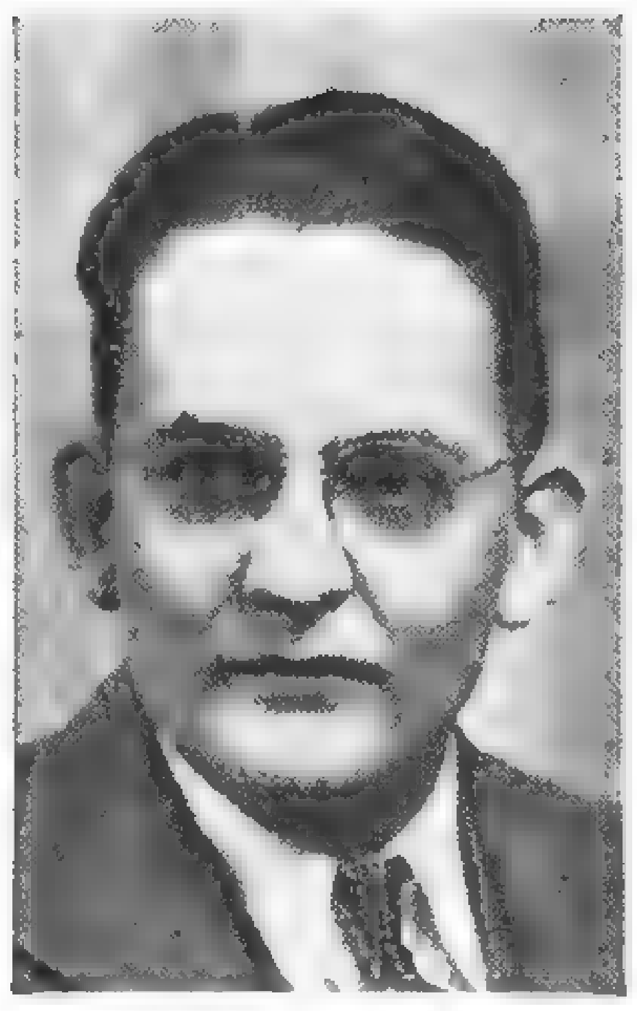
Backstage with Esquire



Joseph Kelleam

A native Oklahoman, JOSEPH E. KELLEAM, who contributed the light-hearted parable, *Pablo and Blanco* (page 79) has recently struck literary oil. Movie rights for *Blackjack*, his story of the Oklahoma oil fields, published last spring, have been purchased by Bruce Cabot and Ray Ryan. Mr. Kelleam says: "I attended three colleges and after winning several awards for poems and short stories I felt confident that editors were waiting at the ivy-covered gate when I walked out with my sheepskin. Since they were not, I tried construction work from coast to coast, ending up with the U. S. Engineers. I am married, with a daughter in 2-A. Although my mother is an accomplished pianist I have not yet located Middle C. My hobby is gathering odds and ends of historical stuff."

We have LEE ROGOW's solemn word that he is one of the few writers in New York who is not trying to get in on the ground floor of television. He just got back from a six-week holiday in Paris and Cannes, where his high-school French served him well except for occasional crises. Sample: after searching vainly through an archaic English-French dictionary for "shower bath," he finally coined the phrase *bain à grêle*. *Grêle* means hailstorm, but the French are an understanding people. He has recently completed the script of a movie original and is now working on two projects—a musical comedy currently entitled *Mad Money* and the fictionalized version of the life of a famous American clown. (He isn't telling the clown's name however.) His story for this issue of Esquire, called *By Bread Alone*, is on page 77.

Allen Churchill

Some years ago ALLEN CHURCHILL, who wrote the profile of Morton Downey on page 52, was at the house of a friend when a group of ex-vaudevillians dropped in. Promptly they began reminiscing about how they had wowed them in Akron, slayed them in Dubuque, and blasted them into the aisles at St. Paul. Churchill, a nonthespian, couldn't enter into all this. One of the old-timers put a friendly arm around Churchill's shoulders. "What's your line, buddy?" he asked. "You a straight man?" "I wasn't a straight man then," writes Churchill, "but as someone who likes to write about personalities, I certainly am one now. Writing about people consists in asking them questions—the vaudeville straight man's function. Sometimes, as I do this, the process approaches a comic routine. People you have selected to write about are always delighted to see you at first, and tell you what they consider all. But when you try to find out more, as you invariably have to, they get heartily tired of you. Morton Downey, a real trouper, was an exception to this, of course, but other people I've written about have started by insisting on taking me to lunch and finished almost offering me the money I'd get for the article if I'll just stay away." Before Pearl Harbor Churchill was a confirmed desk editor on three magazines and two publishing houses. During the war he was assigned to *Yank*, where instead of dishing out assignments he had them dished at him. A few months ago he was tempted back to a desk as managing editor of a national magazine. By the end of a month he was a victim of the shakes and high irritability. One night he quit the desk and never went back. Born in Flushing, Long Island, he is thirty-six and, though he has been married, currently is not. What he likes about writing—aside from large checks—is that he can set his own hours. Born in the early hours of the morning, a process which has been called being born on the wrong side of the clock, he likes to live on that side of the clock.

Lewis Howard

LEWIS HOWARD'S penetrating study of a film colony archetype, (*Buster Bang's Progress*, page 54) may remind our readers of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, and is, like the Pat Hobby series, the result of firsthand knowledge. Howard, who went to Hollywood as a featured actor for Universal, recalls: "My first picture role was that of Deanna Durbin's lethargic cousin in *First Love* in which that young lady received her first screen kiss—but not from me. I had to wait until her next picture, in which I became the number-two man." After two years' Army service, he toured the South Pacific with Moss Hart in the USO company of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. He returned to Hollywood, appearing in the M-G-M Mazie series with Ann Sothern, and in Frank Borzage's *I've Always Loved You*. Now he's living in New York; at this writing he has just completed a novel entitled *Odyssey of Norma* and is in the middle stages of a biography of Woodrow Wilson which he calls *Child of Capricorn*.

EARL WILSON, playing George Jessel's Boswell on page 62, declares: "I am a clotheshorse, if you ever saw a horse wearing clothes. I am 41 but easily pass for 60 and my rapid rise as syndicated columnist for the New York *Post* has been the subject of much comment, nearly all of it by me. My teachers at Rockford, Ohio, early discovered I had writing talent, and on reading my books, *I Am Gazing into My Eightball* and *Pike's Peek or Bust* they wondered what in hell ever became of it. I was graduated from Ohio State University around 1931 and am a non-paid-up member of Alpha Tau Omega and Sigma Delta Chi. I have only one club in New York, the Liars. After spending almost 20 years in the newspaper business and never once calling it 'newspapering,' I quit newspapering and became the 'Saloon Editor' columnist on the N. Y. *Post*. Everyday my witty sallies are the talk of my whole family. The B. W., as I call my beautiful wife, Rosemary, laughs when I tell her columning is hard; she says the only hard part is getting a job being one. Rosemary is a former stenographer who came to New York to make her fortune or somebody; we were married in 1936 on her lunch hour (I was a rewrite man at the time and had covered four executions at Sing Sing the night before) and in no time at all she was still working. Now she stays home and doesn't do a thing except tell me what to do, which takes her the whole day. We have a handsome son, Slugger, and our cozy flopartment is in Times Square; on clear days we can smell the wrestling matches at Madison Square Garden. I am now working on a third literary treasure—on humor. If you hear of anybody who knows anything about it, tell them to keep going. This ain't going to be that kind of a book."

Irving Wallace

IRVING WALLACE gathered material for *The Sûreté Hunts Again* during a European trip which he made with his wife Sylvia (also a writer) and in the course of which he visited nine countries and lost twenty-one pounds. His most memorable moments in Europe, he recalls, were: "A meeting with the Anarchist underground outside Madrid in which we were almost caught by Franco's Falangist police . . . Buckingham Palace . . . a visit in the ruins of Hamburg . . . a morning walk in Cannes . . . the rich food in Rome hotels . . . the Matisse bought on the Left Bank." Preceding these travels, he spent two years in the Signal Corps. The Wallaces, now living in Hollywood, have a year-old son, David.

BETTY TRIMM is secretary to a public relations executive who, she hastens to announce, has none of the vices decried in her current exposé, *A Buzz for the Boss*. She likes to ski, golf, ride, and dance, viewing her escorts with engaging tolerance despite her claim, "I've seen all types of men and I can recite the lines before they even begin."

Robert Kraus

ROBERT KRAUS, whose impudent commentary on screen scenarios comprises a double-page cartoon spread (*Memo to Movieland*, pages 60 and 61) sketches his background as follows: "There was never any sibling rivalry in our house as I am an only child, born twenty-three years ago in Milwaukee. I received the usual art-school training, during which time I drew cartoons in all classes and was forcibly ejected from a lettering class. Four years ago I came to New York to study art and won a scholarship to the Art Student's League. Studied abstract art and had a fine time. I cannot express the stimulation I receive from New York—the art galleries, theatres, long walks and even the weather. I haunt the Museum of Modern Art, seeing most of their exhibits and movies and enjoy drinking beer in their garden. At parties I am apt to retire into a corner with my drink, which makes me appear more interesting than I am. I am left-handed, have a wife from South America and a cat named for a popular cartoon editor."

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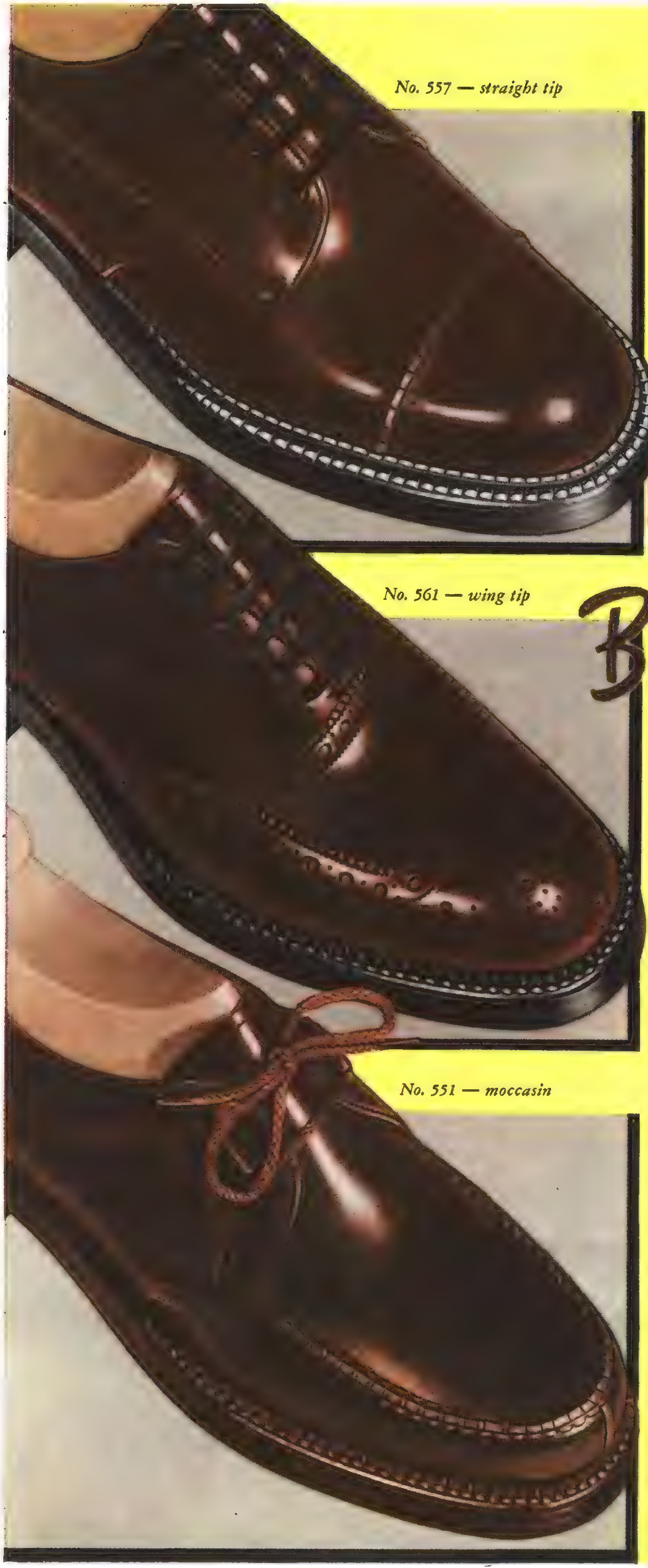

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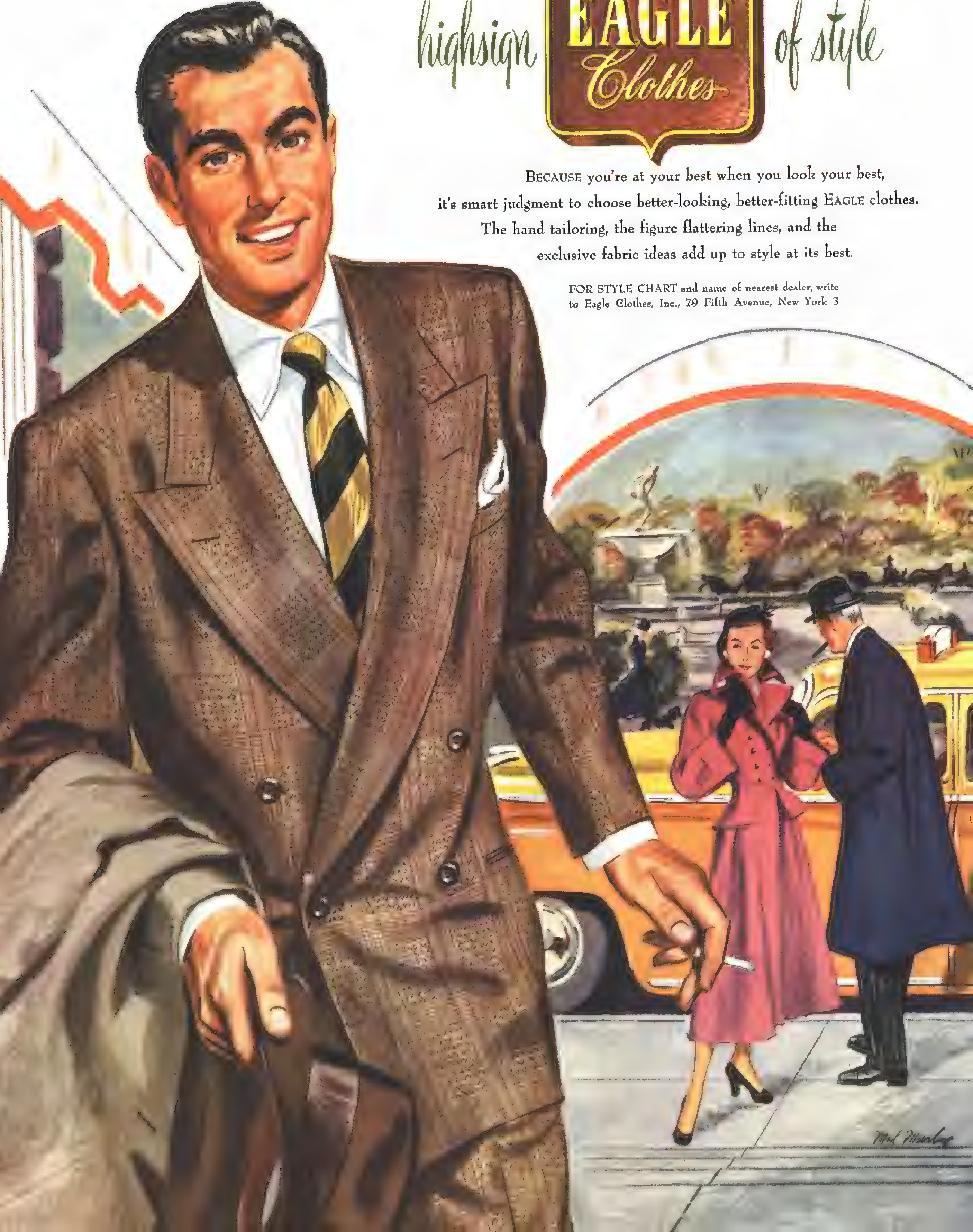

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Nature of the Human Male

Esquire believes it's about time people stopped worrying about the female for a while and gave a thought or two to the rest of us here on earth

An Article by

J. B. RICE, M.D.

Every year hundreds of women are sawed in half, but magicians know that to saw a man in half is to empty the theatre in record time. Audiences just don't care what a man's insides are like. A girl is born in the United States approximately every twenty seconds, followed almost immediately by a book or magazine article explaining feminine peculiarities to a breathless male audience. No one who reads books, magazines, or funny papers can possibly avoid acquiring a pretty good working knowledge of female psychology. But let a man confide hopefully to his secretary that his wife doesn't understand him! The whole office roars. It never occurs to anyone that maybe women don't understand *men*. It's about time the forgotten man was brought in from the back yard of psychology and given something to eat besides worms.

All over the country psychiatric brows are furrowed with concern lest the psyches of American women be bruised by their having to wear last year's short skirts; but nobody gives a whoop that the American male is blundering about in the twentieth century handicapped by physical and mental traits acquired back in his caveman days—traits that are now as obsolete (and often as troublesome) as his appendix. It's true that not much can be done about some of these inherited hang-overs; but they can be understood. If women understood their men, there might be less grumbling and nagging at husbands, lovers, sons, or bosses; and if men were familiar with the instinctive basis of their behavior, they might be able to fight back when some glib little wench starts taking them apart.

Not long ago, at a cocktail party, I witnessed the gory spectacle of two young matrons sharpening their claws on the hide of a middle-aged construction engineer. Aside from being a man and having built one of the country's greatest power projects, he had done no wrong. But when they got through with him, there seemed no way for him to justify his wretched existence but to tear down his silly dam and go have a baby.

In a recent survey among women, the first question asked was, "What's wrong with men?" So many women gave the wistful answer, "There aren't enough of them," that the question had to be changed to, "What do you resent most in men?" Then the interviewer was smothered with gripes. Many women would have trumpeted for hours had they not been dragged away. In the verbal avalanche, such adjectives as "two-timing," "sexually lax," "promiscuous," and "deceiving" occurred frequently. The fact that men have always been in short supply and long demand has an important bearing on who's jealous of whom, and how come.

There are today slightly over half a million more women than men in the United States, and almost three times as many widows as widowers. And you can't blame the shortage of men on the war. Even in peacetime the death rate at every age is always higher for males than for females.

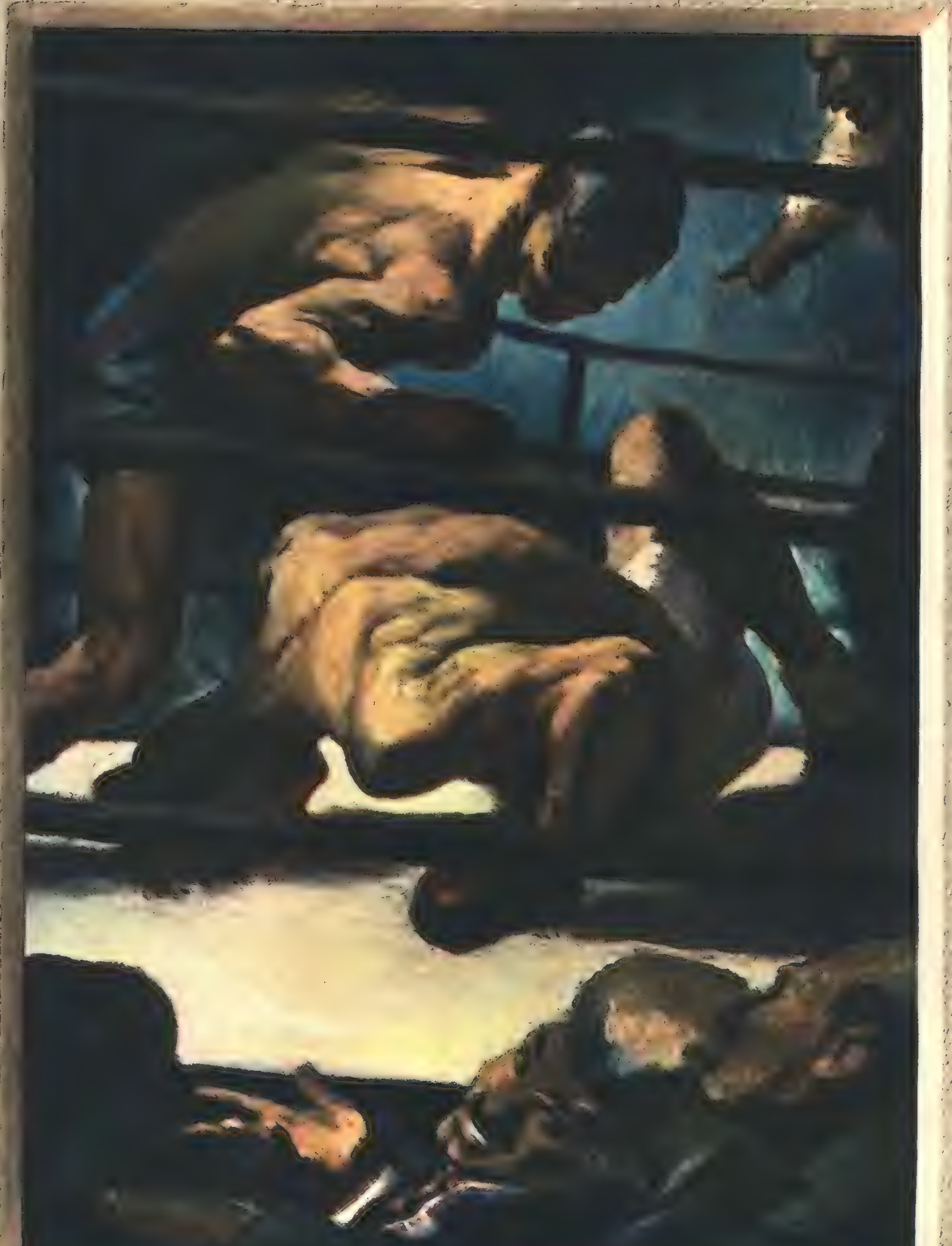
There just never have been enough men to go around, even in ancient times; then, in addition to the male's greater mortality rate from natural causes, his more hazardous occupations (such as hunting wild animals for food), his eternal eagerness to fight other men over women, and his readiness to engage in tribal wars all contributed to a man shortage that was probably far more acute during the Stone Age than now.

When our monkeylike forebears decided to shinny down out of the trees to pit their puny strength against the powerful carnivorous animals that ruled the earth, there must have been many times when it was touch-and-go whether the human race would survive. Our side never could have won out if there had been any serious flaws in our propagating mechanism. Rapid reproduction was a vital weapon in the struggle for survival.

Nature placed the bearing, feeding, and care of children firmly in the capable hands of women. The only important role left to man was that of fertilization. Any race or species that allows any considerable proportion of its females to go unfertilized has always been doomed to extinction. Since there never have been enough men to satisfy female consumers, human males have invariably been faced with the not unpleasant duty of a certain amount of two-timing. By instinct, therefore, men are far less monogamous than women. It was no accident of Nature that the average man has been given an almost lifelong capacity for keeping scores of females continually pregnant. But how many men get credit for confining their attentions to only a few? When a man casts an appraising eye over a woman on the street, the chances are he is hardly conscious of it. He is only following an age-old habit pattern in noticing what's new in women—just in case.

I have never known any cymbal players, but I'll bet they are unhappy men. What tortures of frustration must they endure as, silently turning the pages of their music, they wait, sometimes for hours, for that one supreme moment when they can crash their shining pot lids together in resounding splendor! Men are the cymbal players in life's symphony. Since their only contribution to the biology of reproduction is fertilization, they naturally evince a feverish interest in this one precious assignment. You'd think they might be allowed to playfully indulge this little activity. But no. Usually, a man's wife is eager to start doing *her* stuff by having a baby long before he has the slightest interest in offspring. Her attitude at this stage plainly says, "To hell with wasting time on any more fertilization than is strictly neces-

(Continued on page 160)



EPILOGUE

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

Lost Epilogue

He was the Champ and the girl loved him, but not for the hot money; when he hit the canvas it was over—more than she knew

A Story by HENRY KANE

Editor's Note: Diligent readers of Esquire will be surprised to get Henry Kane's by-line but no Peter Chambers mystery story. Once in a while, the mischievous Mr. Kane hangs up Peter's shoulder holster, files away the private investigator's license, and comes up with something entirely different. Such is *Lost Epilogue*, a fine story in a new key that leaves no doubts about Kane's versatility. For those still yearning for Peter, there's more to come. Meanwhile, all Peter Chambers' short stories that appeared in Esquire are now available in book form: *Report for a Corpse*, Simon and Schuster, $2.

The fighter came out of the ring leaning hard across the shoulder of his trainer. The boo of the crowd was quick in his ears. He looked up at the dark wall of the red-burning cigarettes, then he dropped his head. They clumped, like that, along the snarling aisle and through the archway and into the damp cavern of the corridors beneath the seats, Healey and the uniformed policemen in front of them. "Out of the way," Healey said. "Open up. Let the champ through."

"Yeah, champ," somebody said.

"Ex-champ," somebody said.

"Cheese-champ," somebody said.

"Tanker," somebody said.

"Open up, open up. Let's get through here."

By the dressing-room door the knot of reporters untwined. "Healey," a voice said out of the group, "what happened to your guy? Six rounds in ether, and then he sits down for the count."

"Yeah," somebody said. "Six ethereal rounds."

"Please, boys," Healey said.

"We want to talk to him."

Healey's voice was rasp-flat, bleak and slow. "Nobody is going to talk to him. Nobody is going in there. If you guys want to wait around till he comes out, okay; you suit yourselves."

The gentleman in the silk shirt was a small ineffectual assault against the noise of inquiry. "Healey!"

"Well, look who's here," somebody said. "Now it's official."

They let him through. "Healey!"

"Yes, sir," Healey replied. "What is it?"

"A minute, Healey."

"I'll be right out."

He closed the door behind him and he locked it.

The room had a rubbery gymnasium smell: smell of liniment and smell of sweat and smell of quick cigarettes and dead cigars, smell of gruff voices and loud talk and low talk and dark talk, smell of high endeavor and smell of vicious secrets, smell of good men and bad men and many men, smell of men and smell of sweat, men and sweat, over the long years, the long and weary years.

The room had paint peelings stiff off the walls, an old room, but the room was alive with the disarray of quick-thrown things, of good departure and a clap on the back and "Go on out there, boy, he's all yours."

The room had a slow-swinging, low-hanging light from the ceiling and a lumbering green locker in a corner and a big rectangular table and a stall for a shower.

Rocky, the trainer, moved out from under the arm of the fighter. He rubbed his hands on his flannel pants and he slumped, thick-bodied, on a wooden spread-legged stool. "All right, I'm an actor. Practically, I carry him out. That's the last time I touch him. And I do it for you, Healey, I try to make it look good. I don't do it for him."

The fighter went to the table and lifted his hands. Healey took the gloves off and cut the tape away. The fighter raised himself on the table and he stretched his body, his hands beneath his head, his chest hard and ribbed and high, the sag of his belly taut. Healey went across and turned a faucet and the hissing of hot water became a part of the room.

"Better rub him down, Rocky," Healey said.

"Let him rub himself down." Rocky was short and fat and old, grey hair quill-clipped, the oil of his skin glistening on his broad forehead, the thick column of his pale neck fitting into a tight maroon sweater. "I won't touch the guy."

Healey said, "Take your shower, Champ."

"No." The fighter closed his eyes. "I want to rest first, right here, just like this."

"Sure," Rocky said with weary emphasis. "Let him rest. He worked hard tonight."

"All right, all right," Healey said. "Take it easy in here. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." He crossed to the door and he went out and then he put his head back, his body a screen against the buzz of the onlookers. "Lock it, Rocky."

The gentleman in the silk shirt put his arm through his, and he led him away, and the reporters let them go.

"Official," somebody said. "Now it's official."

The gentleman in the silk shirt took him down the cold corridor to the barred iron doors of an exit. They stopped beneath the pink of the light.

"There's been a lot of rumors, Healey. A lot of scuttle butt."

"Scuttle butt," Healey said.

"So the Commissioner sits in on this one. The Commissioner himself."

"I see," Healey said.

"The Commissioner says it's a shindig."

"Sure," Healey said.

"So we hold up the purse. You know what I mean, no purse. There is going to be a hearing on this busteroo. It'll be announced. The Commissioner wanted I should tell you first. What happened here, Healey?"

"Nothing."

The gentleman in the silk shirt took out cigars. Healey shook his head. The gentleman lit his cigar. "Rotten shame."

"Anything else?" Healey asked.

"Ain't that enough? No purse."

"Thanks for the message."

"You take it good, Healey."

"Take what?"

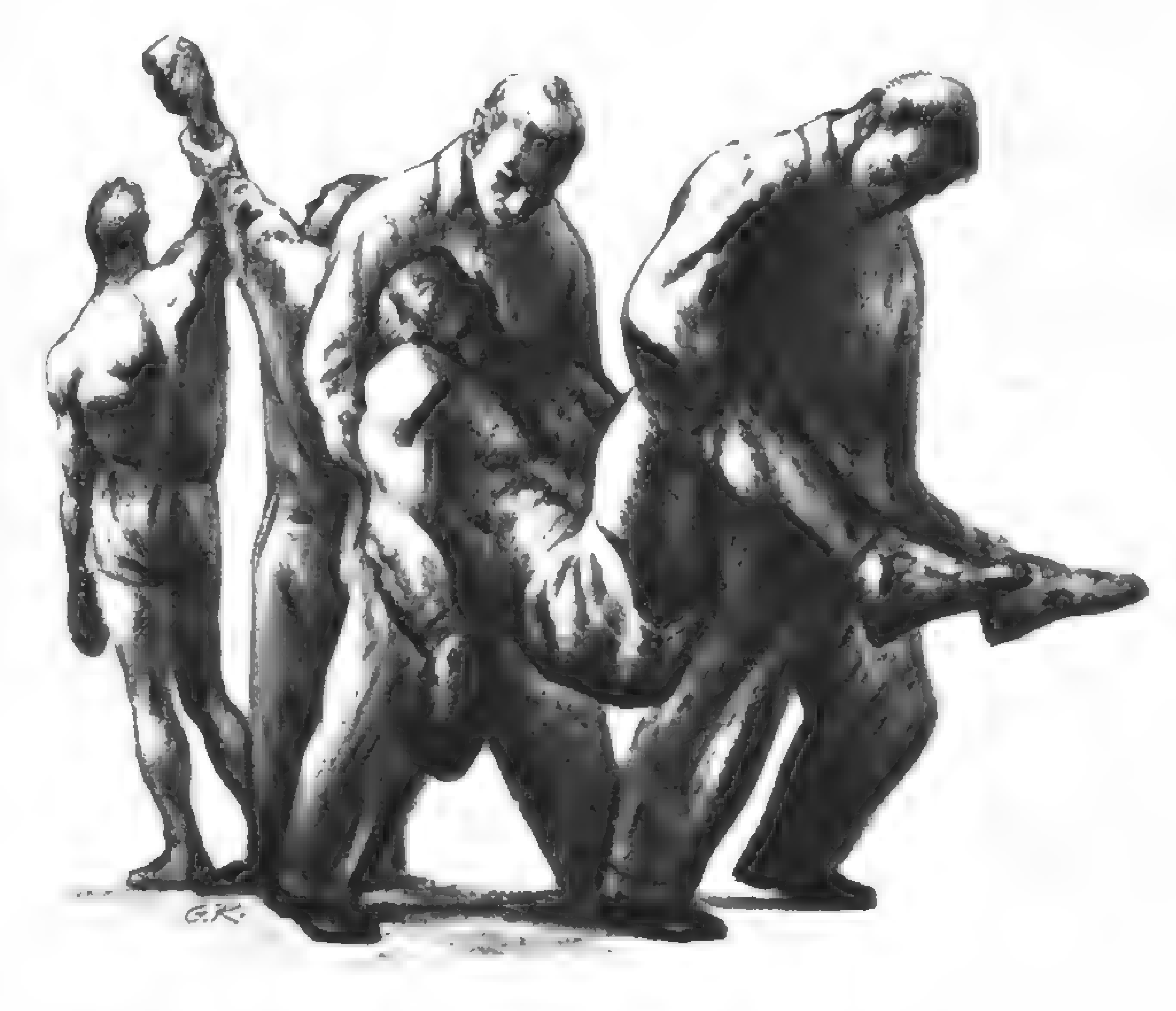
"About no purse." The gentleman winked.

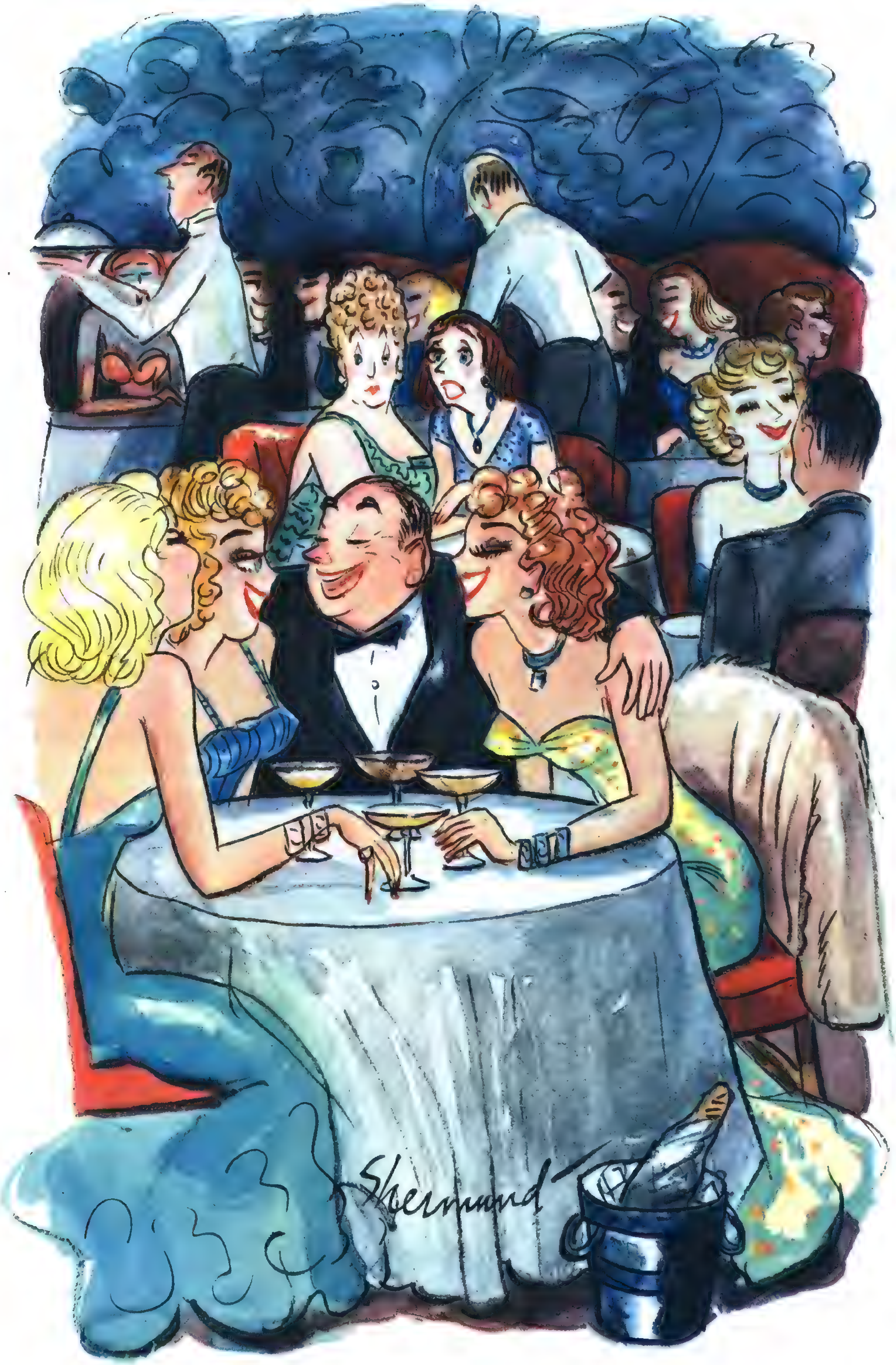
"That's enough of that."

"A guy with your record, Healey, unblemished record. I'm surprised. I'm real surprised."

"Shut up."

"Well . . . " the (*Continued on page 113*)





"Go back to him, Bernice—he needs you!"

A Bachelor's Confession

The dominant male animal comes out of his shell and explodes the myth—unquestionably started by woman—that marriage is the solution to all of man's problems

An Article by

JIMMY CANNON

THE married man in this country is an economic serf who works for the most demanding master in the history of slavery. It must be conceded that the American wife is the wittiest, the best preserved, the most intelligent and the shrewdest parasite now functioning on the earth. But the majority of them in the United States operate as though they were rolling a lush they picked up in a saloon. Man's home has become a prison instead of a castle. It is impossible for him to escape this financial incarceration and even divorce only puts him on parole and entitles him to be legally chained by alimony. If the old man is granted isolated moments of contentment they are donated reluctantly in the manner of a hustler permitting a stew to maul her in the booth of a bar and grill as she frisks him to locate his wallet. The community of the family is not for me and as I journey into my fortieth year I fully appreciate the pleasures of my liberty as a bachelor.

I am constantly being nagged to surrender my independence by envious husbands. They believe my life will be incomplete and worthless unless I settle down in debt and persecution and permit a wife to manage me. It is an existence which I consider solitary confinement with sound effects, including the tumult of bill collectors and the repulsive babble of children's voices. Married men denounce me as a metropolitan hermit. They find my comparatively happy life to be sprawling and pointless. They insist man was created to be an entry and they heckle me because I still play the field. Their philosophy is that I should behave according to a schedule arranged by a wife. But they avoid admitting that the order of their own lives is not their original conception of happiness but a diagram inspired by the madame's terror.

I have measured what a man buys with the deuce he spends for a license. What he gets is praised beyond its worth. Such eulogies are motivated by the cowardice of the American husband. It could happen to me because no man is immune and even the most agile can't escape all the snares set for him by the married folk of his acquaintance. But if I should be ambushed into embracing matrimony I will do so with the knowledge that I am making a bad bargain. I will be sacrificing freedoms which I treasure and only the bachelor can enjoy. What a bachelor has a married man yearns for and the rate of divorce only substantiates my theory.

* * *

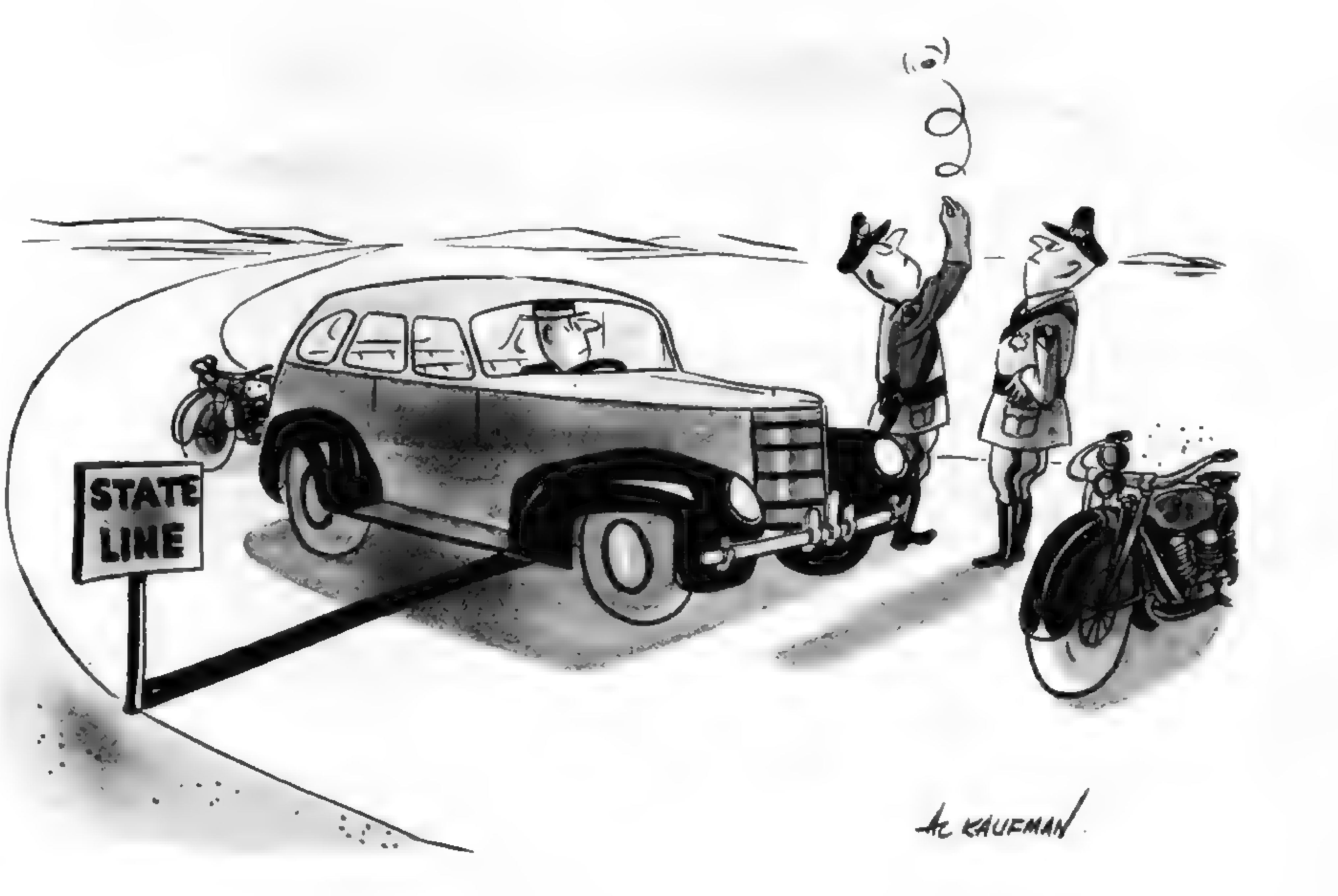
The most important freedom of a bachelor is the absence of gossip which does not interest him but a married man can't avoid it. Girls on the wing for a fellow will hold still while he gets rid of his opinions. They encourage such necessary bragging by making suggestions which hint that their companion is a big guy. But when I associate with wives and husbands I discover that their talk consists mainly of the old man listening to a play by play of what happened that afternoon while he was frightening up a day's pay. It is impossible to get opinions on sports, the theatre, the movies or current books from the lady whom the preacher handcuffed him to until he musters up the courage and the cash to chase her to Reno.

The insolence of the maid and the ignorance of the kid who delivers the groceries get more attention from a wife than a train wreck. They go into details on such subjects and they avoid the facts which makes me suspect they are the biggest liars as a class ever to inhabit the universe and I do not except left-handed pitchers and bartenders. I don't know one among them who will permit Pop to catch a show or a movie alone. They share a common library so there isn't any possibility that the dominant partner will shine up the conversation by suggesting a new novel or a movie.

If the old man does scheme to get a night off and take in a movie or a play he must be very careful with his evaluation of what he has seen. The guy who is cooped up with the same wife for years must hesitate before he goes on the boost for any actress because this may lead to the suspicion that such minor dreaming indicates Daddy's affections have started to spread themselves and he has selected an actress as the symbol of his desires. Naturally, this is not important to guys who have immense bank accounts but my friends among the hamstrung are working stiffs and the expense of a divorce is an item which would cripple their future. Investigation has shown me that most wives complain that Poppa talks too much about what comes off down at the office. It irritates them and starts tantrums which can only be cured by a bribe such as a fur coat, a new hat or a winter vacation in Miami. It should be recorded that such gifts increase a man's circle of loan company cashiers and pawnbrokers. So even on a man's journey home from work he must disfigure his solitude by planning conversations which do not offend the superintendent of his cottage. So when they are alone together in the evenings the old man has to come up with monologues based on the old lady's capacity for jealousy. It means to me that he must read the women's pages and the department store ads and the news of society in order to make the grade as an after-dinner speaker in his own home. Such literature disgusts me and there isn't anything on earth which could compel me to examine it. Silence from the old man must invite the descriptions of the neighborhood doings and this is as cruel a punishment as the perusal of the newspaper sections I have already mentioned.

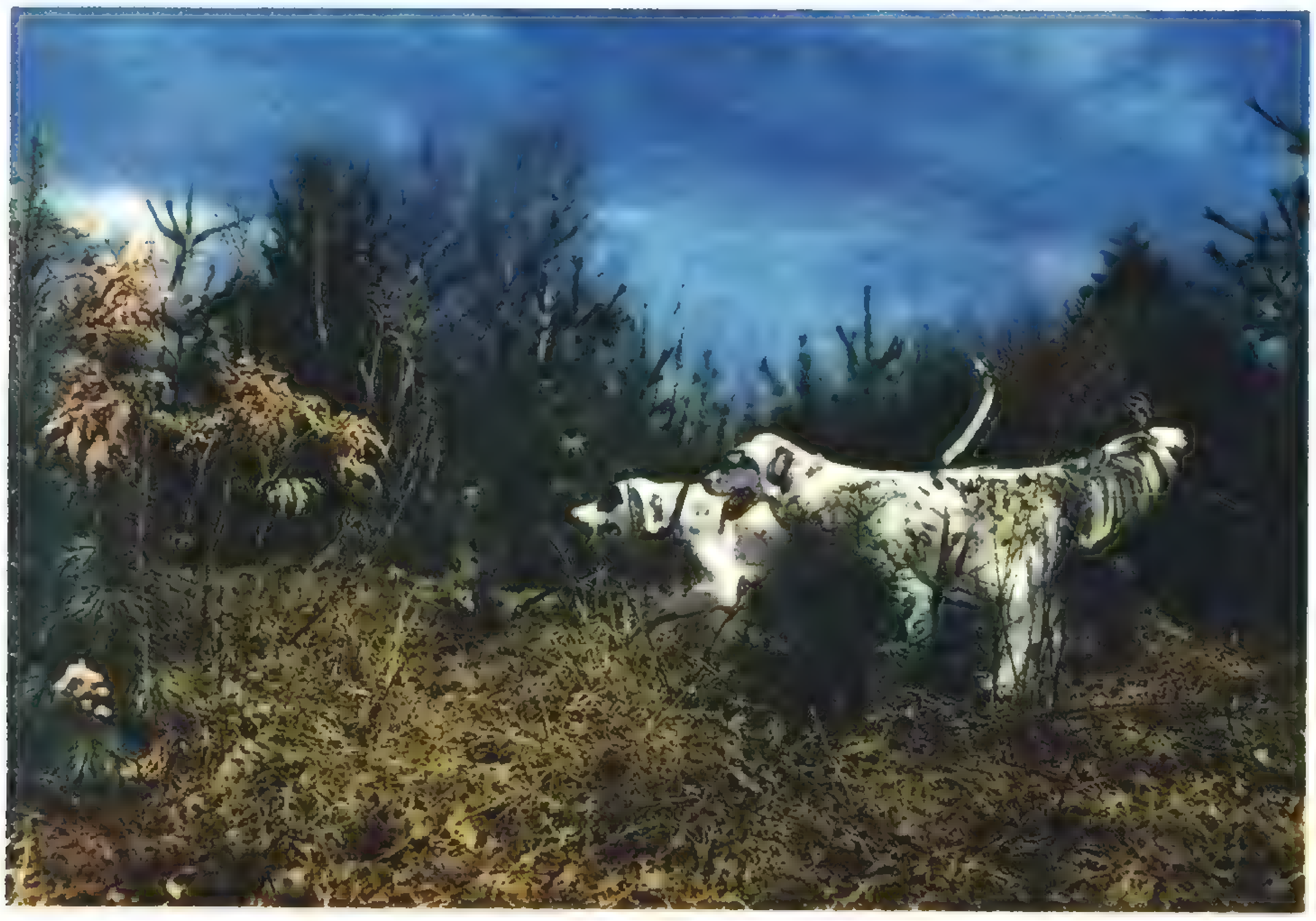
* * *

It is impossible for the married man of average means to appreciate fully the trivial joy I get from listening to the radio programs of my choice. It is a minute freedom but one which the bachelor accepts casually. Up to now I have never met a girl whose taste in kilocycle entertainment approximated my own. I go for sports programs, news commentators, corny popular music and Fred Allen is the only comedian who can make me laugh. The dramas of the radio I find empty and preposterous and no matter who acts in them I give them a pass. When I want to hear a program I turn to it and get rid of it when it commences to bore me. Such small decisions have wrecked more (*Continued on page 104*)

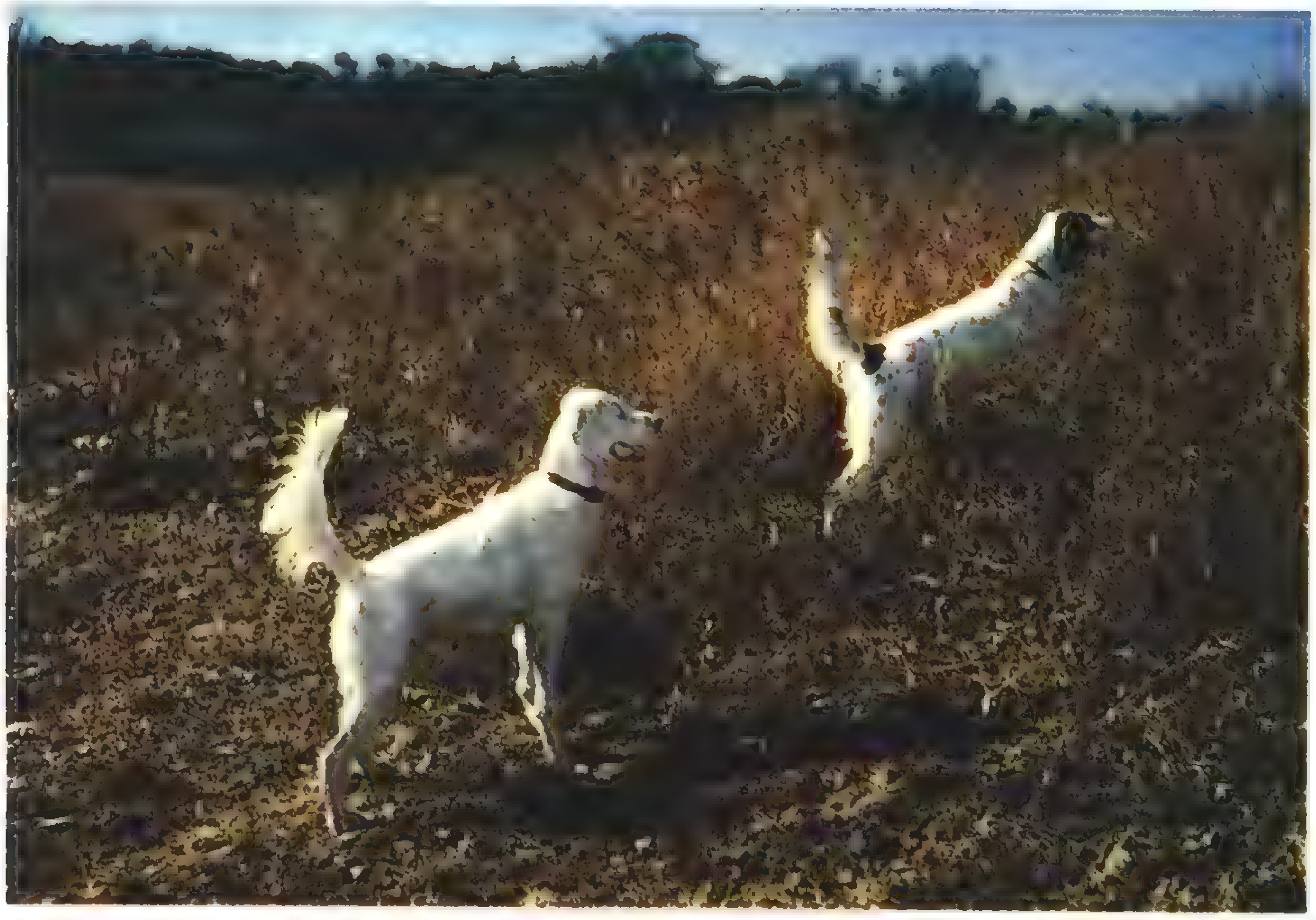


Stanch on point, a pointer and setter
await the gunner, the flush, the kill

Here are your birds, boss! The setter and pointer brace mates slap into fast, intent point. It is possible to tell by the attitude of the dogs as well as by their stance that the birds are very close by



An amateur, in all likelihood, would call this a good point. However, the setter, close to the camera, is holding his tail too low and incorrectly crowding the pointer who made the bird find and point



A well-trained bird dog will always honor another's point, politely and correctly backing him by several feet. Here this is done to perfection, with both dogs stanch, tails lofty, heads erect

Point Counterpoint

Beauty and utility can be one —just as long as no tail wags

Not too many years ago a president of the United States, chatting with a group of friends, said: "There's only one thing more appealing than a beautiful woman. That is a bird dog on point."

Thousands feel about the same way. Research shows that among the 20,000,000 dog owners in this country, it is the discriminating man who owns the gun dog, the bird dog —the pointer, the setter. From the coupon-clipper who spends thousands yearly having his dogs trained to the one-dog man who merely appreciates good things, the inner circle has grown into a large segment of sportsmen and pseudosportsmen who appreciate the beauty of a bird dog in action.

The fascination of watching this symmetry of motion, the brain, the body and the nose of the well-trained bird dog in action, has pleasant repercussions on wildlife conservation. For many it is more interesting and important than killing the game the dogs find. Some bird-dog men fire blank cartridges when the bird flushes; many find their pleasure in field trials. And those who do kill the birds their dogs find so accurately know they are aiding conservation by not leaving crippled birds—every bird shot is a bird found. Men who hunt without dogs cannot hope to make this claim.

Although bird dogs work on instinct, their training and molding is not easy. A man who wants a polished, well-broken dog must have first the love, patience and understanding. Know-how can be garnered from books. If one hasn't time for this training, he can send the dog to a good trainer for several months at a not exorbitant cost.

Watching bird dogs at work has become an important sport. Through the medium of field trials, where trained dogs are run in classes according to age, training and ability of their handler, many who have never heard of bird dogs before are becoming interested in the sport. Over four hundred formal field trials are held annually. These are the stiff trials where the majority of owners, handlers and judges follow the dogs to the bird field on horseback.

But more important to the average dog owner is the little trial held on the outskirts of hamlets and towns, attended by barber, railroadman, factory worker, who own and train their own setters or pointers.

The trained bird dog's beauty is touching even to those to whom the only good thing in dog flesh is Lassie and Rin Tin Tin, Jr.

Not long ago a laundry worker from New York City's East Side had the opportunity of seeing bird dogs in action at a field trial in New Jersey. At the end of the third brace he was asked, "How'd you like the dogs?" "Dogs, hell!" said the little laundry worker. "They ain't dogs. They're poems."

And that is a pretty accurate description of the nobility of dogdom. Bird dogs—the sleek, rangy pointer, the long-haired gentleman, the setter—can't justifiably be described as mere dogs. They are an expression, a sport in themselves. #

Top Kodachrome and on opposite page Harold M. Lambert Studio; center Kodachrome Shostal Press; bottom Kodachrome G. Scoville.

A Buzz for the Boss

An Article by

BETTY TRIMM

This secretary says that she isn't part of a typewriter or even the telephone. As a matter of fact, she insists that, besides being a woman, she's got brains. So the next time you're thinking of pressing that shiny red button alongside your desk and ringing for Old Faithful, you might hold your hand a few moments and review this Grade-A Executive Primer

YOU know me, you Executives with a capital "E." I'm the girl who lies for you, shops for you, takes your dictation, files for you, and puts up with your moods. I see you with you hair down—and with your teeth out. I see you when customers aren't around. I'm your secretary—with a small "s."

Lately, it seems to me, I've been subjected to a lot of books, articles, tracts, speeches, and sermons about how to be a good secretary. I've even sat through a couple of movies on the subject, courtesy of the personnel department. But somehow I've seen no corresponding material on how to be a good boss. For once, then, let *me* play teacher. Maybe I can make some other girl's life a little easier. (And let me hasten to add that I'm not aiming this at my present boss. He's not a bad guy, and, besides, he's smart enough to know that if the shoe fits he ought to put it on.)

The first thing to remember, pupils, is that a secretary is a human being. She eats, sleeps, cries, laughs, and faces almost as many problems as you do. She's a secretary because (a) she likes to work, or (b) she has to eat, and, for reasons of her own, she prefers a secretary's job to a Life of Shame. She isn't just a part of a typewriter or a telephone and would like you to bear that in mind.

Secondly, she's your secretary only from nine to five with time out for lunch. Sure, she's glad to work overtime if there's work to be done, but "work" means *office* work. She'll really thank you if you let her lead her own life on her own time. You may be a swell Executive, but she probably knows lots of better dinner companions.

That brings up the subject of wrestling. No doubt you were quite a guy at Yale or Illinois, or Slippery Rock Teacher's College or wherever you went. You may have been captain of the wrestling team. But, brother, that was 1902—the same year your secretary's grandfather rowed for Columbia. She's probably wrestled with *real* wolves, young ones, and never been thrown yet; so don't get any ideas. Just try to remember your age and keep your blood pressure down.

On the other hand, don't be a stuffed shirt. I never could see why an Executive and his secretary couldn't enjoy a laugh together now and then. That makes it easier for both to get a lot of work done. Go ahead. Have a joke with your secretary once in a while—as long as you never tell her a story you wouldn't tell your wife. She may force a smile and pass it off; but, brother, what she thinks is something else again! Just why so many businessmen, perfect gentlemen at home, figure they can get away with off-color stories in the office has always been a mystery to me. If you *must* have a female audience for that kind of stuff, try it out elsewhere, please.

The next subject has to do with the mind. It shouldn't—but it *may*—be news to you that your secretary has brains. Let her use them sometimes and surprise yourself. There are limits, though. Requests like "Get me that letter I wrote that man a couple of weeks ago—I can't remember what his name is," or "What's the phone number of that lad who called me one day last week?" come under the heading of mental telepathy, not brains.

If you want to keep any secretary who's worth her salt, stop being mysterious. You want her to help you, don't you? She was hired to be of assistance, wasn't she? If not, you're wasting the firm's money. Well, then, for heaven's sake tell her what's going on. If she were a clairvoyant, she could earn a handsome living on Broadway. It's an extraordinary fact that a man will buy a machine and spend hours and hours making it work efficiently; but he'll hire a girl, put her behind a typewriter, and expect her to do a good job without telling her a thing. A caller will come in and be greeted effusively by the boss as "good old Joe." Suppose "Joe" phones or comes in again sometime when the boss is out. If the secretary is to act intelligently, hasn't she a right to know who and what "Joe" is? Or the boss will grab his hat, mutter something like "I'll be back later," and go out. Where is he going? How long will he be gone? He and the Lord only know. Suppose somebody—maybe his wife, maybe the Big Boss, maybe a client—wants to reach him in a hurry. What is his secretary, his little helper, supposed to do? Don't worry—if you're going to the movies or the Biltmore bar, she'll cover up for you and yet be able to reach you. Forget your ego for a minute; she has no desire to spoil your fun or spy on you or watch your morals. She doesn't care a fig where you are for herself; she *is* anxious to work efficiently for *you*.

I hope I've made my point. No secretary enjoys appearing to be a moron, for she isn't a moron or she wouldn't be a secretary. Hide behind the door sometime and listen to the questions she gets. "Mr. Smith would like to see Mr. Conroy (her boss) on Friday at 2:30. Can he make it?" "Mr. Jones (the President) would like to see Mr. Conroy this afternoon. When will he be back?" "Mr. Albons understands there will be a meeting tomorrow morning. If so, at what time?" "Has Mr. Conroy spoken to Mr. Peck about that contract?" "Has Mr. Fiddes been in to see Mr. Conroy?" (Mr. Fiddes may be "good old Joe.") "Whom should Mr. Batewell see about that South American matter?"

If Mr. Conroy has told her nothing, her reply to all of those questions is, perforce, "I don't know." As for Mr. Conroy, he finds, upon his return to his desk, a dozen typed memos asking him to call Messrs. Smith, Jones, Albons, Fiddes, Batewell, *et al.* And it serves him right!

Another thing: Give your secretary something to do. Don't expect her to sit around all day and twiddle her thumbs. You may be overburdened with work, but I'll bet you never tried doing *(Continued on page 141)*

STOCK EXCHANGE
B TOBEY

"Shoulders firm, chest off one-half, stomach up two . . ."

KODACHROME BY ROUBEN SAMBERG

Up and Downey

Morton Downey, after seventeen years, is one of radio's highest paid singers; but much more than that, he's a top businessman and public figure

An Article by

ALLEN CHURCHILL

THE millions of people who listen to the Morton Downey broadcasts don't know it, but their favorite tenor is a self-made millionaire and in addition is famed for being right on key even in top political circles. Indeed, the unobtrusive political power of this high-voiced purveyor of sweet songs is such that a few years ago, when a top-drawer politico asked another to name the three smartest politicians in the country, the answer was, "President Roosevelt, Jim Farley and Morton Downey." "You're wrong," snapped the first politico. "It's President Roosevelt, Morton Downey, and *then* Farley."

Downey, who has been broadcasting regularly for seventeen years, is today one of radio's highest paid singers. For lullabying the nation to sleep several evenings a week, his sponsor, The Coca-Cola Company, pays him $4500 weekly. With more than 150 outlets of the National Broadcasting System for his program, he is one of the most widely heard "live" singers in radio. His political influence stems from inherent Irish acumen and from the fact that politicians as a class have a notorious weakness for sweet songs. Presidents as well as ward heelers are partial to voices like Downey's. Asked what entertainers he preferred at a dinner in his honor, President Roosevelt once is said to have replied, "Morton Downey and John Charles Thomas."

Downey, who broke into show business through Tammany Hall, has cheerfully performed without fee at several thousand banquets and benefits, many of them political. As a result, he has earned the gratitude of nearly every Democratic politician and civic leader in the country, and he keeps these political contacts alive while making good-will trips for his radio sponsor. A year ago, he arranged a Coca-Cola broadcast from the New Hampshire Homecoming Celebration ceremonies for James O'Neill, the newly inducted national head of the American Legion. On the way back to New York he stopped in Boston, where he paid a visit to Senators Saltonstall and Lodge. After a trip to the city hall he attended a dinner for district leaders, at which he sang a few Irish songs.

From his New York apartment, the singing politician keeps in touch with friends in the nation's Capitol, and he even reads the Congressional Record to keep abreast of events. In Washington he is a favored lunching partner of many senators, among them McMahon of Connecticut, Chavez of New Mexico, and Sheridan Downey of California. Indeed, he is so likable and friendly a person that he has almost as many friends among Republicans as among Democrats. Nor does he attract them through his Irish charm alone. "Mort is an understanding fellow," says one who knows him well. "He's the sort people just like to talk to. But more than that, he's smart. Take him a problem and you get an intelligent, well-thought-out answer." Oddly, Downey's popularity as guide, philosopher, and friend to important people is responsible for his only sign of age. At forty-six he is sleek, dark-haired, and plump without being fat. On good days he can easily pass for a contented thirty. His pleasant face is unlined, and he gets through each busy day with quiet, boyish energy. The only sign of passing years is a growing hunch around his heavy shoulders. Friends say this comes from leaning over so many tables listening to the problems of others.

As the sole support of five children, parents, an entourage, and his own expensive tastes, Downey could not afford a political career, even if he wanted one. Instead, he uses his instinctive political skill for business—and he has done well at it. Early in his career, Downey, who is said to be working on his third million, discovered that businessmen are flattered when entertainers notice them. "Try seeing a businessman in his office," he says, "and he is suspicious and unresponsive. Sit at his table after you've been singing in a night club and he's the opposite. You can interest him in almost anything."

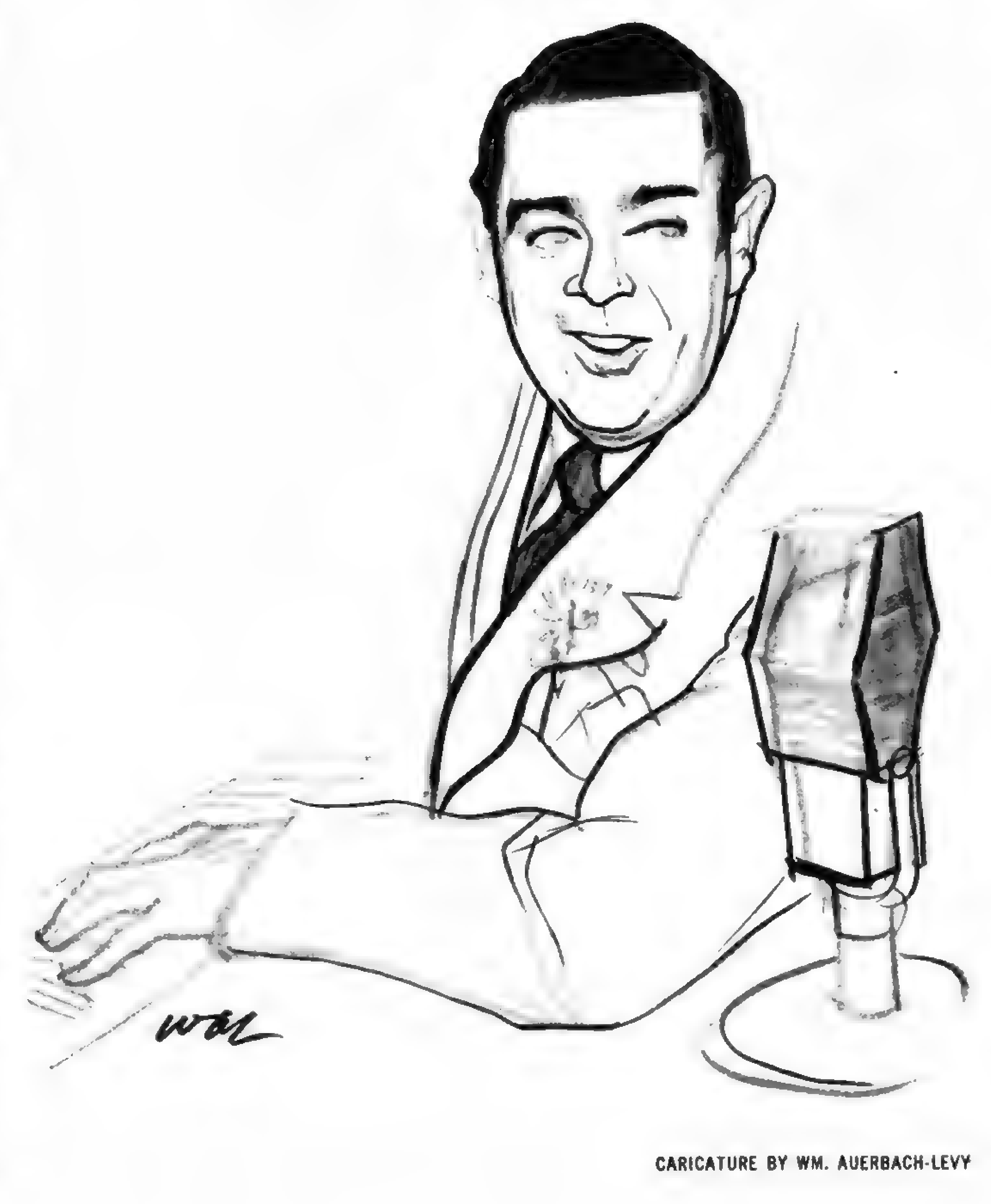
Few know the number of deals that Downey, who has entertained in night clubs since 1925, has promoted in this fashion, but it is no secret that he has profitably participated in companies the world over. "He introduces one group to another, working out some beautiful deals," says Arthur Stryker, his lawyer. Stryker, a prosperous-looking man, devotes nearly full time to Downey's affairs. One night the lawyer and his children listened to a Downey broadcast. "There is only one Morton Downey," the announcer said. Stryker heaved a heavy sigh. "How I wish," he said, "there were more!"

In essence, Downey had always been a supersalesman. For years he tirelessly sold Morton Downey, singer. "I've never seen a kid more ambitious to get ahead than Mort," recalls an associate of his early days, "but he never pushed himself or talked big. Just never quit selling himself in a steady, likable way." Today, after selling himself into five different theatrical careers—orchestras, vaudeville, night clubs, movies, and radio—Downey has become a supersalesman of Coca-Cola.

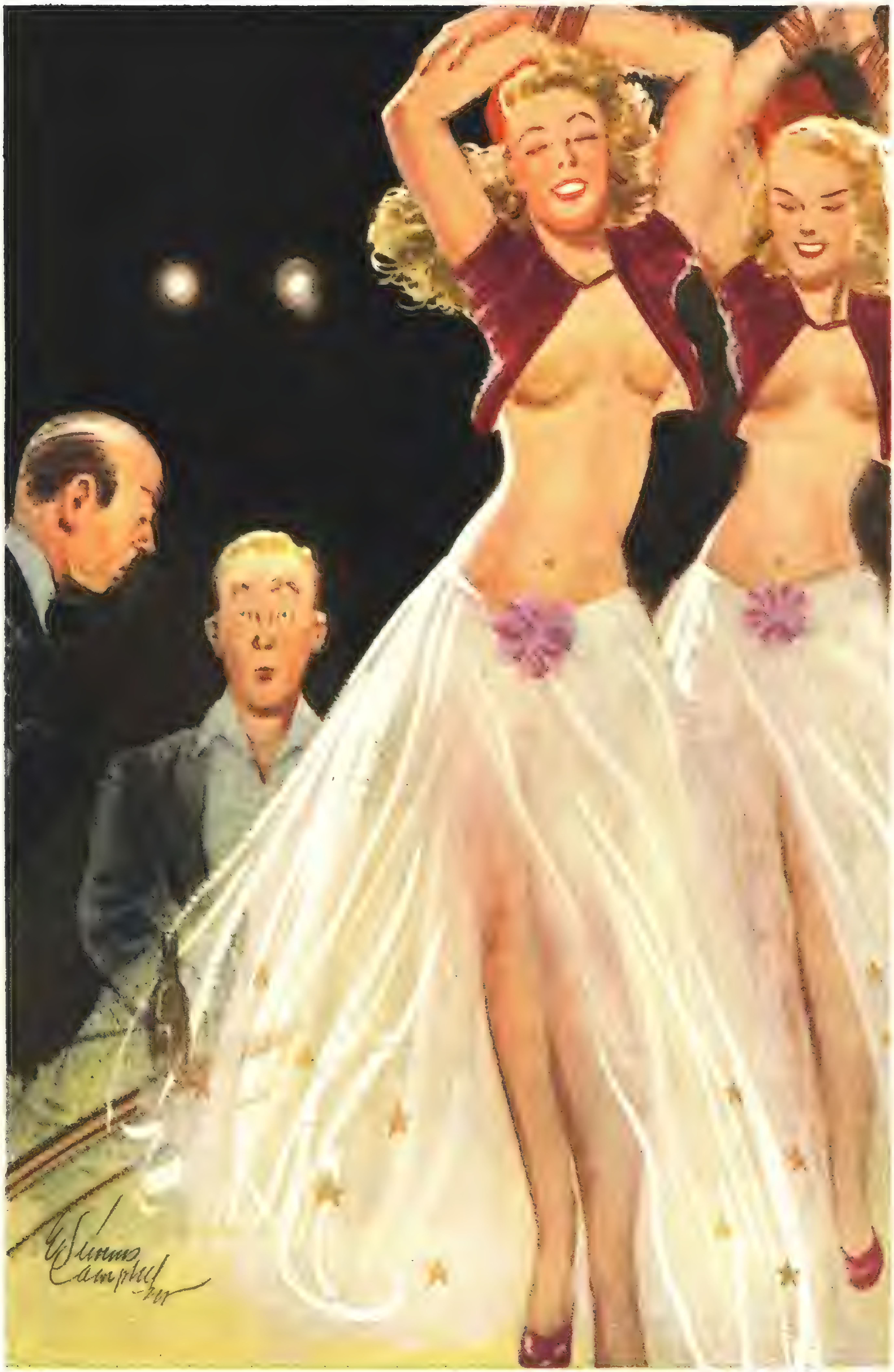
Downey's life story, indeed, is that of a fortunate man who has never been content to remain just that. Born Sean Morton Downey in Wallingford, Connecticut, on November 14, 1901, he was the son of the Irish-born local fire chief. Morton began to sing almost as soon as he stopped crying, and he was four or five, warbling around the firehouse, when an appreciative visitor gave him a dollar bill. "The impact of that was terrific," says Downey. "I'd never thought singing was something you got paid for. I knew then I was going to be a singer."

He has never had to change his mind. Equipped with unusually strong vocal chords, he hasn't thought of singing as work. It has always ranked as more of a pleasure than anything else; when not singing, he whistles. Even today, after averaging four hundred songs a week for a quarter of a century, he says, "I can think of few pleasanter ways of spending an hour than lying in a hot bath and singing."

In school, young Morton was less notable as a student than for the impulses that have made him an indefatigable practical joker. (One morning, for instance, he tossed Limburger cheese into the school furnace, causing school to be dismissed and (*Continued on page 155*)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY


E. Simms Campbell

"Sorry—you'll have to put a tie on!"

Buster Bang's Progress

Life had been so exceptionally kind to the swaggering juvenile of the screen that his soaring ambition did not even stop short of the unattainable Mary Lawrence

A Story by

LEWIS HOWARD

NOON, and the studio commissary was crowded. The tinkle of silverware, the clatter of dishes, the rising and falling buzz of excited voices formed a themeless, erratic symphony. The voices were those of people engaged in a great exciting business—actors with vividly painted faces, and executives and writers and cameramen and others who worked with them, seizing their precious midday intermission to discuss production, bemoan racing losses, and cram food down their ulcer-lined stomachs to replenish lost nervous energy.

Men importantly active in such a frantic brain-business often died young, and this had been the destiny of one Jonah Blau. His ingenuity had been great and, tirelessly, he had risen from script clerk to top director inside of four years. But the pace and climate had been too much and one night, after guiding a difficult scene to its successful completion, he drove home with a strange sense of destiny beating in his brain and dropped dead in the living room of his palatial residence at Malibu Beach. He was thirty-six.

A year ago that had happened, and at this moment his widow, Mary Lawrence, sat by herself at her usual corner table, quietly consuming her luncheon, absorbed with her sacred memory. Even in black Mary was stunning, and people were volubly distressed to see her beauty go to waste so long. A year of bondage to a memory. She had informed the studio that she did not wish to make another picture until time had taken her in hand and, because she was she, the studio had consented and kept her on salary.

Hollywood parasites who could not comprehend genuine emotion called it a pose. They said she had always been a thoroughgoing opportunist and that there was no reason to suppose she had changed. They failed to consider that she had been in love with Jonah.

A year. And always in that same corner where she partook delicately of her food and half-smiled at those people who said a brief, understanding hello as they passed her table. The year had been softened by the presence of Hilda, her daughter of eight, but now the child was away at school in the East and Mary had only the two maids, the butler, "Topsy" the Scotch terrier, and some photographs of Jonah looking at her with an expression of mystic melancholy.

But look, now. At the entrance to the commissary there was visible a sudden new excitement that took loud precedence over the already buzzing room. Its cause was the tornadolike appearance of the boy star, black-haired Buster Bang, eighteen. Buster's saucy face, sitting atop his swaggering five-foot-three figure, may have been prettied up to a dashing deep orange, but his clothing—black and white checkered shirt, baggy brown corduroy knickerbockers and untied high shoes—told at once that he was playing another lovable "tough-guy" role, the kind that endeared him to the movie public.

"Hi ya, fellas!" Buster cried in raucous greeting to a table full of eager-eyed youngsters currently engaged in his supporting cast. "How's tricks?" He didn't sit down with them, however, because he was subtly class-conscious—it was a rudiment in the Hollywood education. Buster stopped at table after table, shouting more audacious greetings in his high-pitched, cracked voice and familiarly slapping grown men on their backs—knowing the studio was a kingdom and he was one of its high princes. He came down into the heart of the commissary, winking at pretty women and gravitating toward the long "exclusive" table and his daily seat next to grey-haired, crane-eyed Bertrand Gibbs, paunchy vice-president of the company. In no other industry could a bumptious kid of eighteen sit beside a gruff company executive, tell him crass stories and actually discuss company policy with him.

Before reaching Gibbs' table, he passed Mary Lawrence's corner. As always, because he had known her and worked beside her for years, Buster stopped and sighed impersonally over her beauty.

"Hello, Mary," he said with a smile.

"Hello, Buster," she smiled in return. "How are you, dear?"

"Oh—swell," he answered, his heart fluttering strangely because she had casually said "dear" to him. Then he moved on to Gibbs' inviolable circle and sat down.

For some reason Buster could not get it out of his head that Mary Lawrence was suddenly the most wonderful person in all the wide world. And he thought he knew why it was: Mary was the *quietest* woman he'd ever met. She wasn't like those silly, droopy teen-age girls who fawned over you and played Ping-pong so badly. She was thirty, he knew, and he was convinced that she was so wonderful simply because she was thirty.

By the time he had finished his meal, Mary was gone.

Throughout the afternoon he was so filled with thoughts of her his work suffered. He tripped over wiring and couldn't remember lines—because a bold plan was evolving in his ambitious little brain.

Buster owned two sumptuous convertible coupés, so even if Mary Lawrence had lived up at Santa Barbara it would not have been too difficult for him to get to her. But the fact was that Buster's home was also situated on the beach at Malibu and that it was a mere five houses from Mary's. For years Buster had known this, and it had never seemed to matter much while Jonah was alive. But now, all of a sudden, the fact of Mary's proximity seemed absolutely thrilling to him, full of the most voluptuous meaning.

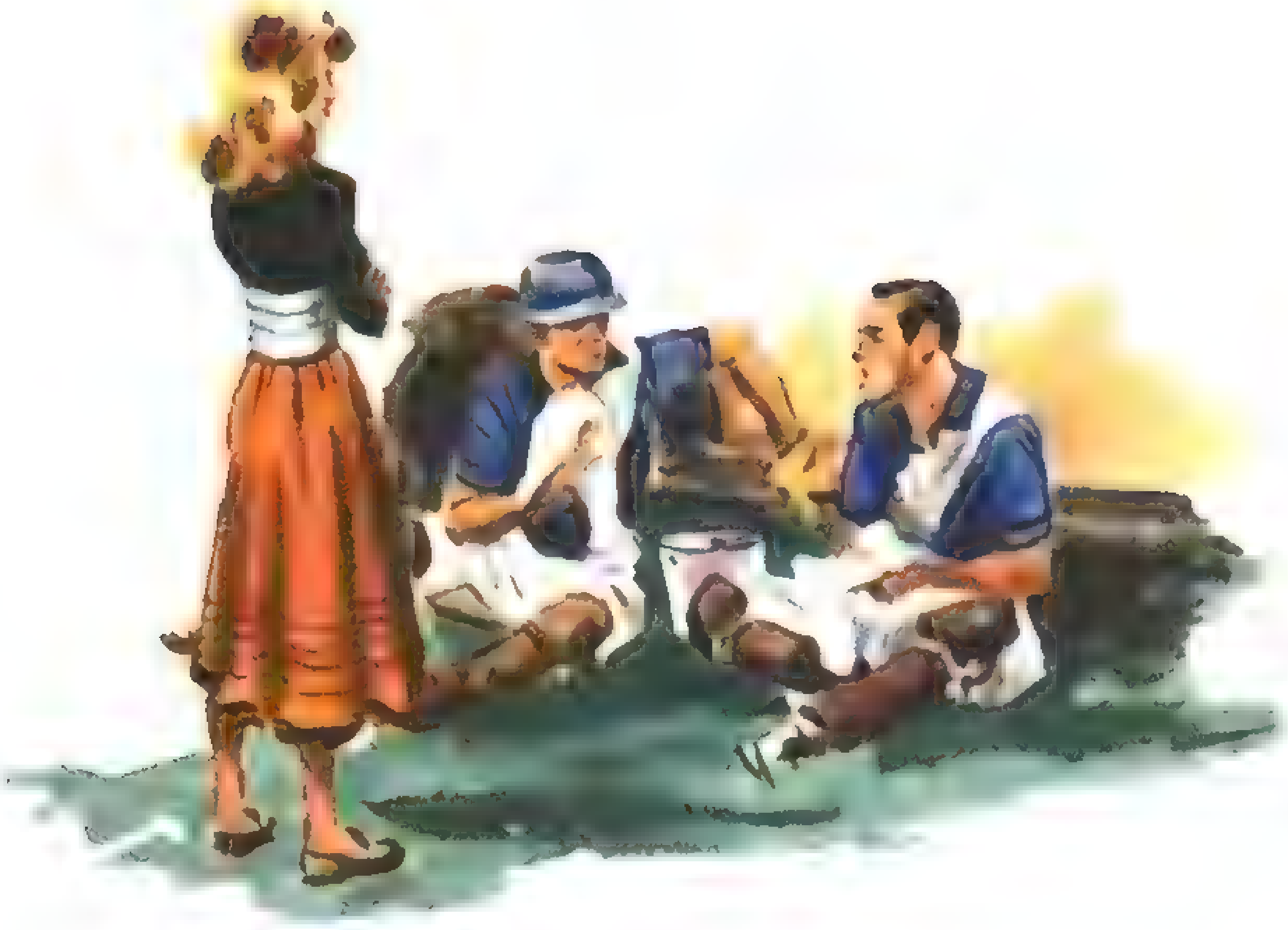
That evening Buster's own private "gang"—a coterie of successful young snob-actors—had planned to pick him up and proceed en masse to the amusement pier at Venice where, because Buster did not have to work the following day, a riotous time was forecast. They swirled about him, these uppity youngsters, like the rings around Saturn, and they drew tacit sustenance from his greater fame.

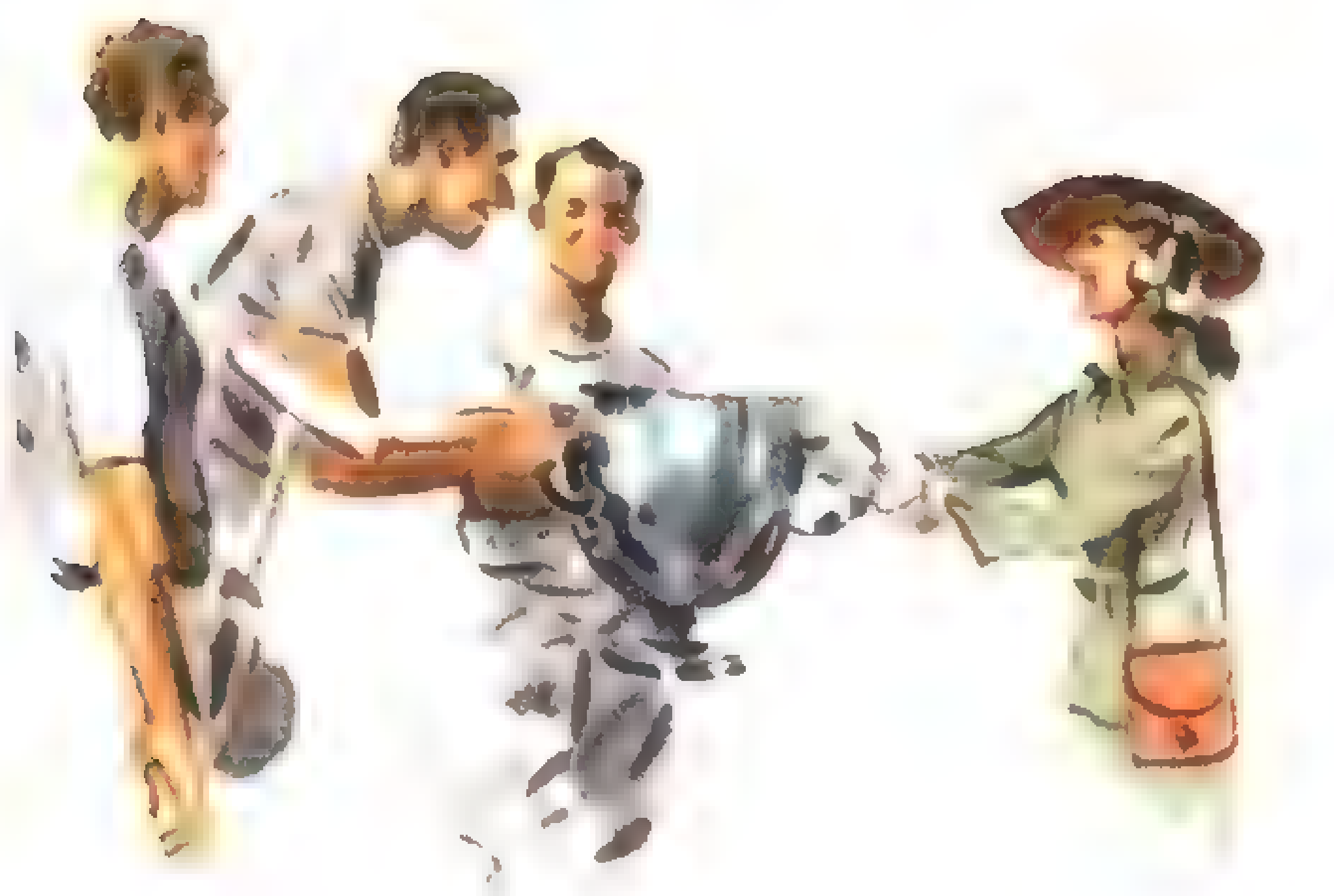
But when, after dinner, the group roared out of the warm night and up onto Buster's driveway in their gleaming convertibles, Buster met them with a troubled mien. He had forgotten about them and he found it necessary to tax his power of impromptu invention: "Sorry, fellas and gals, I'm afraid I can't go with you tonight. But have fun. Raise holy hell."

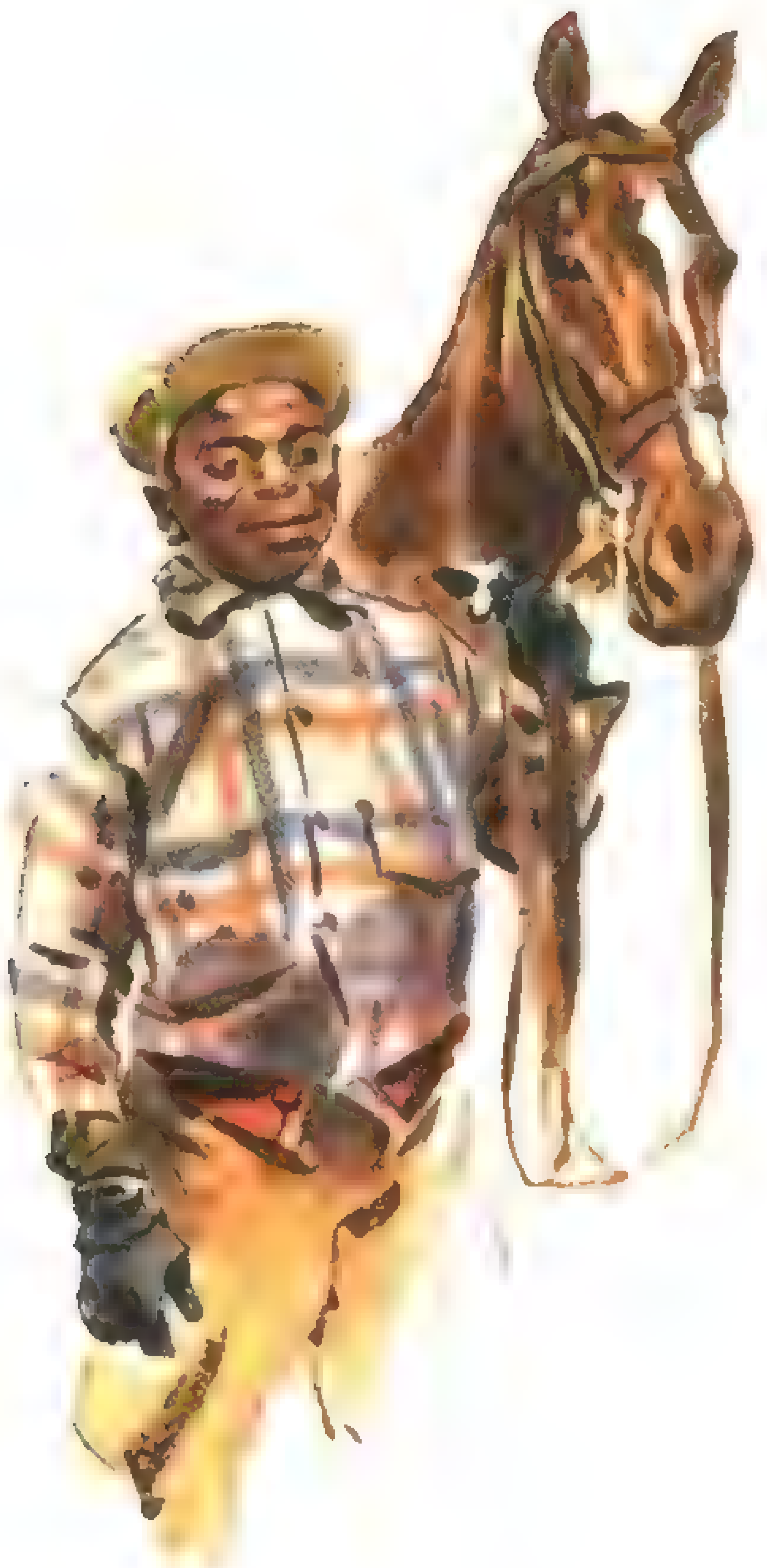
There followed a long incredulous pause, then a doleful series of "aw gee's," and "ah, why not's."

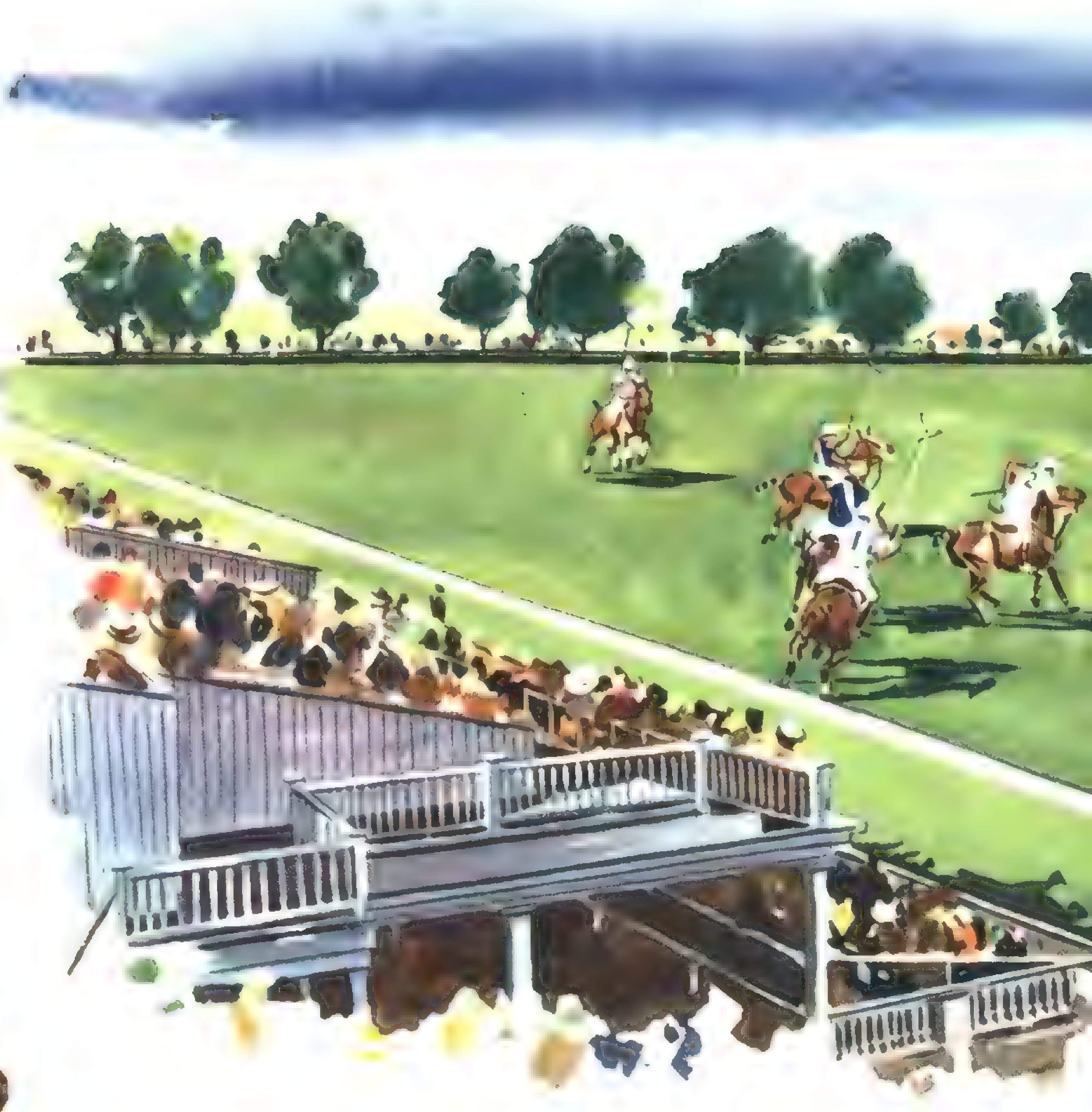
"The studio just called," Buster lied blandly. "I gotta early call—something unexpected. Gotta read a new script tonight

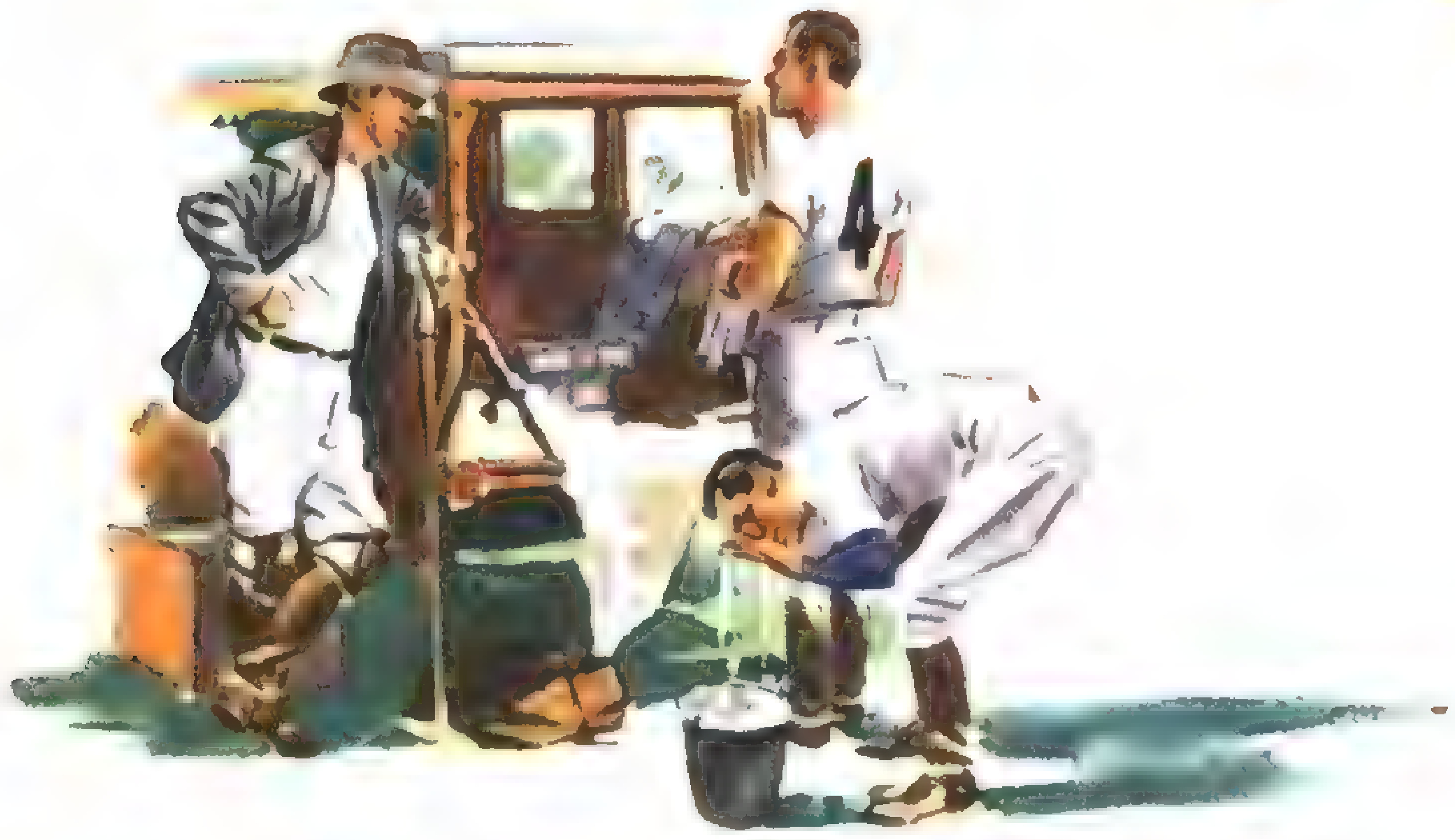
(*Continued on page 164*)

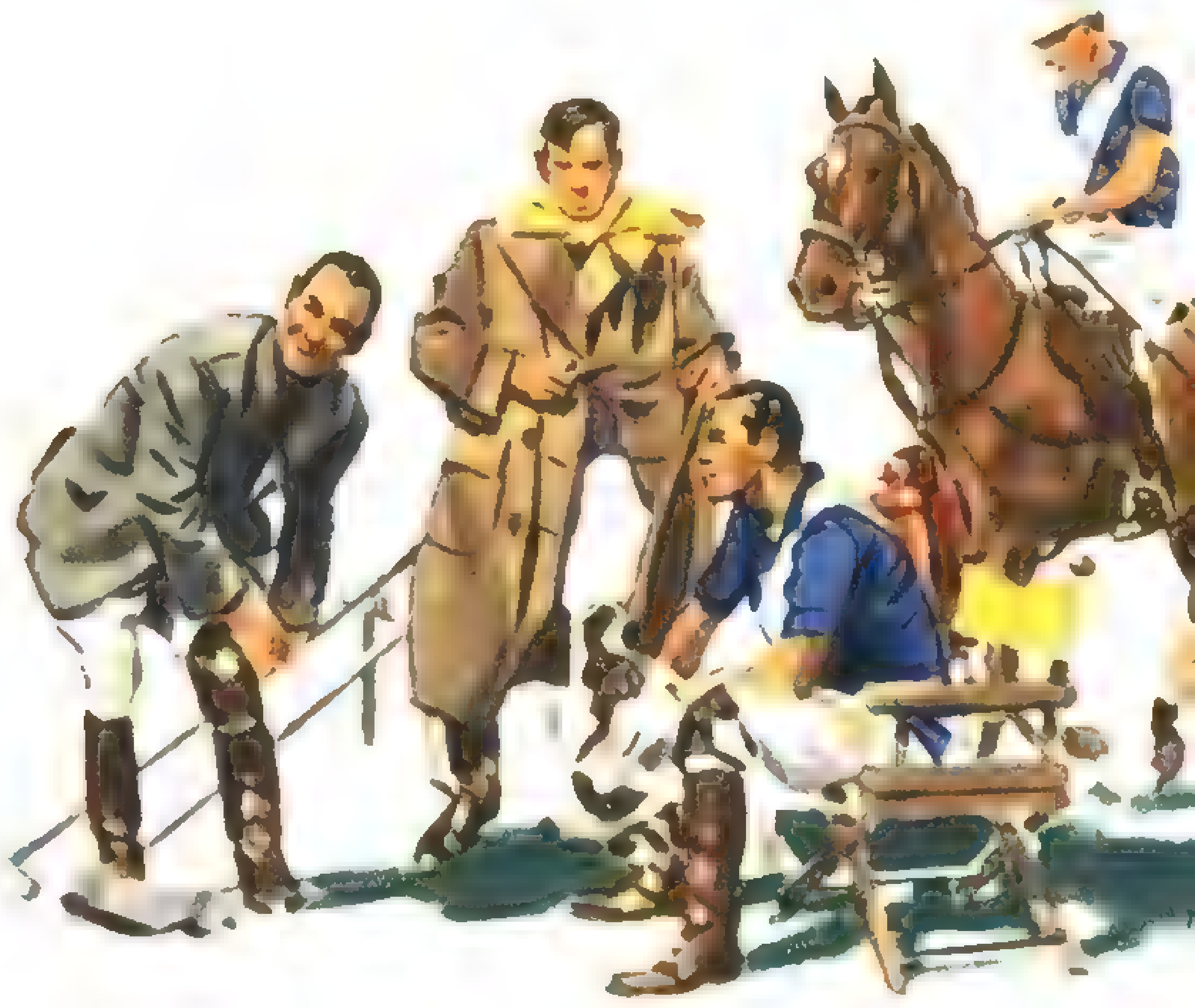








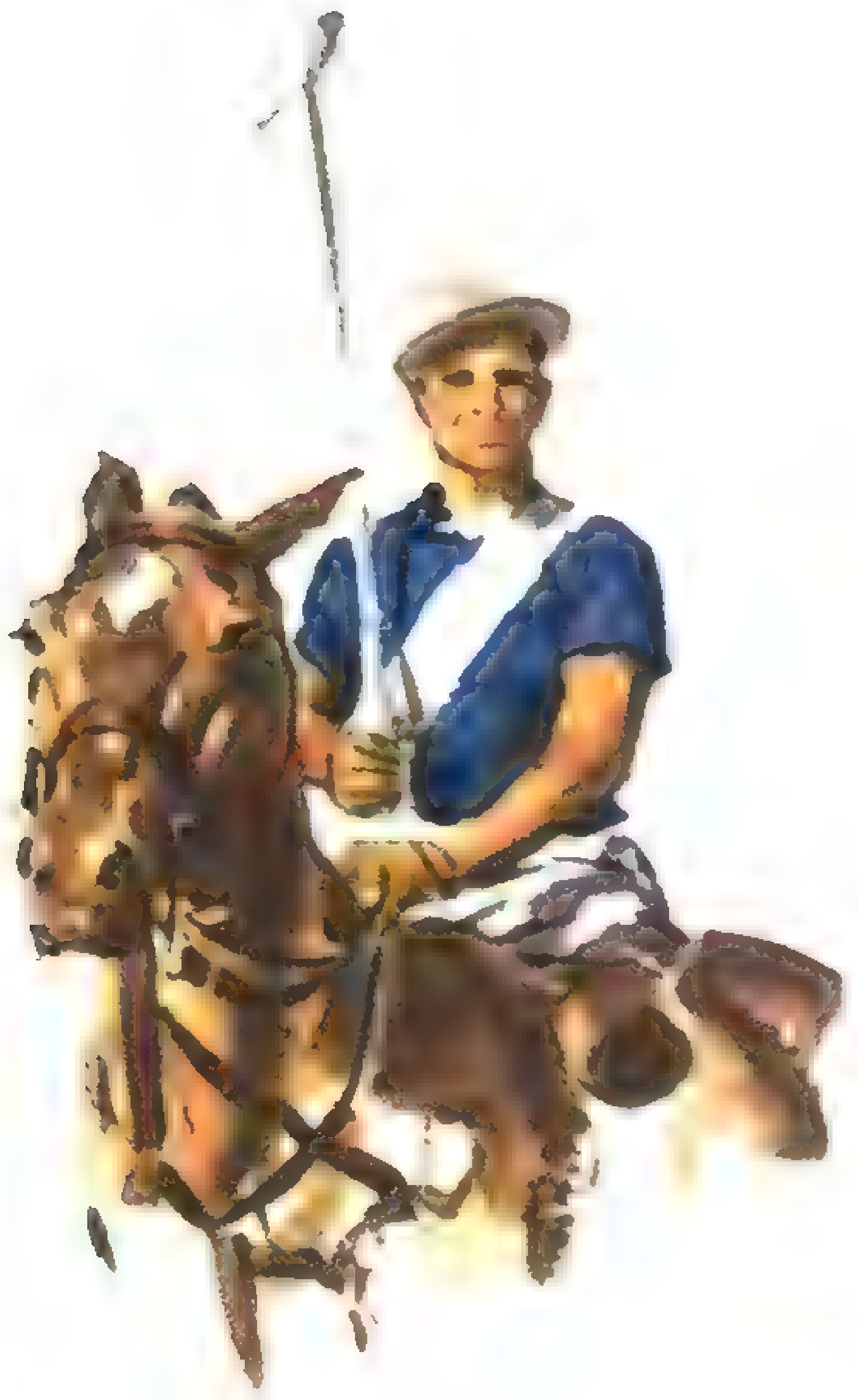


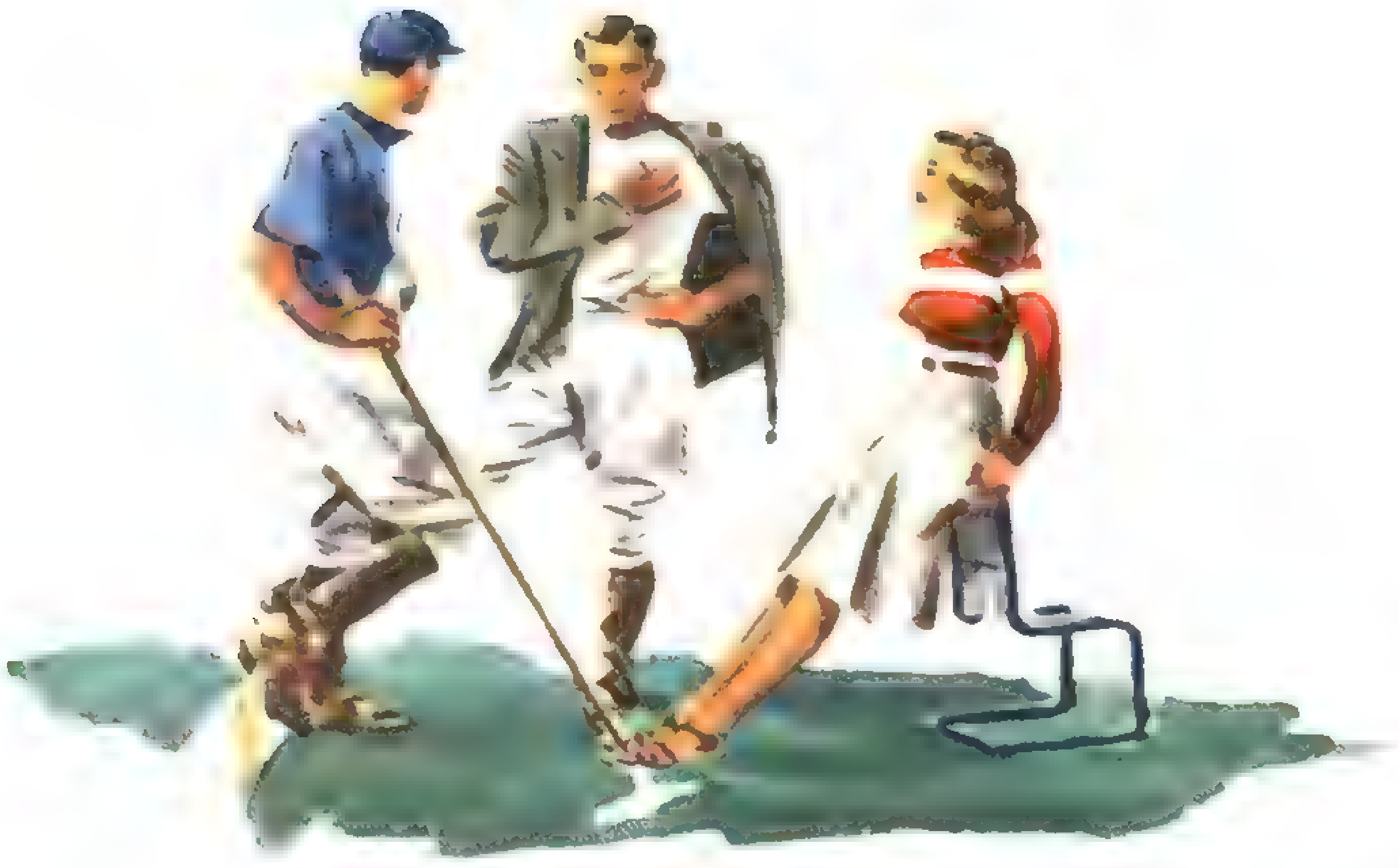


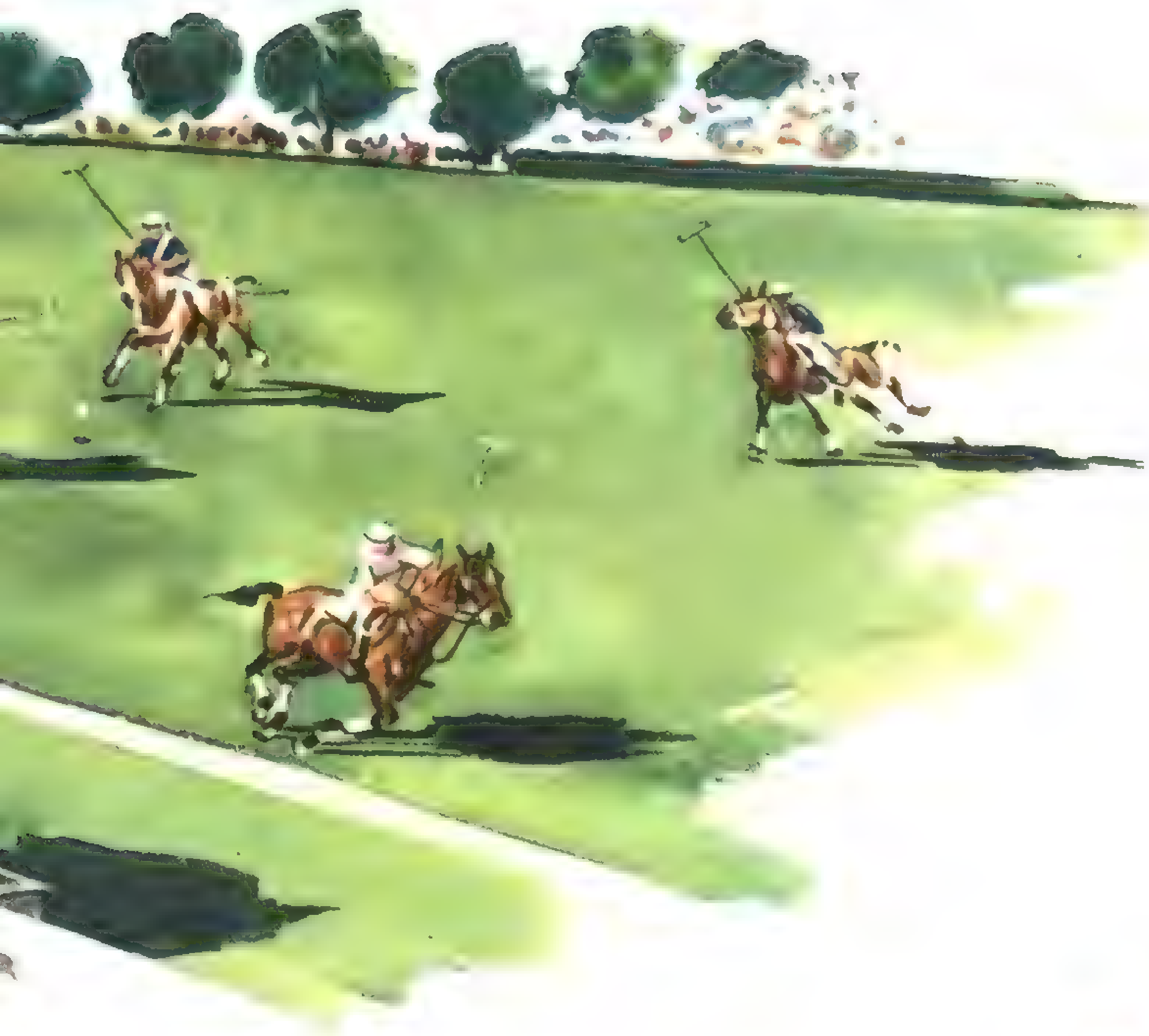
Riding 'em Off

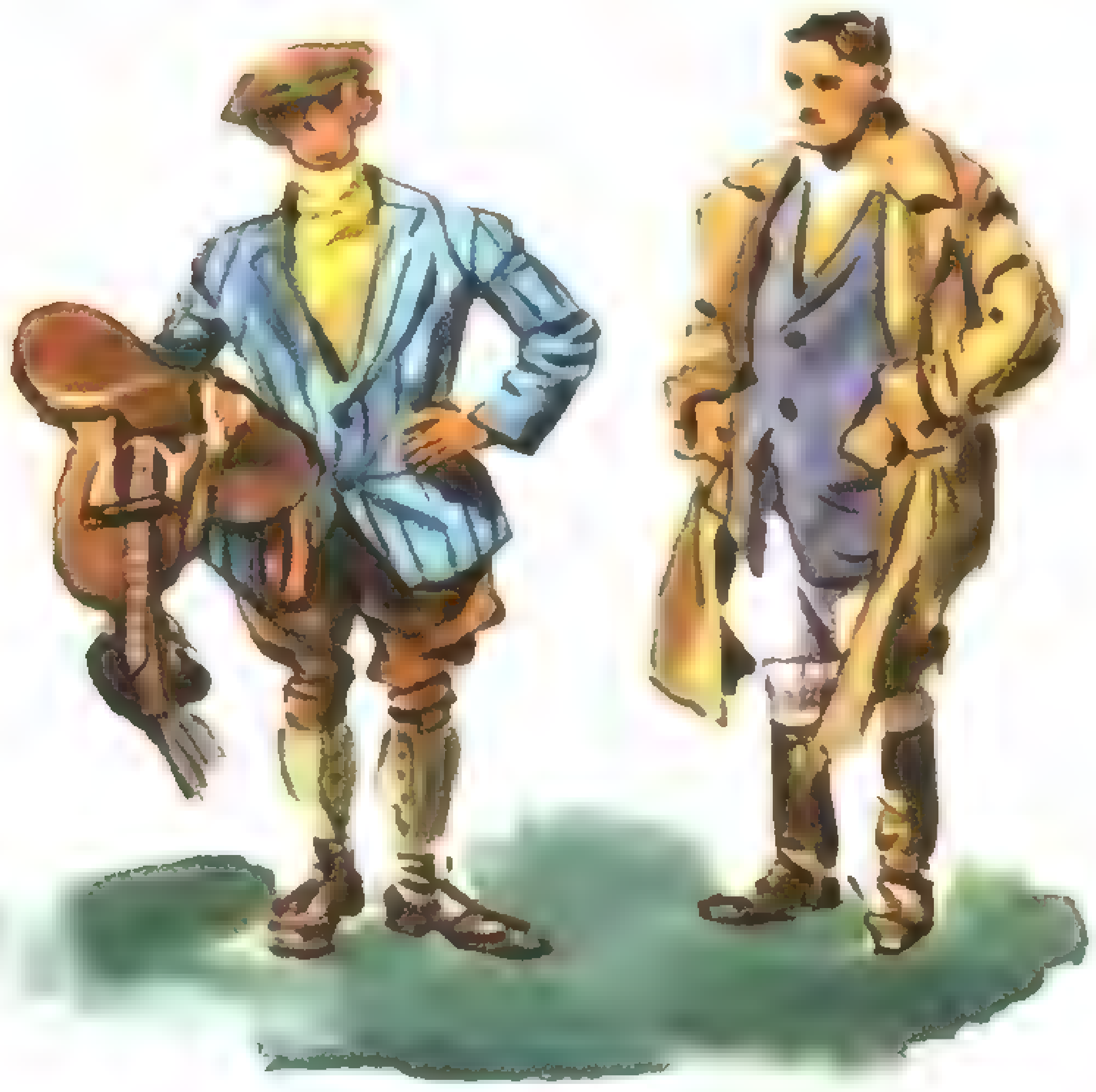
PAINTING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

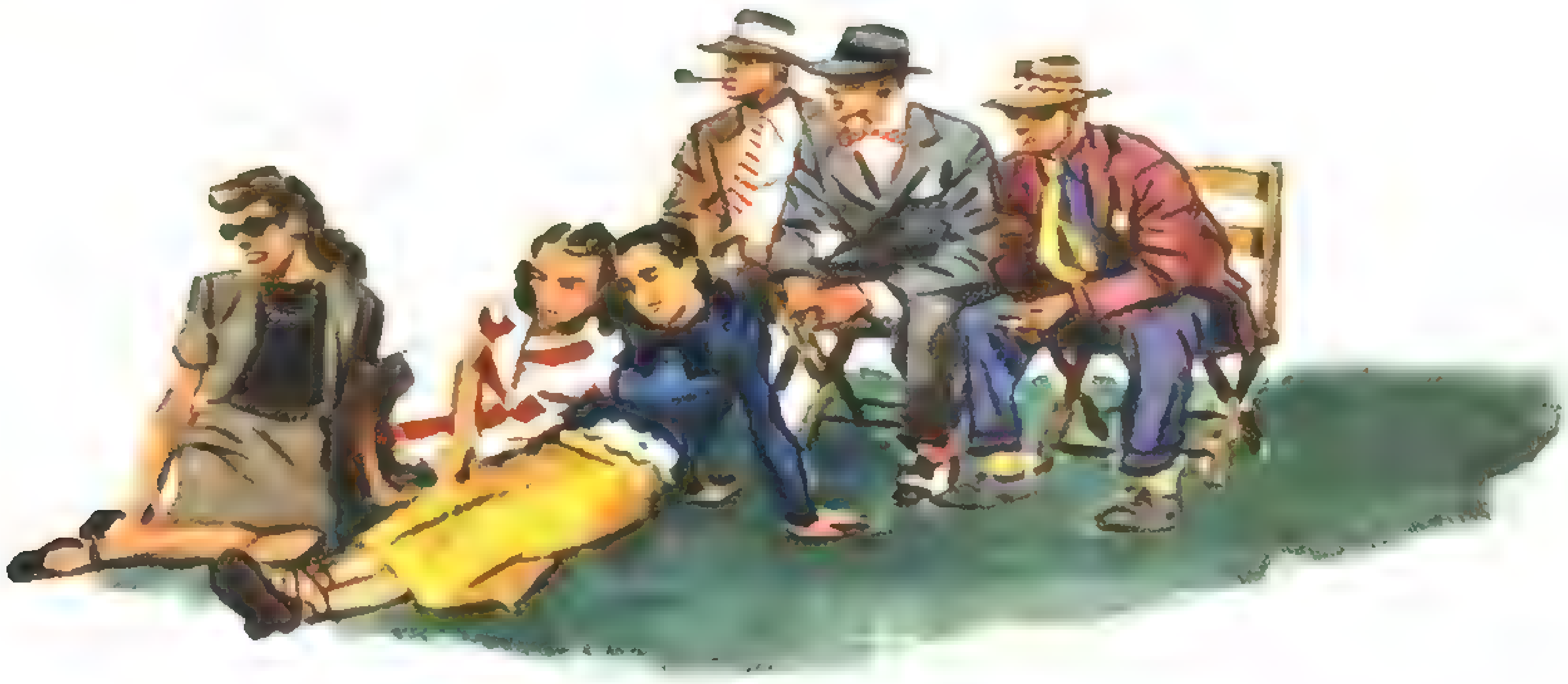
Any good sport is close to the primitive cave-man business of hunting, saving your own life, or killing an enemy—and polo is no exception. It is hard to sit still when two well-mounted teams are smacking the ball around amid thudding hoofs, crashing bodies, and superb harmony of man and horse as one player cuts loose for a score. The game is tough, rough, and dangerous, no matter how





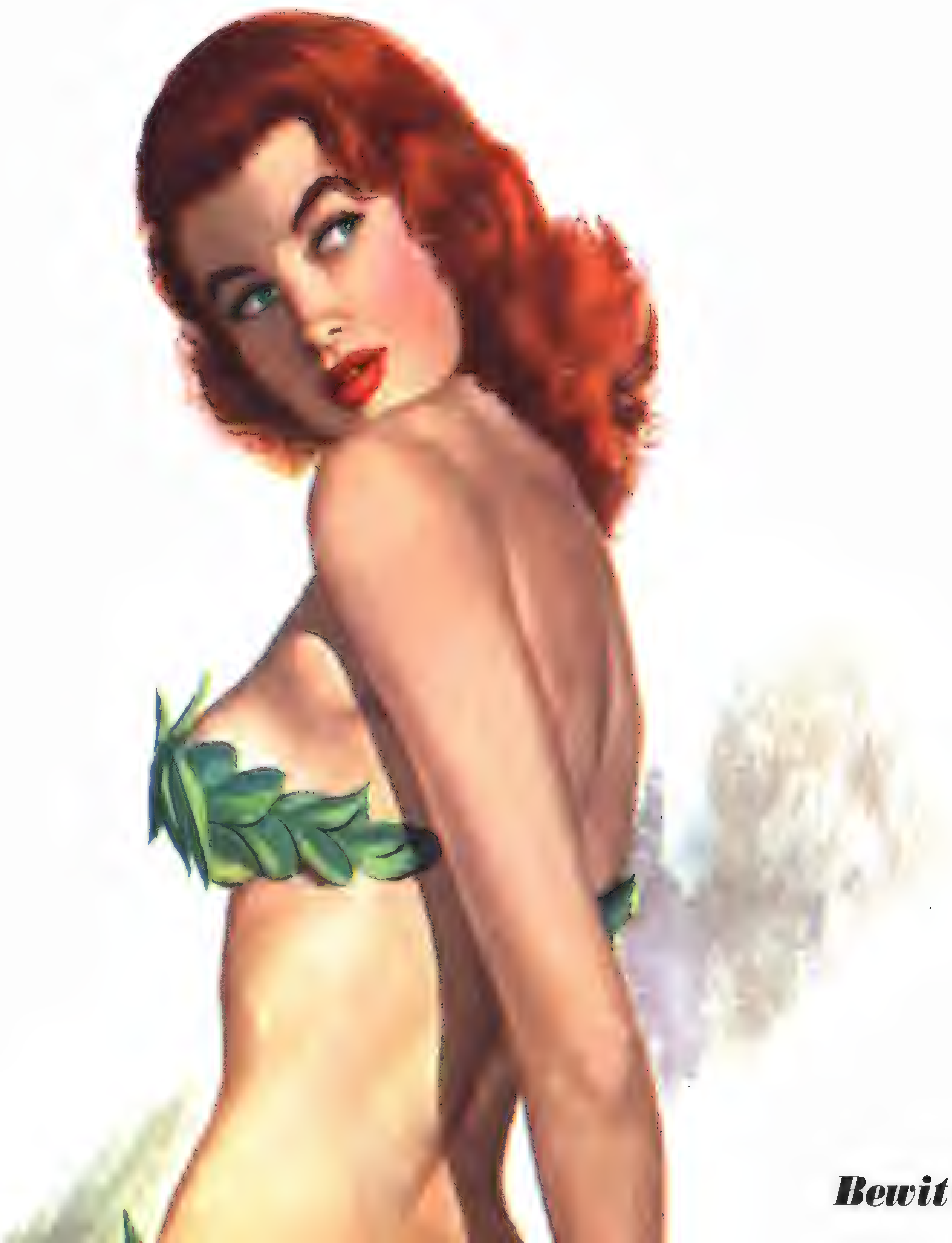






JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

pretty a picture it makes, and a $22,000 pony like Stephen (Laddie) Sanford's "Juniper" feels no gentler walking over your chest than the veriest plug that ever wore iron shoes. Old as history is polo: almost before recorded time it was played as a sort of miniature war. Then the sporting British picked it up in India and revived it on their parade grounds. In the U. S., although tabbed as a society sport, athletes come out of the Southwest and from the Coast to make it hot for Long Island's stars, and an invasion from the Argentine is apt to bring out some of the best riding in the hemisphere, regardless of where the fortunes may lie. John Cullen Murphy has caught the true spirit of an exciting and colorful sport, and—ask any polo pony—one of the toughest contests on any calendar.



Bewitching

You wouldn't exactly say Polly was disorganized, but once on a radio quiz program she nearly didn't get the refrigerator because she had trouble remembering her address. She was undisputed Free Style Glove-Losing Champion of the Western Hemisphere, and she had misplaced enough umbrellas to keep Calcutta dry during the rainy season.

Matt knew all that. But every time he looked at Polly his eyes lit up and bells rang in his head, and it is hard for a man to think logically when he is feeling like a pinball machine. So, he proposed, which is an excellent first step toward marriage with any girl. And Polly accepted, which is a nifty second step.

A couple of days later Matt came by Polly's house to take her down to City Hall. Polly informed him she had lost her wallet in the street, and with it her blood-test papers and birth certificate. Matt was one snarl away from a tantrum, especially because Polly didn't seem the littlest bit concerned.

"Have a cigarette, darling," she cooed. "It'll be along in a minute."

"How can you be so sure?" Matt raged. "The world is full of dishonest people. You'll never get it back."

Matt, with a dizzy vision of what their marriage would be like, was ready to stomp out of the house, when the doorbell rang. Polly went to the door, spoke briefly to her caller, and came back with the wallet. "All set?" she said. "Let's go."

"What–what—" Matt sputtered.

"It's very simple, dear," twinkled Polly. "Men walk with their heads down, women with their heads up. And you see, dear, in my wallet was a picture of me wearing the nymph costume I'm going to wear at the Halloween Follies up at the club. For some reason, I felt sure that some kind gentleman would be coming to see me soon after finding my wallet."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Matt grinned. "With a mother like you, all our children will be atomic physicists."

The Sûreté Hunts Again

There may be better crime-hunting organizations, but none that can hold a *chandelle* to the French Sûreté in real bloodhounding, snooping, excitement and color

An Article by

IRVING WALLACE

In the cheerful days before the First World War, when murder was an individualistic and not a mass art, there was found one summer's afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris an anonymous corpse. The anatomy was male, doubled up, tied with a rope, wrapped neatly in tarpaper and placed beneath a clump of bushes.

Gendarmes and detectives found no clues, until Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, head of the Identification Bureau of the spectacular French Sûreté, arrived upon the scene. After some tongue clucking, and an inspection with his clever portable microscope, Bertillon summoned his detectives.

"Voilà!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "It is not so impossible as it seems. The victim was an accountant or office clerk. His hands show no signs of manual labor. His right shirt sleeve is cleaner and newer than his left. Accountants and clerks protect the sleeve on their writing hand with a special cuff which keeps the sleeve almost new.

"The victim was hit on the head from behind with a club. He was murdered in a large wine cellar, dragged into another room filled with sawdust, sand and coal, and temporarily hidden in a third room—a black room with absolutely no windows. This was done in a house beside the river."

The detectives stood gaping, and Bertillon explained. "My microscope found, on the back of the deceased's shirt collar, two colorless, blind beetles, a rare species which can only live in a pitch-black room. We found the victim's coat and vest rolled up beside his body. On these garments are the bacilli of alcoholic fermentation, proving they were in another room near stores of wine. The grains of sawdust, sand and coal on the body indicate there are such deposits in a cellar room, and the sand suggests that the murder occurred in a house near the shore of the Seine."

Bertillon clapped his hands. "It is simple. Let us look for a recently missing office worker, and we will have the identity of this corpse. Let us find a house near the river, with cellars containing wine barrels, loose sand, and a very dark room filled with blind parasites. Find these and we find the murderer."

Led by Bertillon, the Sûreté detectives searched every office building in Paris for a missing accountant or clerk. A wholesale firm near the Luxembourg Gardens admitted that a veteran bookkeeper, Charles Tellier, aged forty-two, had been unaccountably absent. In Tellier's room, the Sûreté found some receipts proving he had played the horses and a drawerful of passionate love letters signed Marcelle. Tellier's talkative landlady, his co-workers and friends were grilled. No one knew Marcelle, but several knew Tellier's bookie, one M. Cabassou, genial owner of a restaurant on the Seine.

Bertillon questioned the rotund Cabassou. Yes, like all restaurant owners he kept his wine in cellars downstairs. He lived above the restaurant with his wife. Yes, he had known Tellier, been his bookmaker. No, he had not known Tellier was a ladies' man. Yes, monsieur detective could speak with Madame Cabassou; she was the attractive redhead at the cash drawer. Her first name? Marcelle.

Bertillon left. He returned next morning with a search warrant and a team of detectives. He forced the protesting Cabassou down the spiral staircase into the cellar. There was a large windowed room filled with wine barrels. There was a bloodstain on one wall. Cabassou said the blood had been made by a cat having kittens. Bertillon ordered the bloodstain removed, wall and all, and analyzed. In an adjacent room the floor was covered with sawdust from logs, sand from the river, and pieces of coal. Bertillon was not satisfied. "Where is the pitch-black room?" he asked. The suspect replied there was no such room. Bertillon put his palms to the walls, felt about, and suddenly a portion gave way. A trap door led into a third room. Bertillon crawled inside. It was pitch black.

A flashlight showed thousands of parasites on the walls, and the portable microscope revealed they were blind, colorless beetles. The blood on the wall was proved to have been caused by a violent human hemorrhage. The coal dust and sand matched grains on the deceased man's body. Several green threads of wool on the cellar floor were the same as the material of the bookkeeper's trousers. The motive appeared to be the oldest in the world—jealousy. Cabassou, restaurant owner and bookie, learned his wife had been seduced by Tellier. Cabassou invited his customer into the wine cellar to sample a new vintage, and then whacked him on the skull.

On this circumstantial evidence, Cabassou was placed, for the rest of his natural life, behind bars.

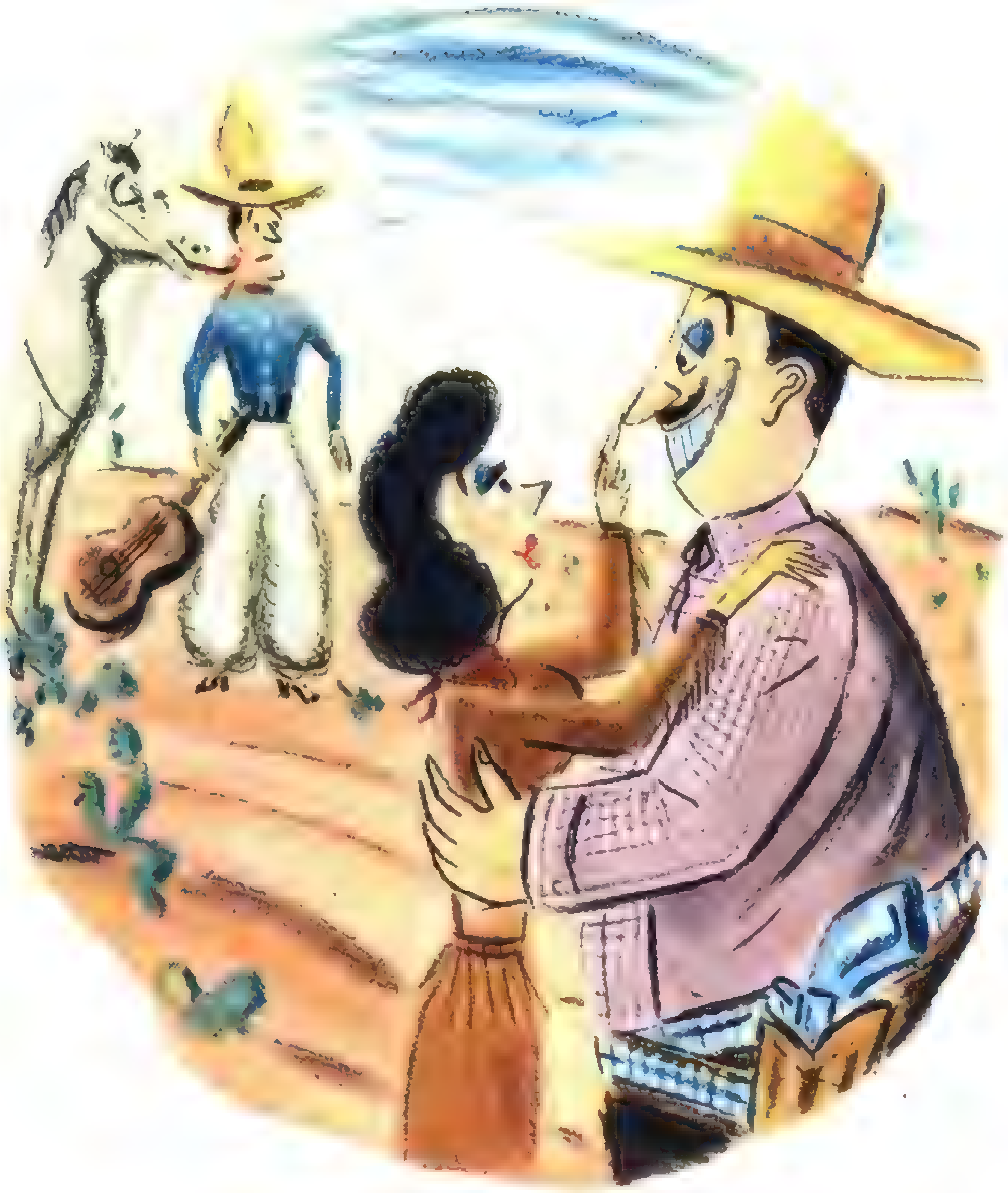
In France, such almost perfect crimes, solved through superior detection, command hardly any attention. The French public has come to expect deductive acrobatics from its famous detective force, the Sûreté Nationale.

Perhaps there are better crime-hunting organizations on earth than the French Sûreté. Very few will disagree that the F.B.I., working out of Washington, D.C., is the more advanced and scientific in trapping its annual crop of Dillingers. And few will disagree that Scotland Yard, in London, is the more dogged and persistent in ferreting out its Dr. Crippens. But neither can lay a hand on the French Sûreté when it comes to real bloodhounding, excitement and color.

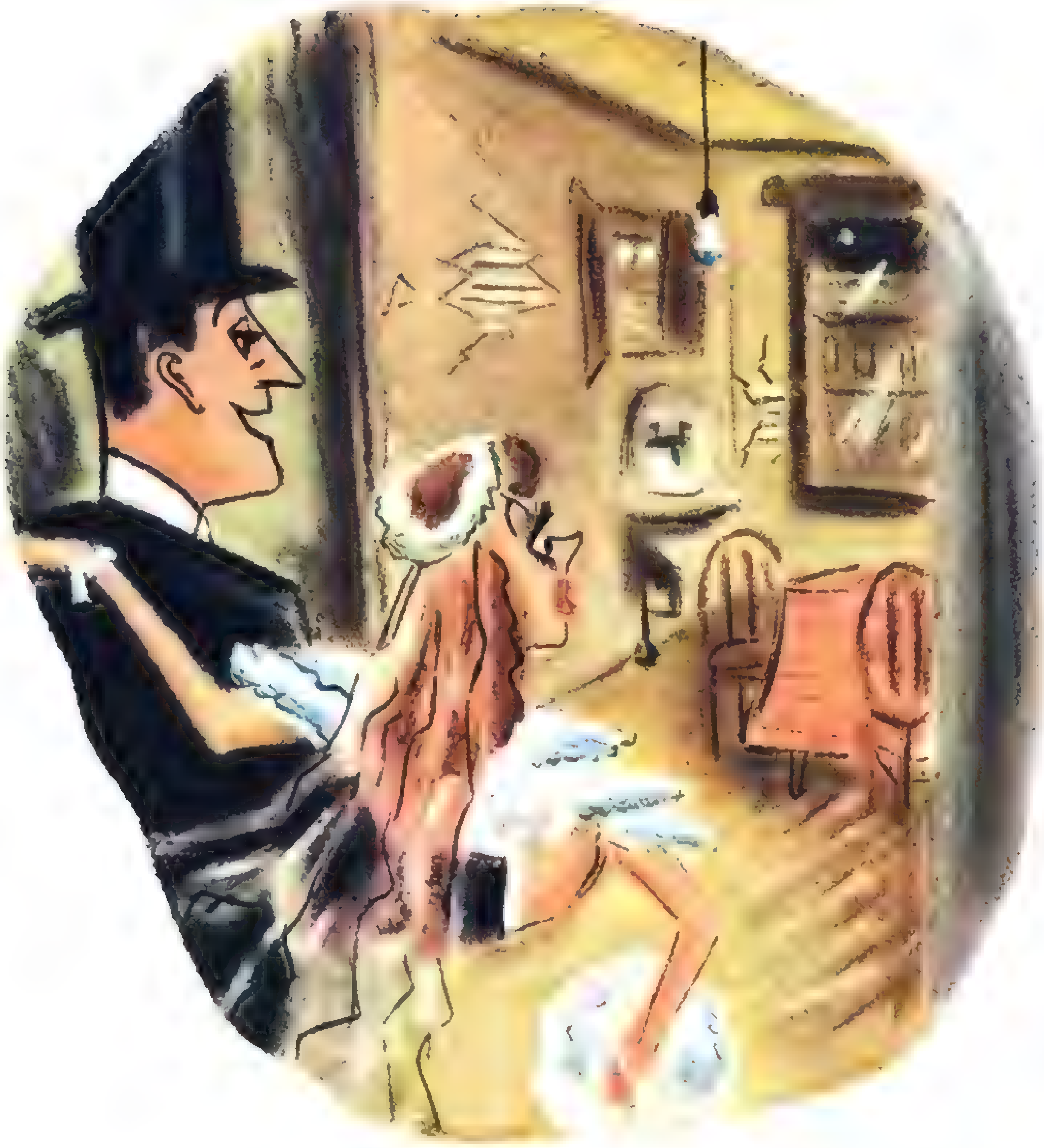
As early as 1849 a new grave in a Paris cemetery was found mysteriously dug up, the body torn limb from limb, and shredded flesh scattered on tree branches and walks. When this crime was repeated, men and dogs hidden in the Montparnasse cemetery watched in vain for the human hyena. At last the Sûreté planted a special spring rifle, filled with nails and hunks of iron, beside a new-filled grave. A week later, the gun was discovered empty—a piece of a soldier's sleeve near by. Sergeant François Bertrand, a 25-year-old infantryman, was found in a near-by hospital. He had been wounded by nails and hunks of iron, and part of his sleeve was missing. He could not explain his crime. "I got an irresistible impulse," Bertrand

(*Continued on page 117*)

"Then you weren't primarily interested in being the first white man to climb this peak?"



Tim's yodeling bores Millicent (daughter of the old judge), so she marries Steve, the rustler, because he has more money

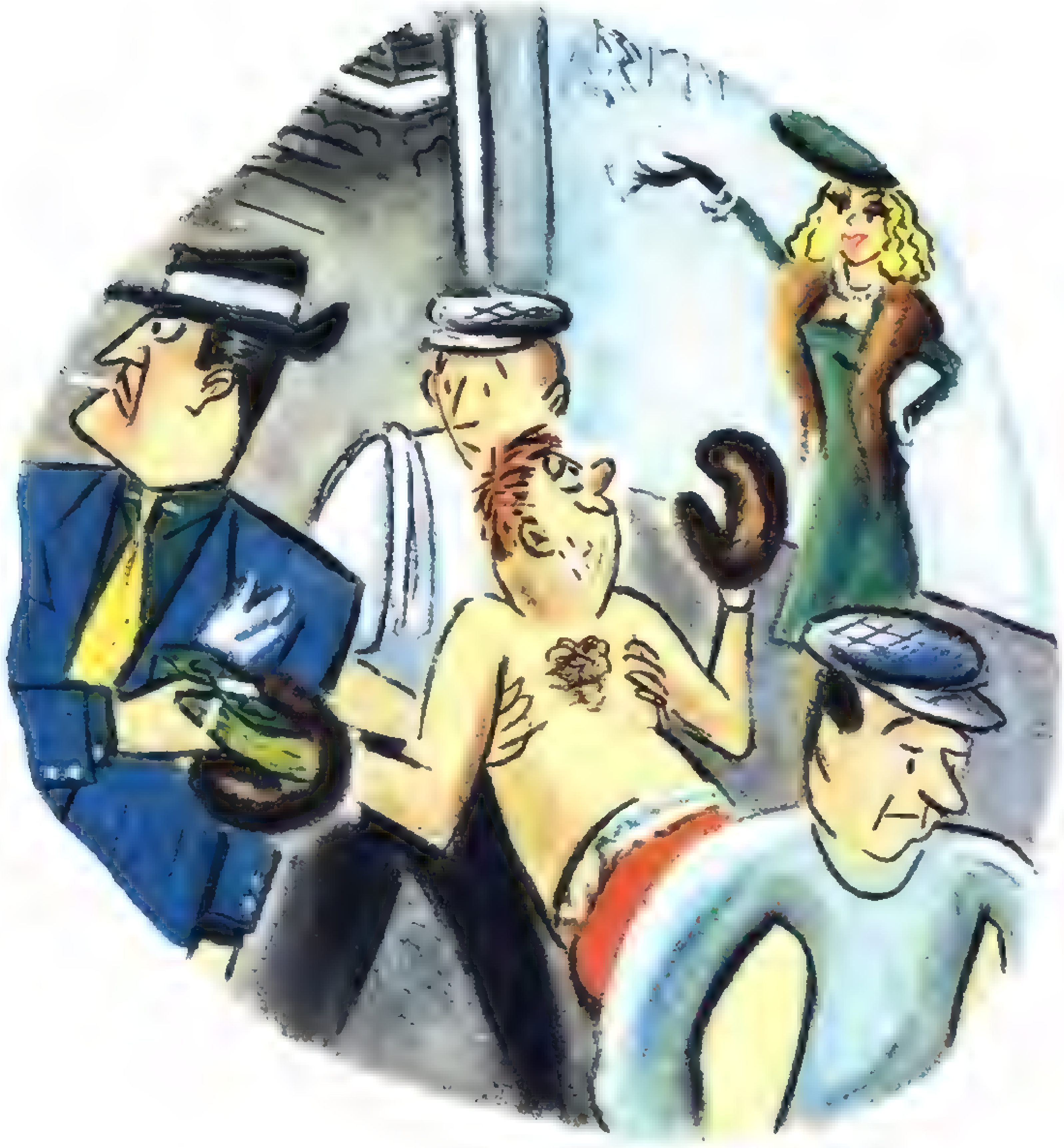


A handsome young couple marry and bravely start life on his forty-dollar-a-week salary. The daring new twist in this plot candidly shows the kind of apartment they can afford

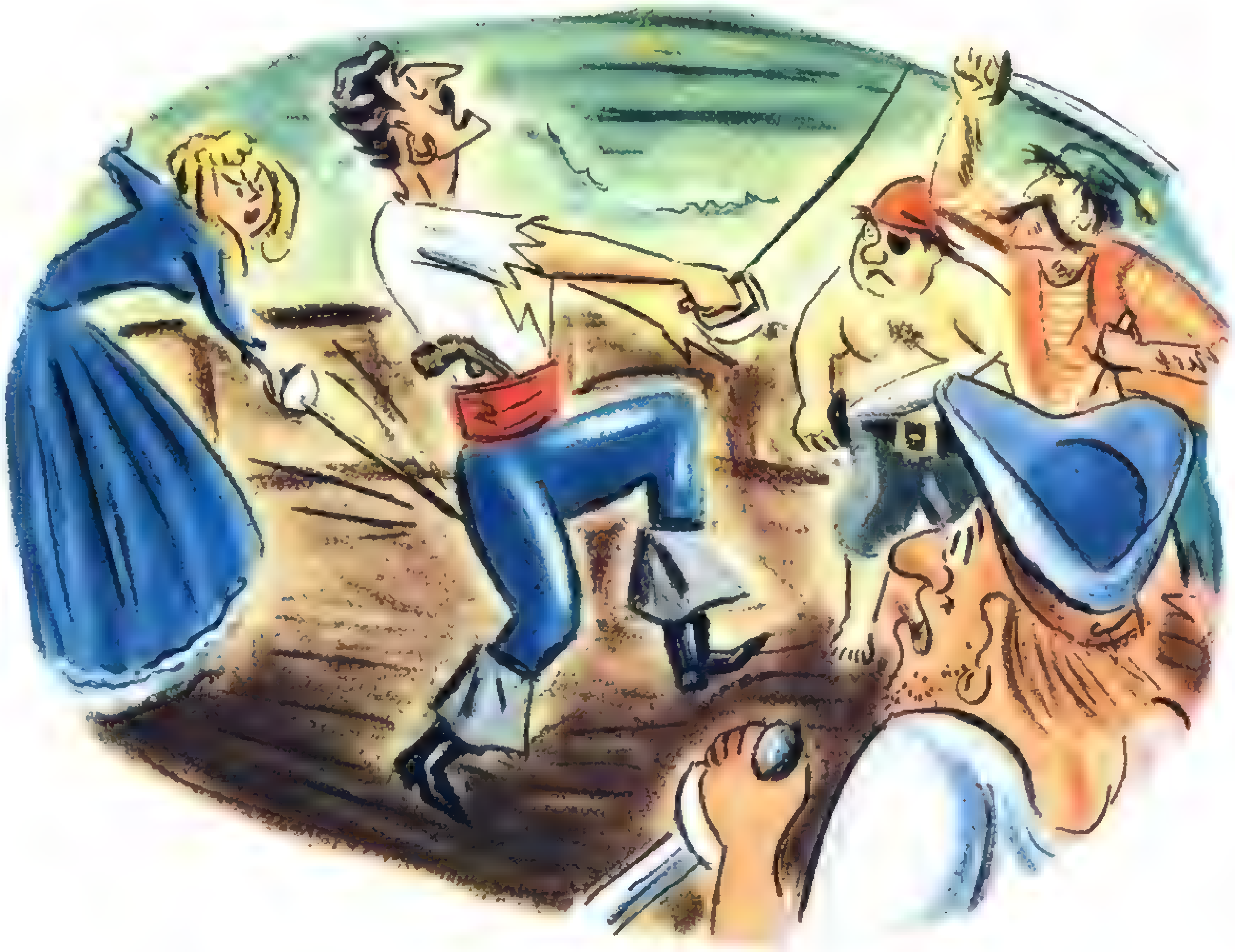
Memo to Movieland

Some helpful hints to Hollywood, suggesting new twists to old plots

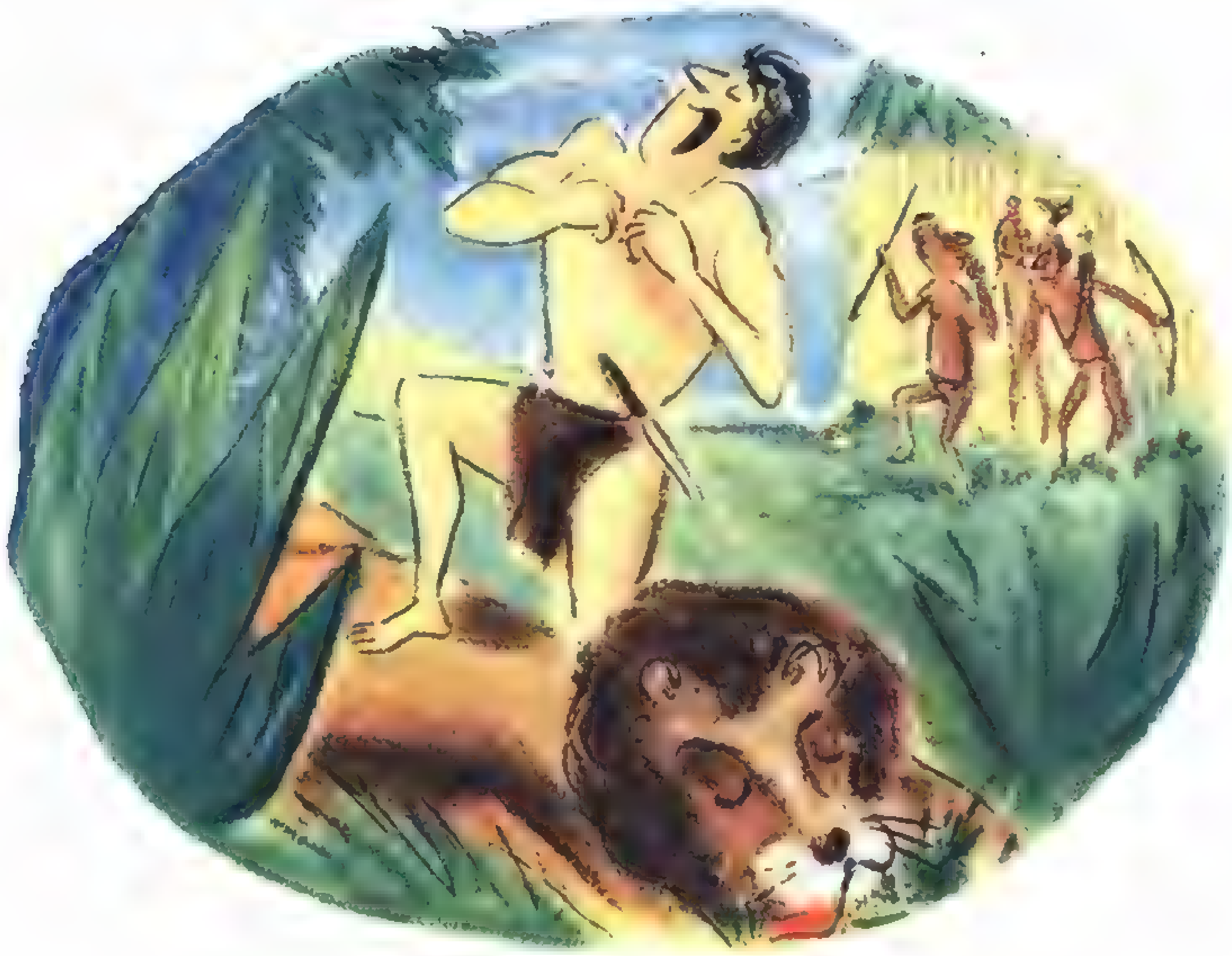
DRAWINGS BY ROBERT KRAUS



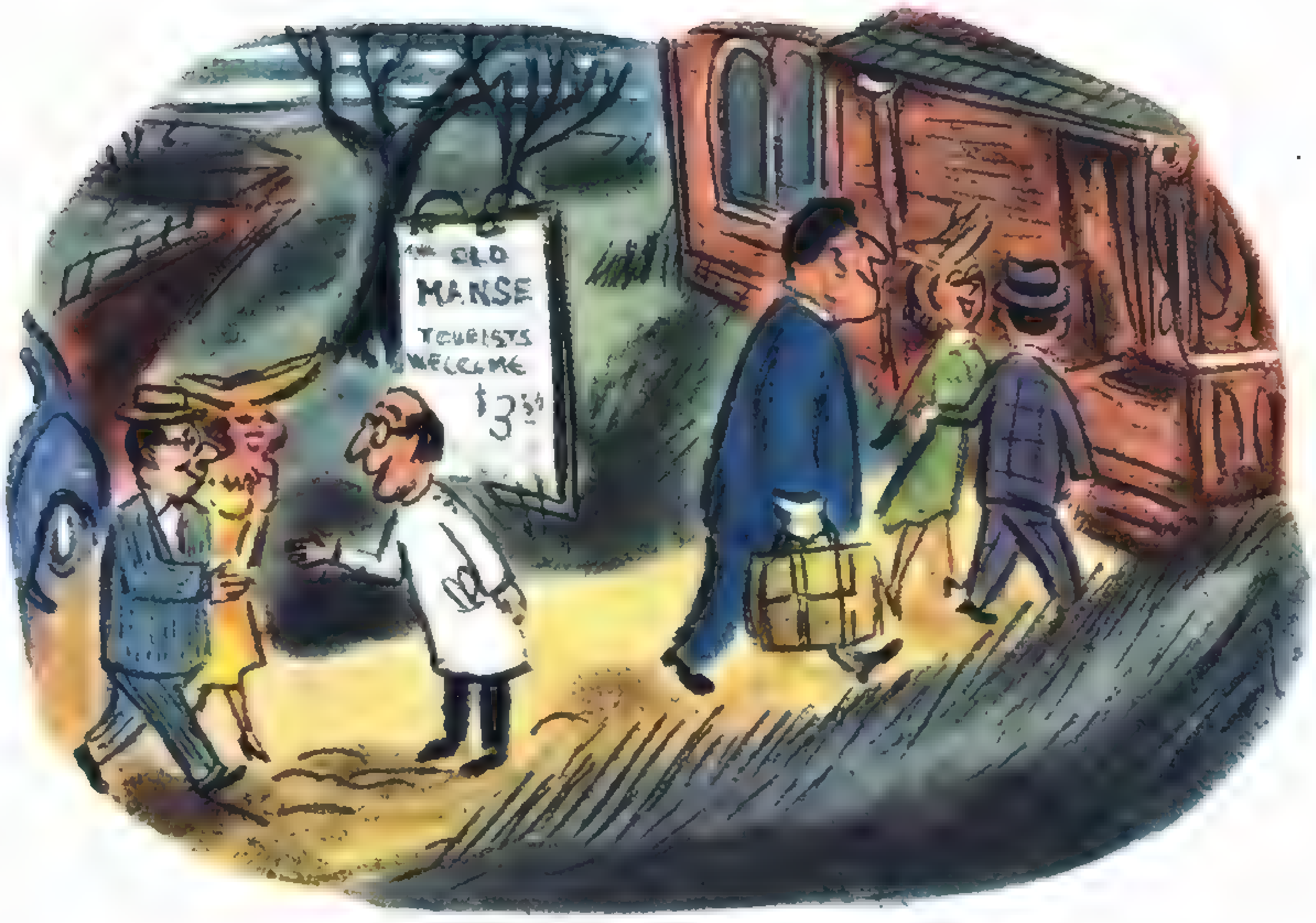
The street gamin who fights his way to the top takes a dive in the championship fight, just as the gambling syndicate planned it. He wins enough money to live happily ever after



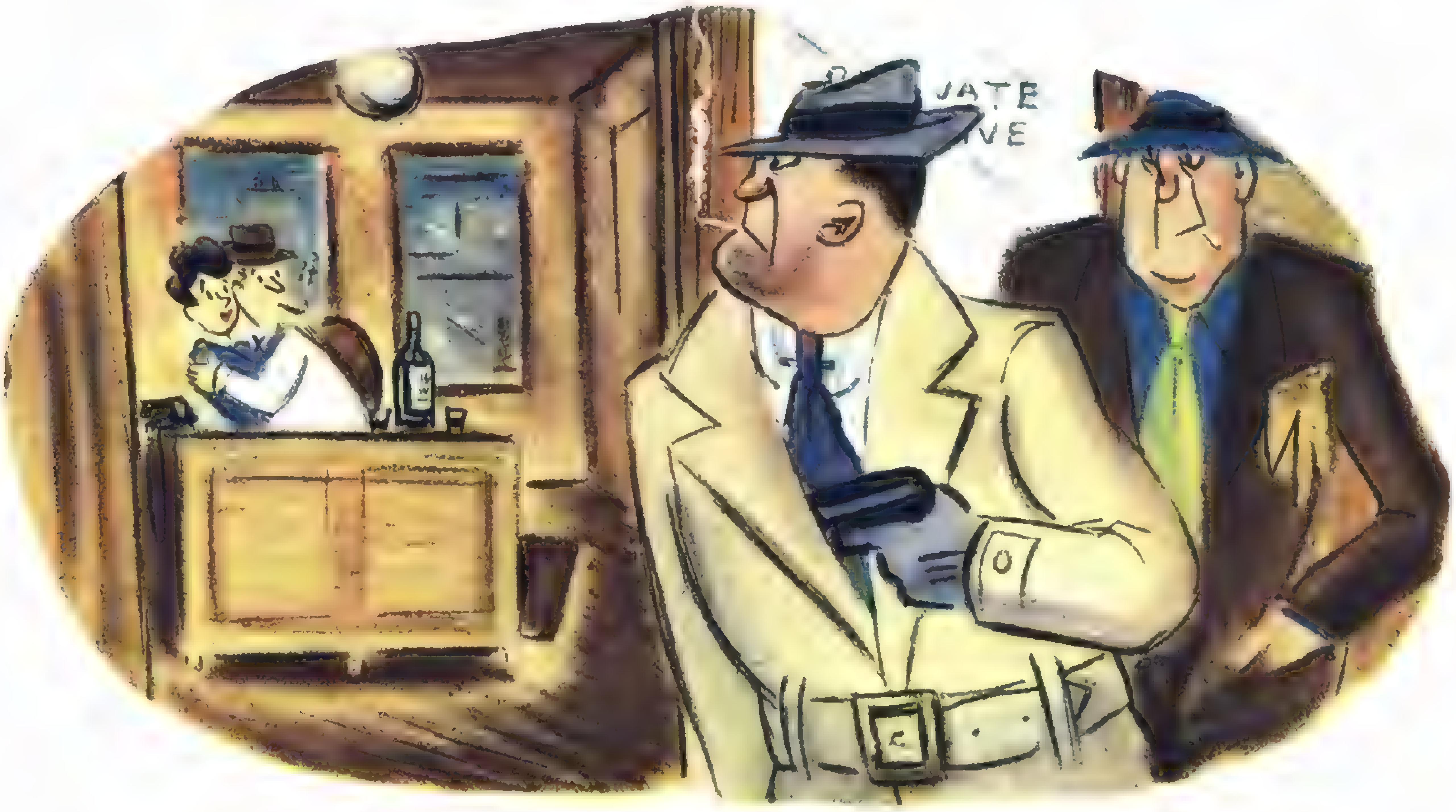
The black prince of pirates takes captive a delicate, blonde beauty of noble birth. He falls in love with her and wants to go "straight," but she kills him and leads the crew on to bloodier adventures



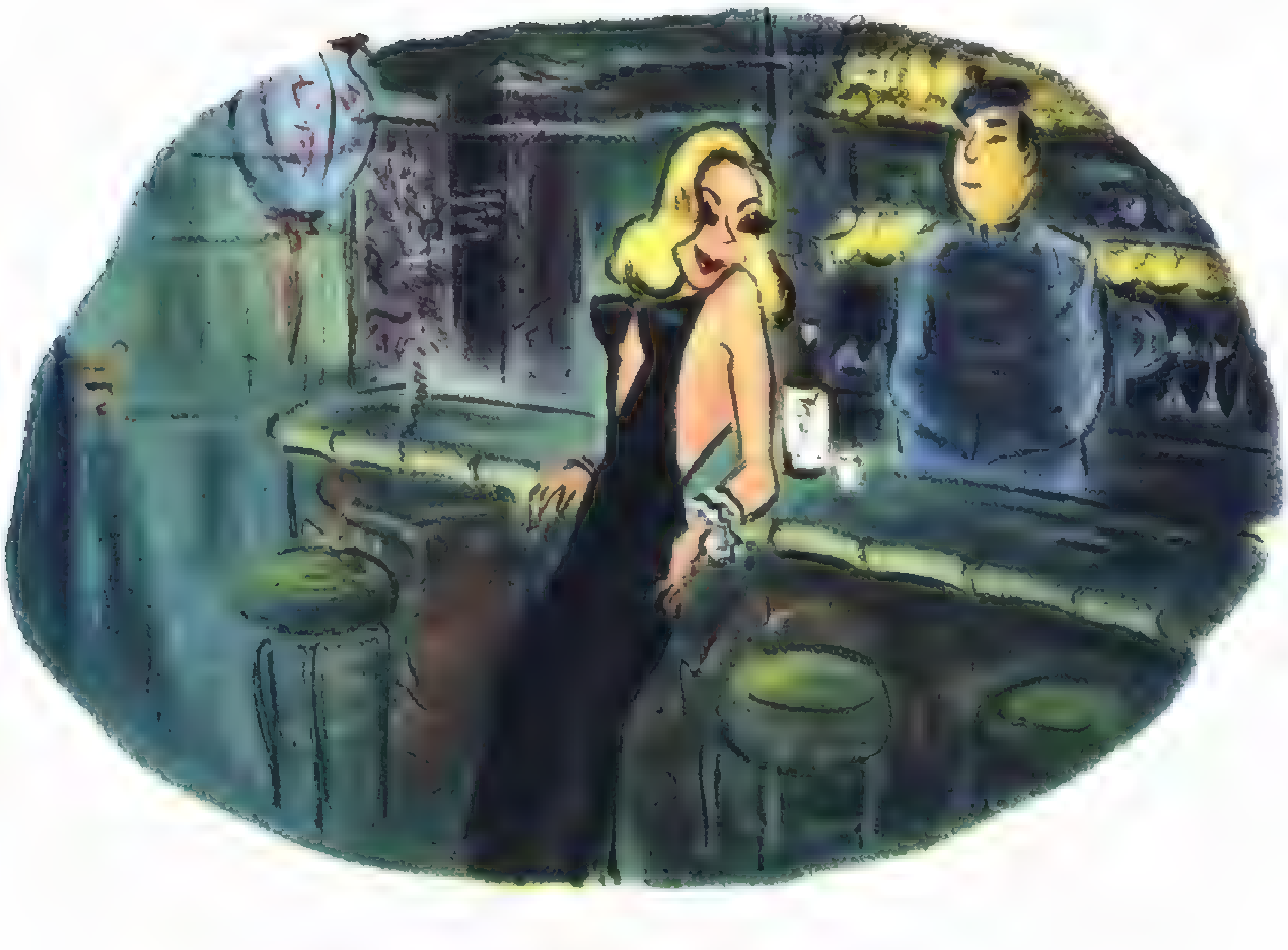
The African natives get tired of hearing bloodcurdling screams at all hours of the night. They capture the jungle ape man and sell him to the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History



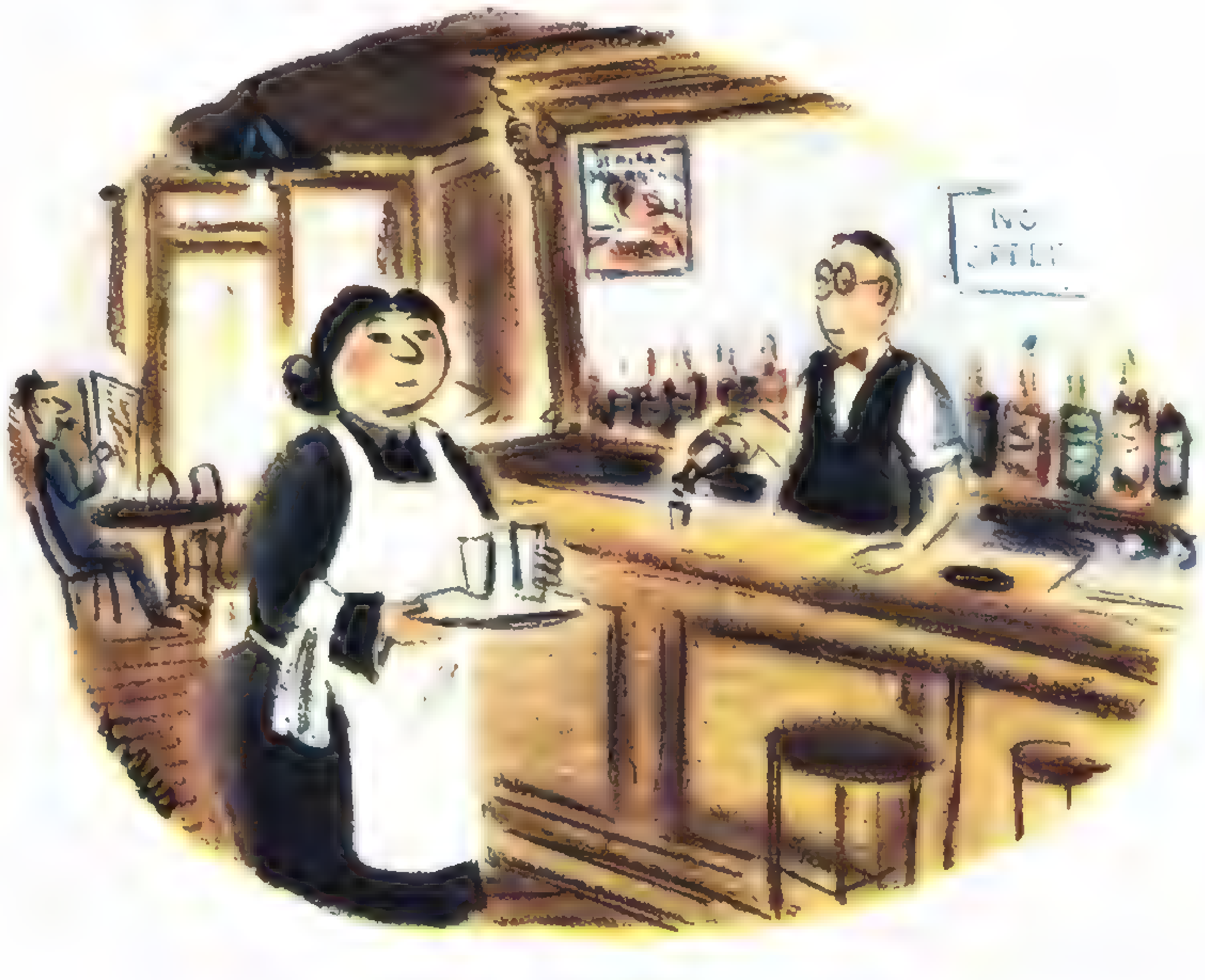
The mad scientist and his "monster," who moved into the haunted house on the hill, turn it into a thriving tourist hostelry



Sam Shovel, private eye, working late at his office, is held up and beaten by two mysterious strangers. He investigates and discovers they were men to whom he owed money since an Army poker game. Sam retires



The bars and cafés of faraway ports always have alluring women (see above) waiting to guide one off the straight and narrow paths



Perhaps a documentary film on these exotic beauties (see above) would dispel many fears concerning the safety of loved ones abroad

Toastmaster supreme, George Jessel isn't going to take any "no's" on the point just made which is, no doubt, that he's " . . . simply a marvelous toastmaster"

Toastmaster General

An Article by

EARL WILSON

When Darryl F. Zanuck, Joseph M. Schenck, and other studio bosses at 20th Century-Fox acceded to George Jessel's request for a six-months' working year, they liberated from Hollywood the greatest toastmaster now living. Anybody doubting that statement may ask Jessel about it and he will gladly acknowledge its veracity.

A certain writer, who happened to be this one, once said to Jessel, concerning his phenomenal toastmastering, "Georgie, I'd like to make you appear humble."

"Don't try because I'm not humble," replied Jessel. "You could say," he continued, "that some toastmasters have put more people to sleep than ether. But you can't say that about me. I wake 'em up. I'm not one of those typical after-dinner speakers. I mean one of those schmoes who eats a meal he doesn't want so he can get up and tell a lot of stories he doesn't remember to people who've already heard them. I'm simply a marvelous toastmaster." And with that he took a bow, in case somebody might be applauding.

Jessel spoke the truth. When the rest of the U.S. heard about his six-months' leave from Hollywood it responded with invitations to speak almost everywhere, from the White House to a butcher shop in Tallahassee. He accepted many, for he loves to talk. One Hollywood wit once said: "He's tough to get—he'll go to anyplace that's not near."

Thus, during last winter, the gifted Jessel, "wearing his formal toupee, the one with the satin sideburns," made like a comedian at the Carnival Café in New York and at the Copa in Miami Beach, at $7500 a week and better . . . but spent his intermissions toastmastering or merely after-dinner speaking. He usually made these banquet appearances, as they say on Broadway, "for no"—gratis.

"Jessel sits on the dais for dais and dais at a time," one bad punster has said. Glib, polished, and witty, he makes banquets a pleasure instead of a bore. As a peripatetic spouter he has been haranguing banquet audiences for more than a decade, and he has seldom failed to do a fine job of it. His most horrendous boner, a real Merkle, was perpetrated in Boston one night when he was substituting for Will Rogers back in the early thirties. He arrived too late to get the guest of honor's pedigree, but just in time to intro-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

If and when he wants to, Jessel can don an expression like this, which, if you're like a great many other people, will probably bring a lump in your throat, tears to your eyes—and his

In his role of serious after-dinner speaker: "This is strictly confidential, haven't told it to more than eight million other people, believe me. But really, you've got to believe me."

"It's a pretty safe bet that you haven't heard this one before, and if you have, well, you've never heard it told the way you're going to hear it told right now, so hold onto your seats"

In the midst of a really good one, Jessel, the maestro, sticks his hands in his pockets and leans contentedly back while he lets the audience sway under the magic of his persuasive voice

Sometimes even the great Jessel has a prepared speech, but that doesn't mean he has to look at it, or that he can't deviate from it with some of that pure instantaneous Jessel wit

"You get the point of it?" No doubt this one's a wow that has the folks you can't see in this picture rolling in the aisles, which, after all, is only what the great Jessel is accustomed to

duce him. Somebody whispered the name and it sounded to Jessel like "Senator Arnold Cohen."

That was enough for a man with Jessel's gifts; after all, a public speaker must think on his feet. Jessel has since maintained, though, that he thought not on his feet but with them. "Senator Arnold Cohen," he thought to himself. "Can't be a U.S. Senator. Must be a state Senator or I'd know his name." So off he raced on a flowery oration. "The Senator's glorious record in your State Legislature you know very well," he said. "But I predict that when he goes on to the U.S. Senate, as he must, he will rank with Hancock, Lowell, Lodge and Harvard in the history of Massachusetts."

There was no applause—for the guest of honor was Arnold Cohen, winner of a sweepstakes prize.

The well-prepared Jessel of today would make no such error. He's perfect in every department—including the crying. Most toastmasters are happy to wring a few laughs from the crowd. Jessel not only rocks them with laughs, but then, delicately changing pace, reminisces about his late friend Jimmy Walker, or his mother who died not long ago, or Franklin D. Roosevelt, or the days when he and Walter Winchell were both broke, until his eyes glisten with tears. His voice almost breaks. His listeners dab their eyes, too. Hearing Jessel act as toastmaster is actually an emotional experience. He is, as somebody has said of Bette Davis, "always in there crying": in two weeks, a few months ago, he wept at six banquets; moreover, he wept regularly two shows a night in his café act at the Carnival. But his worst critic wouldn't say he's insincere. He's merely an easy weeper. As show people say, "He cries at card tricks."

A lot of people think of Jessel as a tireless Romeo (which he is) and as a guy who married a very young girl (which he did). But others treasure his freshness, or impudence, which has enabled him to get off some dinner cracks that are now classics.

Jesse Lasky, at a dinner for Maurice Chevalier, kept deviating from his printed speech, then returning to his text and saying, "Where was I?" After the tenth "Where was I?" the irrepressible Georgie hopped up screaming, "You're at the Hotel Astor and your name is Jesse Lasky."

Once, at a Jimmy Walker birthday banquet, Judge Mitchell May seemingly had spoken of everything, but was still in good voice and planning to plow right on for hours. He paused

(*Continued on page 143*)

Ruby Fabian: The look in her eyes could set you talking to yourself, but the big miracle in shock treatment was the rest of her

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENVER GILLEN

Leopard Spots

Maybe some women change and maybe some don't and maybe it takes a guy a long time and a lot of murder to find out. But the libido is a funny kind of thing that makes a man do funny kinds of things, and even lets him think he has a reason for them. No matter what happens, murder is not the kind of thing two people can build their love on

A Bedside Mystery by JAMES WEST

HER face was oval, firm, and made to turn red roses bile-green with envy. And if you go for lips that are a little too full the way I do, she was beautiful. She had skin the color of an inch of coffee in a cupful of cream and smooth auburn hair that swept unerringly into a casual but calculated looseness. And there was a look in her wide and lovely eyes that could set you talking to yourself. But the big thing was the rest of her. She knew it, and her clothes had a death grip on her so that you would know it too. There was enough there to make you lose interest in everything living outside of that dress. When she was wearing a dress. At the moment she wasn't. She was wearing what you could call next to nothing. The nothing I wanted to be next to. Then she quickly wrapped herself in a quilted house coat.

"Be an angel and mix us something ultra," she said.

So I went into the kitchen and threw some milk, bourbon, and a pinch of sugar together and brought two glasses of it into the bedroom and gave her one. It was as ultra as I could get.

"How domestic," she said, as she sipped her drink.

"Domestic is the way it ought to be," I said. "I mean really."

"We're much more practical this way. You've lovely shoulders and a wonderful waistline, but being Scott Fabian's wife has its advantages."

"So you're practical. What am I?"

"Broad-shouldered. That's an advantage too."

Then it was dark and there was little talk. And what there was of talk was hardly audible and often meaningless. That's the way it really is. Finally I broke the silence that breeds so well in darkness. "This would never stand up in court," I whispered. "You ought to marry me."

"No," she said. "This is fine. Call it Cathay, Shangri-la, or you-name-it. But it's interlude above everything else."

"Why?" I said hoarsely. "What does Fabian really mean to you? You cringe every time he comes near you."

"He means about five million dollars to me," she said. "And I'm much too experienced to cringe, Jack."

"Yeah," I said. "I know."

"And don't become indecent, darling."

"No, I'll stay nice and clean . . . like the way we meet downtown somewhere in the dark and drive out to Laguna when nobody's looking, or sneak up here to my place . . ."

She was bored. "Oh, God. Stop talking. There's something about you when you get moral."

I stopped talking.

I hadn't followed her out here to California. Maybe I would have, except that I never knew where she had gone after she had left New York. I was up to my hips in quicksand as far as how I felt about her was concerned. But, five years before, she had wanted to force what we had out of her life like someone trying to get rid of the measles. And maybe she felt that marrying Scott Fabian when she got to California set the high-jump record. Maybe she was right. Anyhow, I'd found her here after five years.

About her. Scott Fabian's wife. That's good on anybody's list. Because when you mentioned that name, you were really up in the throne room where they play Gin with gold-embossed cards at a silver mine a point. Fabian, of the citrus domain. A fruit dynasty with Ruby Fabian as queen bee. And the next morning I found myself looking at all the things that made her such. Even free of the sorcery of Factor and Rubinstein she presented a happy design for the kind of madness you don't have to push with fire sales.

Fabian was on my mind, and why it was him instead of me. I made mention of the fact. I should have known better. It upset her, and it made me hate Fabian.

"Why must you continually bring it up?" she said, not pleasant. "Isn't it enough for you, the way we have it now?"

"No, it's not. I'm greedy that way," I told her. I was sitting across the small kitchen table from her, a coffee cup at my elbow. We weren't tearing up the linoleum, but the only repose in that immediate area was in the coffee cups.

"Well, I'm greedy too," she said. "I'd have to be out of my mind to make a forever thing out of you. I'd be trading first-class fare for a boxcar."

"Don't get nasty. You've been in a lot worse."

Her eyes got like acetylene torches, and she went into the living room. I followed.

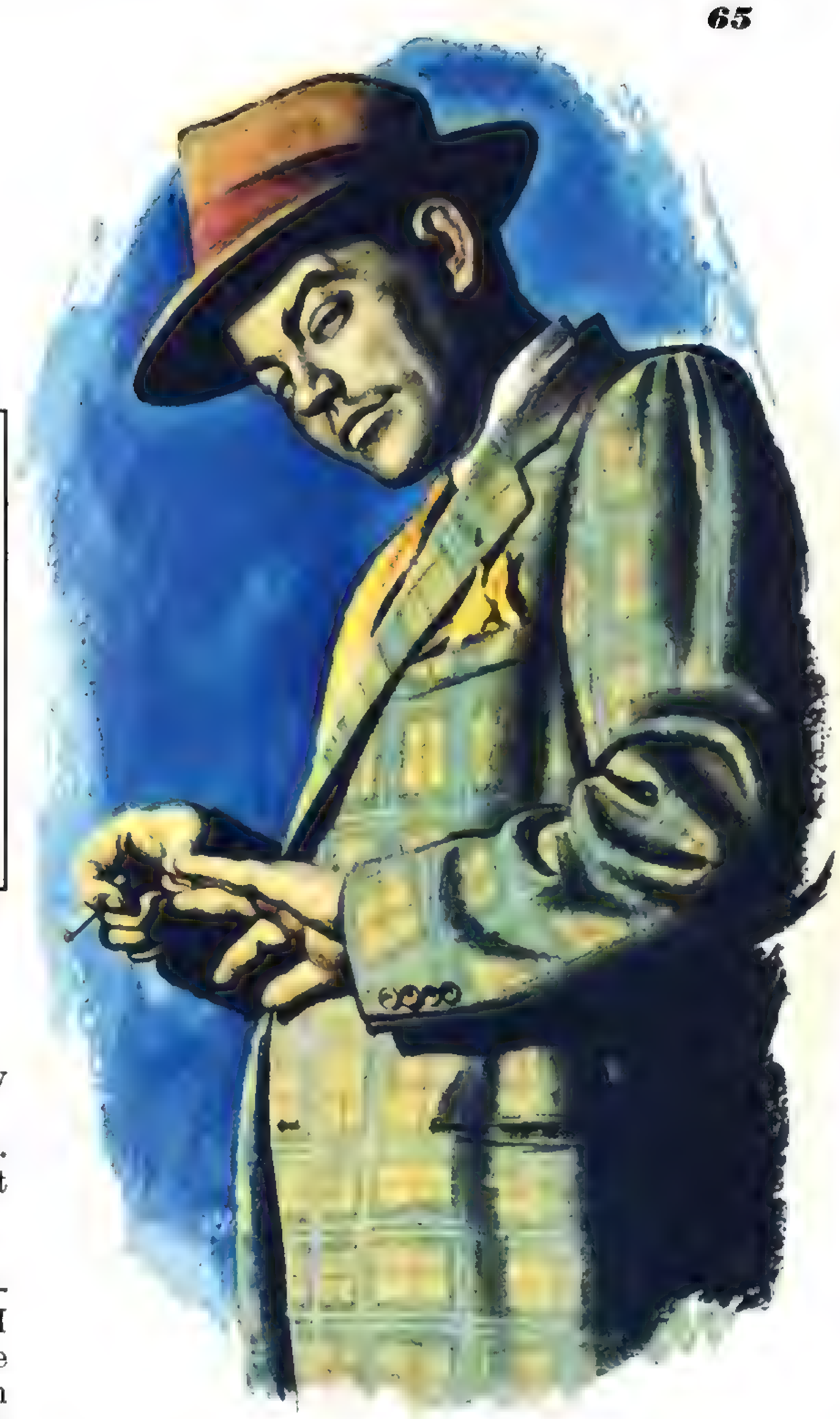
I helped her on with a beige swagger coat she had worn the night before. "Tonight?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said.

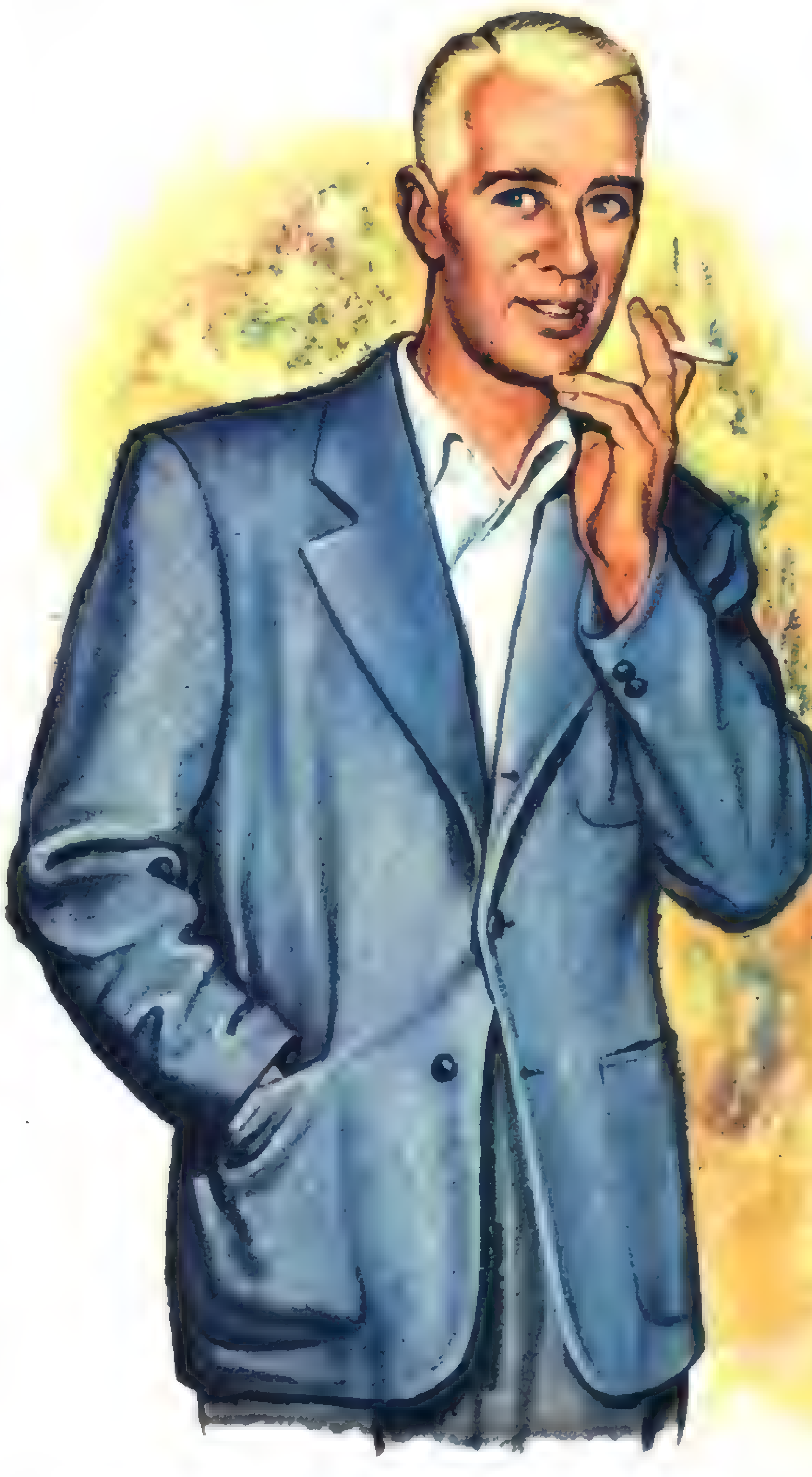
"Say no if you mean no."

"Perhaps it would be better for both of us if I said no."

(*Continued on next page*)



Claude Staufin: He would trade keeping quiet for the Thing some guys would trade their grandmothers for — not as pretty as grass, but just as green



Randolph Hoarky: With time on his hands and all the money he wanted, he was good at three things. Drinking and tennis were two of them

"Okay." I could tell she didn't like it.

"We're becoming pointless," she said as she turned toward the door.

"Okay."

She liked it less the second time. "You think I'll call you?" she said. There was smoke.

"That's right."

"Go to hell. But really go to hell."

"Not with you," I said. "Never without you."

I wanted to hit her, and I had ideas about kissing. Nothing happened, though, and she left.

I lived in one of those two-story buildings dressed in white stucco and green tile on South Beverly Glen. After giving her fifteen minutes of getaway, I came out of the front door and saw a thickset little guy in a shrieking plaid suit drifting out of the court at the front end of the walk. I caught sight of him from the rear, and then he disappeared, turning off down the street somewhere. You notice those things in a neighborhood like this, because you have just three neighbors in your building and no more. And if none of them is a short stocky guy who owns a vine of the uninhibited plaid variety, you're bound to take notice of the combination when it shows up. He was gone when I got to the curb where my car was parked. I drove to the office.

Look me up in the Los Angeles classified and you'll find me listed under auctioneers. It says John Farrell, auctioneer and appraiser. It wasn't a gold mine, but I got a buck out of it often enough to pay taxes on ten or twelve thousand a year. That afternoon I drove out to the home of a guy named Randolph Hoarky, who wanted to do some trading. We had a three o'clock appointment.

Hoarky was tall, slender, very tanned, and somewhere on the good side of forty. He was wearing a blue jacket on top of an off-white basque shirt and grey flannel trousers, and I guess you'd call him handsome. He shook hands hard. I didn't like him. We went around his place from room to room, looking over the stuff, and everything was pretty routine until we went upstairs to his bedroom.

The usual stuff was in the bedroom. Bureau, chifforobe, and of course his bed. A double bed, wide and at least a foot longer than he was. There was something else too. A photograph in a silver-mounted picture frame. It was of a woman imprisoned on a half-glossy finish that left her waistline out of the picture, but had everything else in it. She had lips that were full. Maybe a tick too full, but just the way I like a woman's mouth to look. If you can't guess, I'll tell you. It was Ruby.

I didn't ask questions. I had plenty, but I didn't ask them. I just made my deal with him and explained how I would put ads in the Sunday *Supplement* and come out there and sell whenever he liked. He said Friday of the following week would do. I said okay and left.

I won't say it didn't prey on my mind while I was driving back to the office. I had heard of Hoarky. He was a scion of one of the richest oil families in California. And, as far as anyone knew, Hoarky had only three full-time interests. One was liquor. One was tennis. The third was almost anybody's pastime. And when I thought about her picture being in his bedroom, it took my mind off how much I hated Scott Fabian. I shifted to Hoarky.

I lost them both as I drove up to the three-story building I rented space in. There was a short, barrel-chested guy in a plaid suit coming through one of the three swinging doors leading to the lobby of the building. As I got out of the car, he was headed toward the corner with his back to me. It was the same picture I had seen earlier that day in the patio of my apartment house. Maybe he looked like trouble to me. Only trouble seldom came dressed like that. I let him fade.

The central switchboard told me that a woman had called me and that she hadn't left her name. I dialed Crestview 931. The third ring was good enough.

"I got your message," I told her.

She played it cold. "What makes you think I left one?"

"You called while I was out," I said.

"All right, I called. What do you want? A door prize?"

"Only if there's nothing better."

She didn't answer and I knew that there was something better. So I talked and she listened, and it all added up to eight o'clock that evening at my place. Fabian had been in Chicago on business for the past week and apparently was still there. And she couldn't let it go at that. Because she was the way she was. I was glad.

That night she looked like all the ruling women from Eve to Catherine, and I felt like all the guys that had been suckers for them.

It stayed sweet for a while. Nothing fancy. Just sweet. At a little after nine o'clock we were thirsty. I got up from the divan where we were sitting. "Don't disappear," I said.

She didn't say whether she would or not and I took a chance, moving toward the kitchen for some ice. I stopped at the window to cut the street-lamp yellow that was oozing through the tilted strips of bamboo shading it. And I stood there for longer than I had planned to. Because I saw the plaid suit, still draped around the beer keg of a man I had seen before. He was standing on the front doorstep below and off to the left of the window. Three times in one day put this out of the haphazard class. It fell into plan. I suddenly developed an aversion to plaid material.

I looked down the staircase that led from my apartment to the front door and I could see his face through the triangle glass in the wood frame. The outside light was pasted to his squat features. I went down.

I opened the door. He stared at me. He was a funny combination of laugh and scowl, with mean, slit eyes and a bulb-shaped nose. I thought I saw a smile, but I was probably wrong. "Lose something?" I asked.

He smiled. He was better without it. "Uh-uh, neighbor," he said, with the sweet music of creaking floors in his voice. "Found something."

"What's the grift, mister?" I snapped.

"Let's go upstairs and talk." He said it smiling.

"Right here. And quick."

He shrugged, lifting his shoulders effortlessly. "All right," he said. "A man leaves town and hires me to protect his interest while he's gone. Better than that—he wants me to keep an eye on his interest to make sure it's still his interest and not someone else's."

"I'm nowhere," I told him, glaring.

"Scott Fabian, brother. Are you somewhere now? You should be—you got his wife up there with you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. It wasn't convincing.

"With what Mrs. Fabian's got, I wish I knew what I'm talking about as good as you do. I got my romantic side. And I'd hate to think it was anything but what it is."

"Is that all?"

He didn't answer right away. Then, with a small grin in front of it, he said, "Let's ask Mrs. Fabian."

And it suddenly came clear, like something in the bottom of a developing tray. He wanted to trade keeping quiet for the thing some guys would trade their grandmothers for. Not as pretty as grass, but just as green.

"Let's not," I said.

"I'm sure of you now, brother. That leaves me with one thing to do; make out my question sheet with all the right answers and hand it in to Fabian."

"Don't con me," I said. "You've got the wrong party."

His eyes climbed onto my face and stayed there. "You're a hero, brother. Don't burn out too fast."

I was glad when he turned away from me and got lost in the blackness at the end of the cement walk. I went inside.

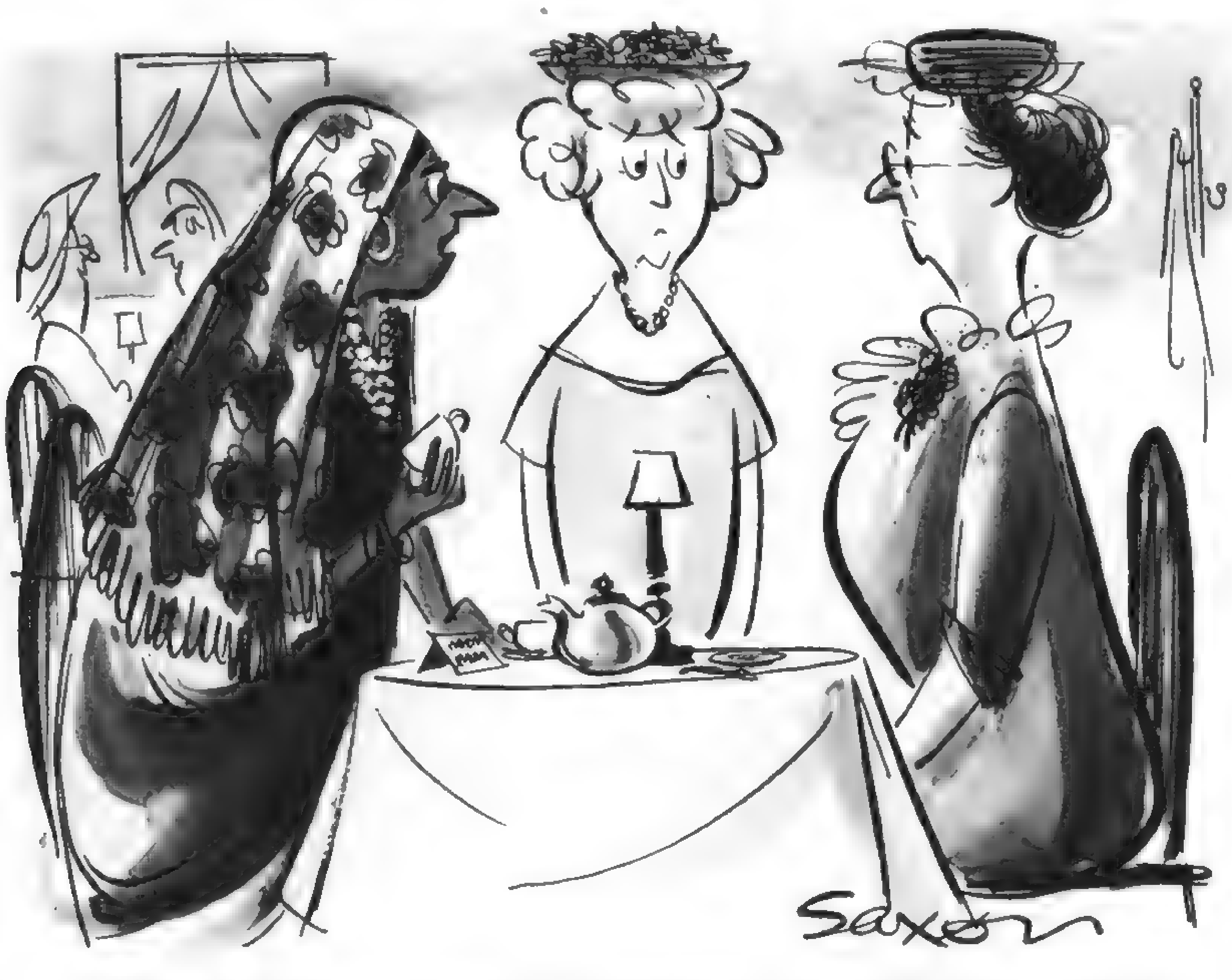
Ruby was standing at the head of the stairs in the open doorway of the apartment. "Who was that?" she said, a crease freezing itself into her forehead.

"Nobody."

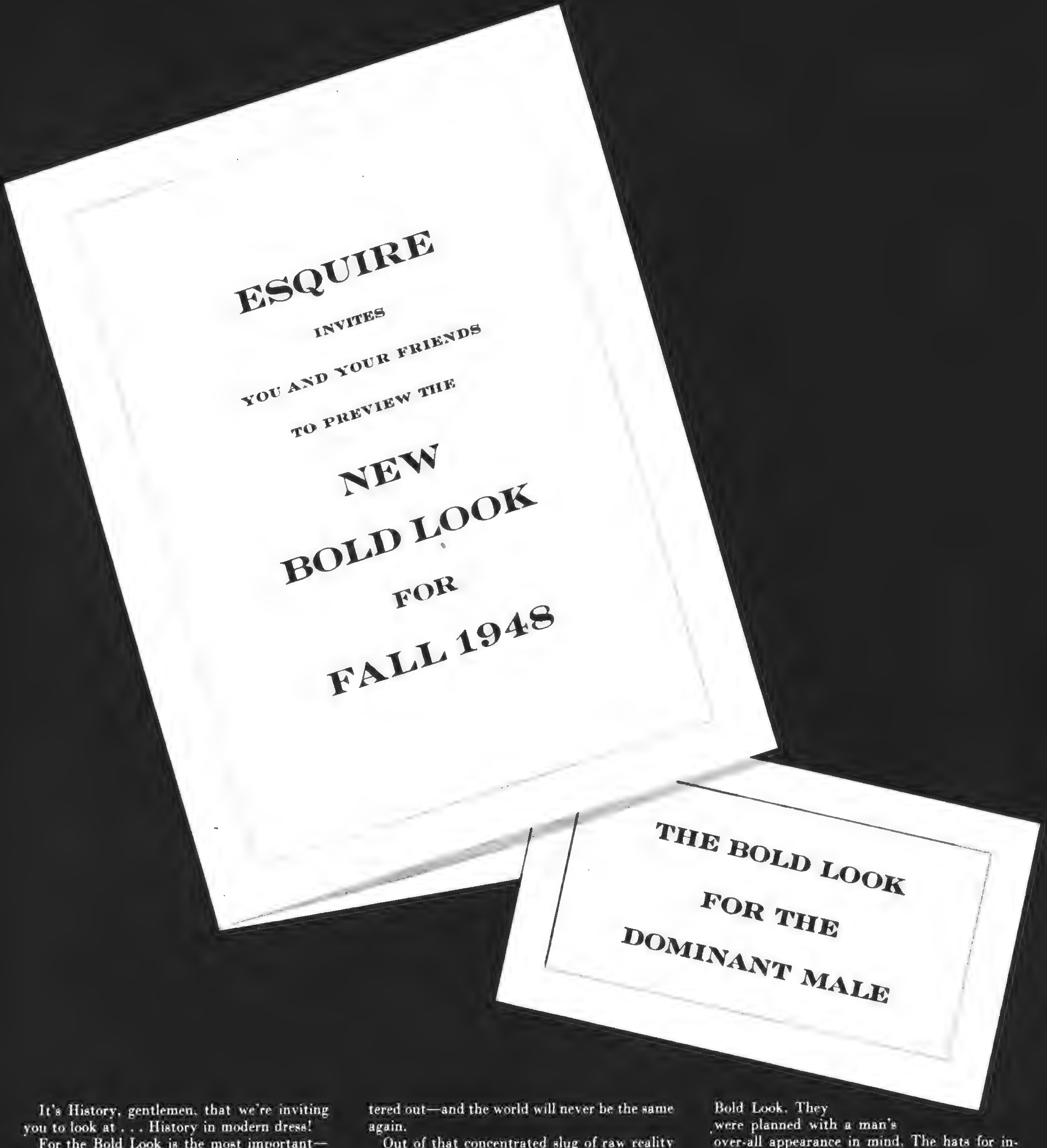
"You weren't talking to yourself," she said. "Who was it?"

She wanted to know. I told her.

She wandered to *(Continued on page 123)*



"Your fortune came out in Egyptian. That will be one dollar more for the translation"



ESQUIRE
INVITES
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS
TO PREVIEW THE
NEW
BOLD LOOK
FOR
FALL 1948

THE BOLD LOOK
FOR THE
DOMINANT MALE

It's History, gentlemen, that we're inviting you to look at . . . History in modern dress!

For the Bold Look is the most important—and the most logical—evolutionary development in the appearance of the male animal since the passing of the blue serge suit and the sunset of the celluloid collar.

It is, in short, the first actual expression—in the fabrics, the textures, the colors and the cut of the clothes a man wears—of a predominant state of mind. And it is more than that . . .

It is a tremendous organized program on the part of a select group of outstanding American manufacturers and retailers to provide a service of preplanned and coordinated apparel design, color styling and ensemble selection for the *whole* man, from his hats to his heels—from his formal to his most casual clothing.

Examine, if you will, those statements:

Times have changed. Things are different today. The beach heads have gone back to sand and waves—the bomb-bays at dawn are a memory—the convoys have been counted and mustered out—and the world will never be the same again.

Out of that concentrated slug of raw reality has come a new kind of thinking and a new kind of human being, male, genus Americanus.

He's a confident, easy-going cuss, as likeable as a Texan's laugh, as virile as a morning plunge, and as genuine as a sirloin steak.

And it's because of this man that the Bold Look has swept the country.

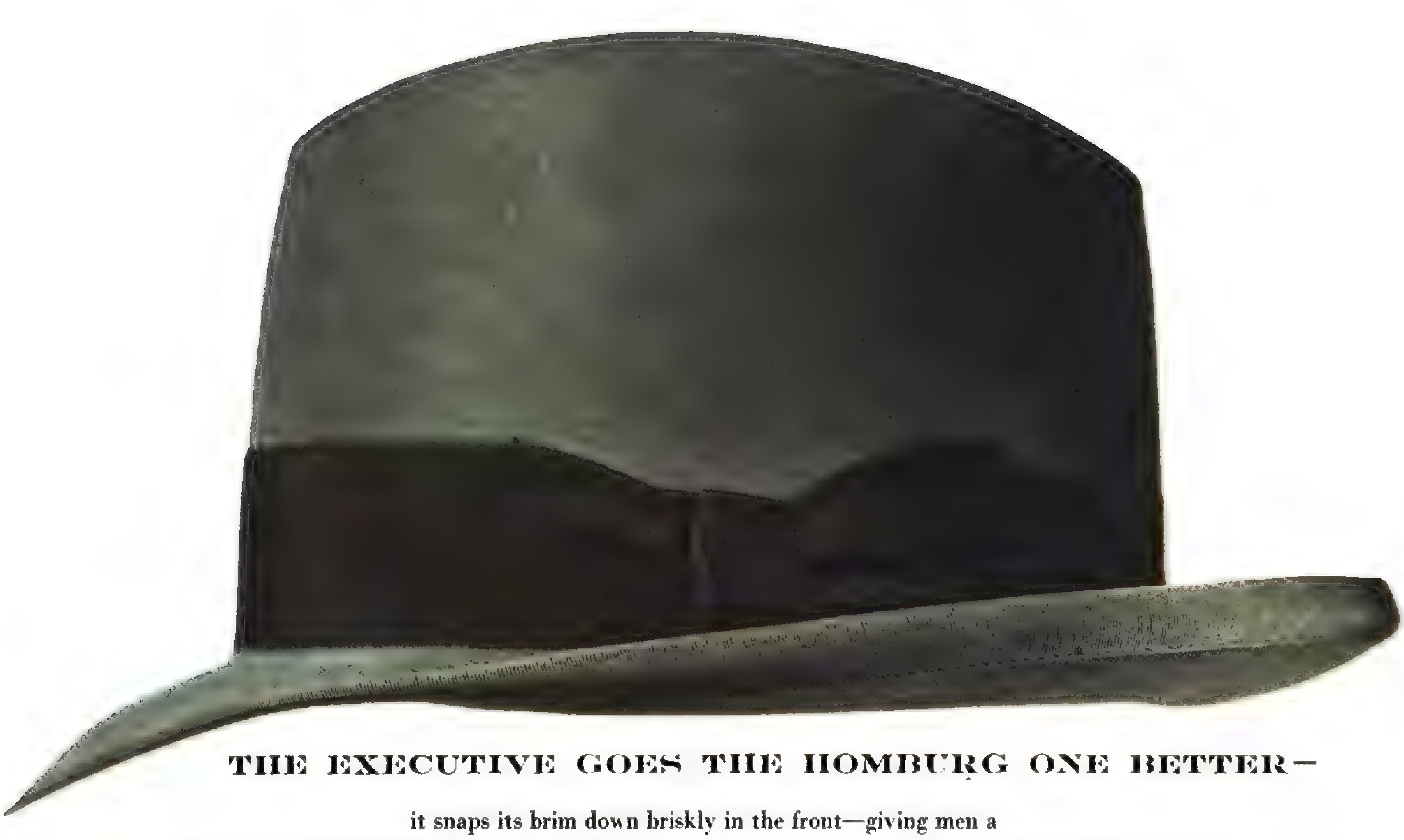
This Fall, for the *first* time, a man can go into a store and buy—not just a new hat and a new suit—but a completely coordinated outfit; an outfit that reflects the dynamic, forceful qualities that he, himself, possesses; an outfit in which the hat bears a relation to the suit, the suit to the shirt, the shirt to the tie and the pocket handkerchief, and all of these to the socks and the shoes. And here, in Esquire, he's being given guidance along those lines.

The newest fashions, shown on these pages, embody the vigorous, bold, forceful features that have come to be accepted as the measures of the Bold Look. They were planned with a man's over-all appearance in mind. The hats for instance: they were designed as no hats were ever designed before—with a special consideration for the clothes with which they'll be worn. In the past, a grey hat could always be worn with a dark blue suit—but *this* grey hat (thanks to its blue band) *belongs* with the dark blue suit with which it's shown. And so with all the other new clothes and accessories.

And what will this new concept of clothing design do for you?

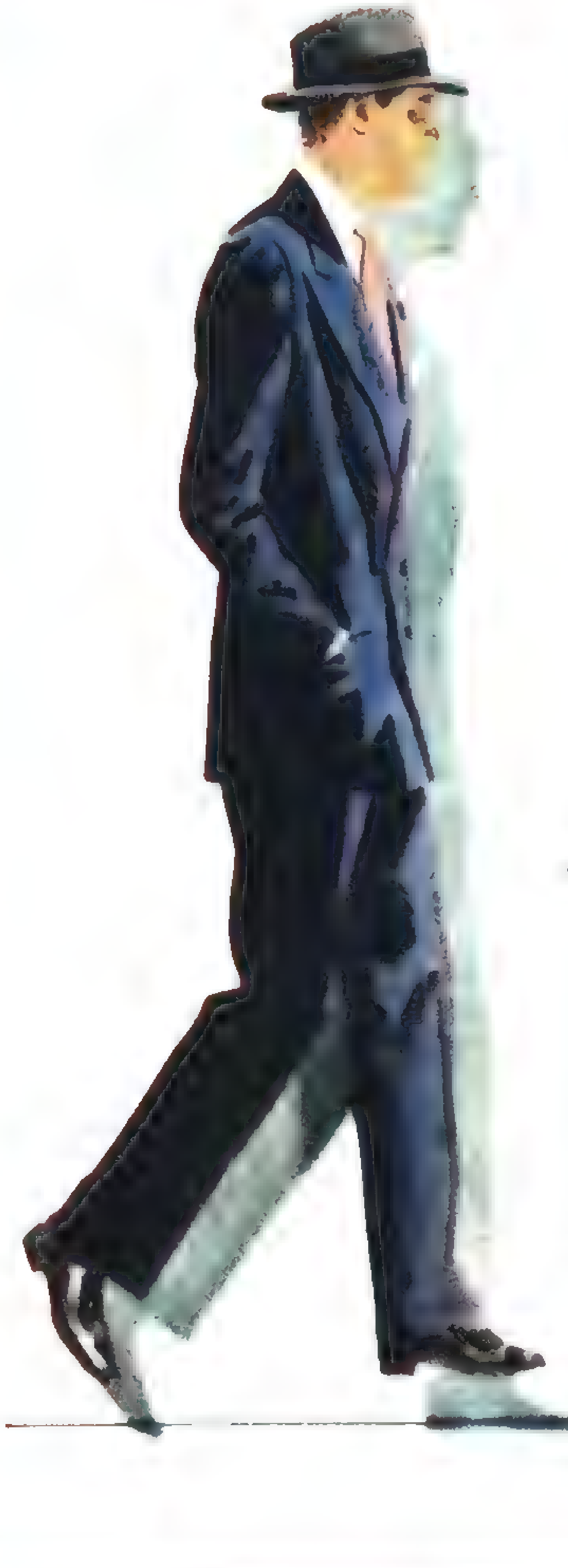
Because these clothes have been designed to go together; because they look as though they *belong* together, the man who wears them will be noticed—not for the new suit he's wearing, or for the new hat—but because of the over-all appearance he makes. And *that's* the mark of a well-dressed man.

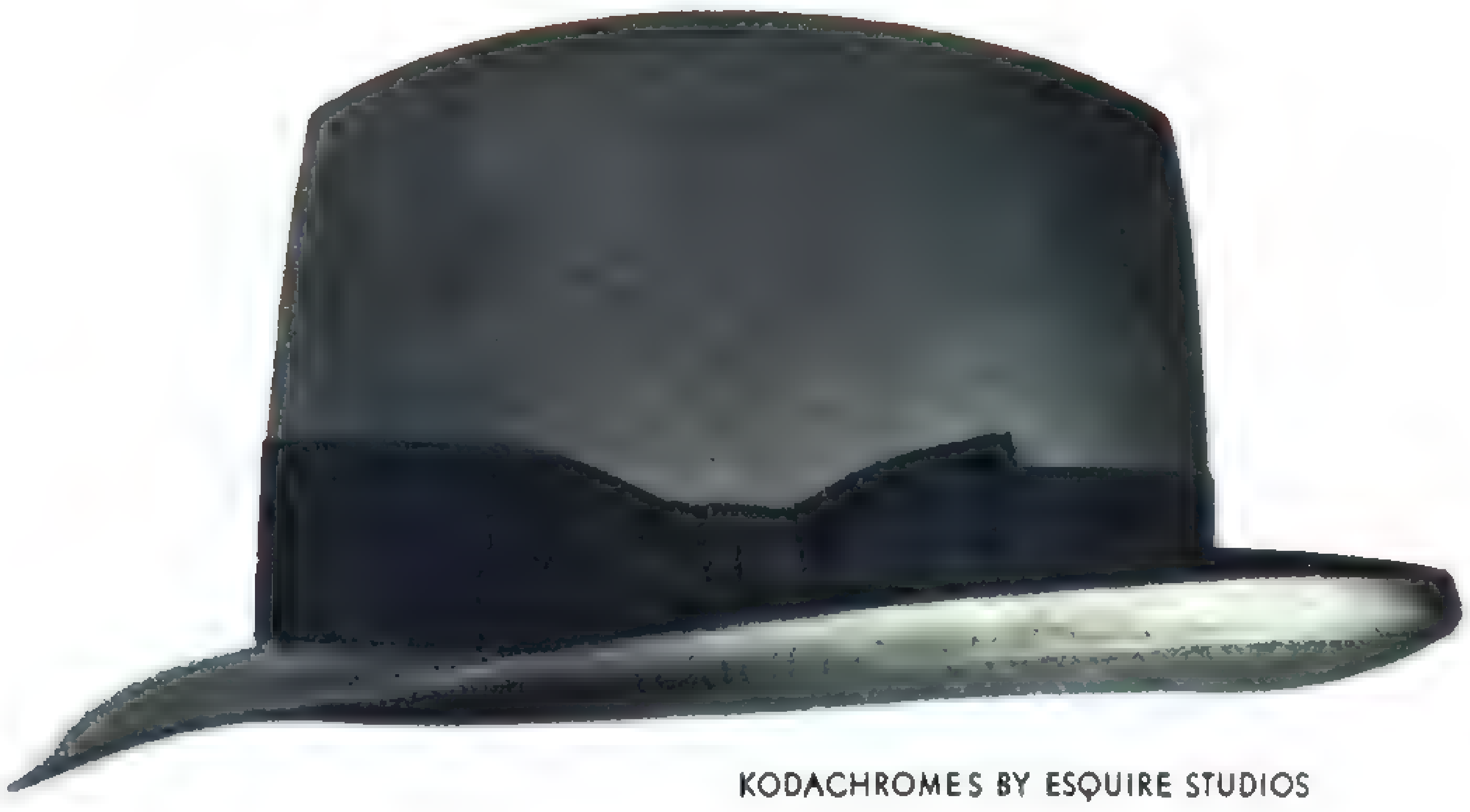
And in these newest Bold Look clothes that appearance will be one of dominance, of self-confidence—and of unquestioned good taste.



THE EXECUTIVE GOES THE HOMBURG ONE BETTER—

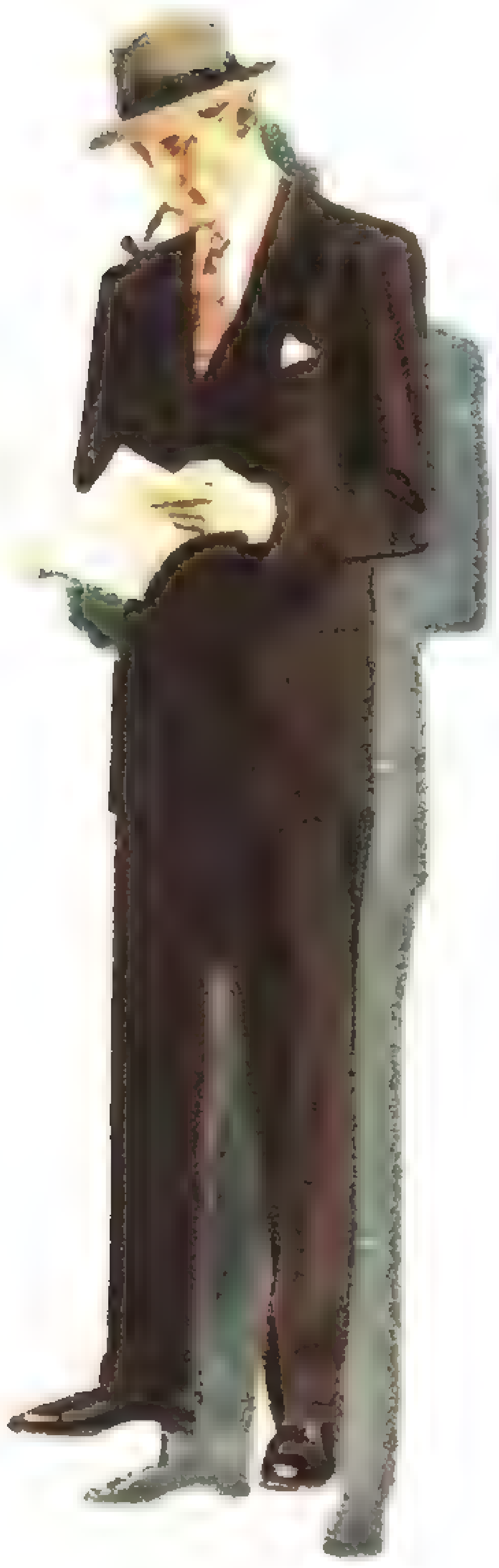
it snaps its brim down briskly in the front—giving men a hat that embodies the clean shape and the tight roll of the homburg with a more mature and assured snap brim. Even more important—it keys its colors to the clothes with which it's worn: this Willow felt was especially planned for wear with a brown suit—but its contrasting dark brown band or its binding could pick up the color of your tie or the secondary color in your suit as well. It's bound at the edges with a harmonizing Willow binding that's barely visible on the top of the brim (only ⅛" wide) but very prominent on the underside (⅝" wide).

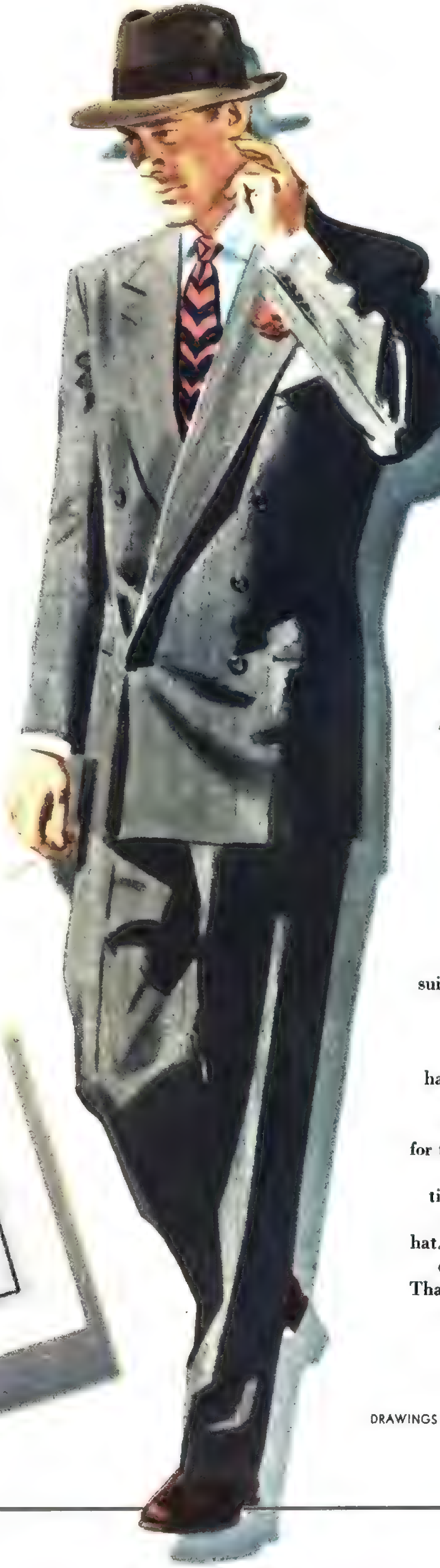




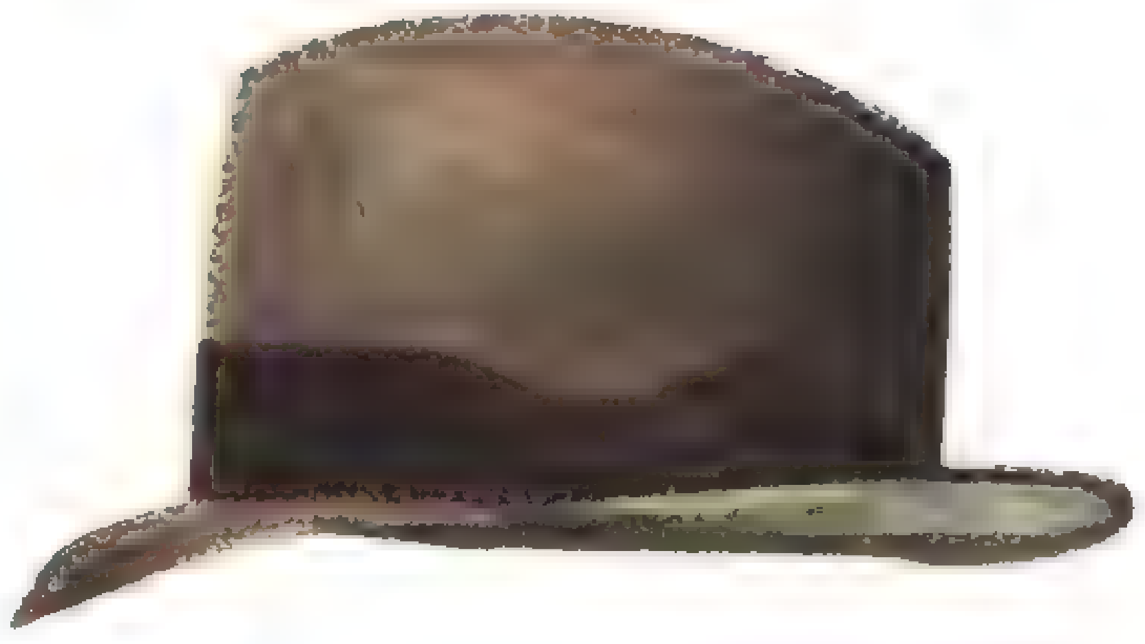
KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

No, this hat didn't come with that dark blue suit, but it *could* have—it's that *right* for it. It's the Executive in grey felt with a band that repeats the Navion blue of the suit with which it's shown here. Its binding is a light grey—a prominent band of extra color on the underside of the brim that can pick up the accent color of your tie or the secondary color of your suit.





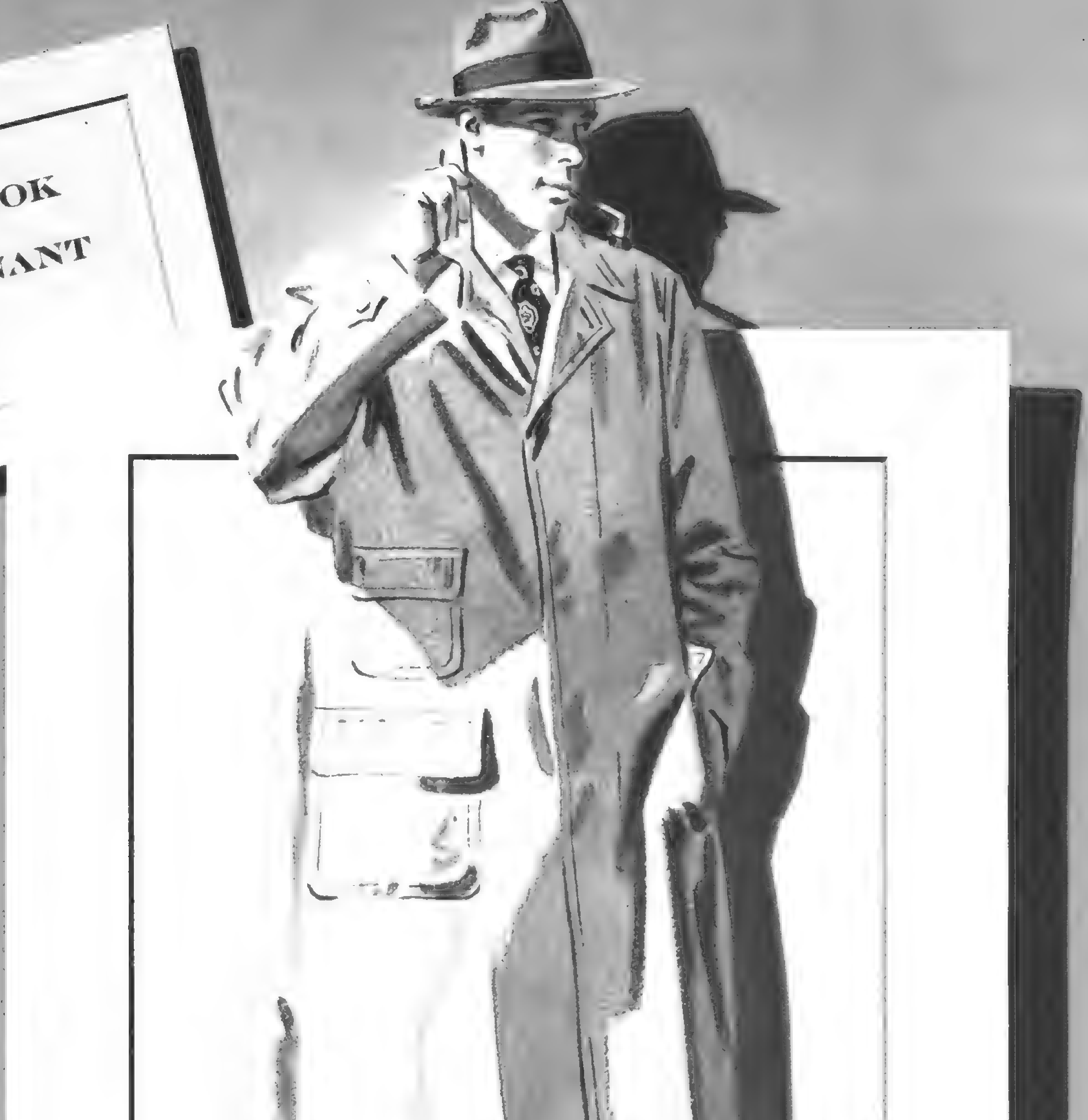
THE BOLD LOOK FOR THE DOMINANT MALE



Stop looking at the man and look at the clothes he's wearing—they constitute a complete, color-coordinated outfit. The hat—it's the Executive—has a grey binding that blends right in with his shadow-striped Granoc grey suit—a new, dark suiting color that's being seen everywhere that prominent, well-dressed men are seen. His blue madras shirt harmonizes perfectly with the grey of his suit and its "command collar" was especially designed for the Windsor knot of his big chevron-striped printed foulard tie. His dark brown shoes pick up the color of the band on his hat. Nothing is accidental here—everything is related and deliberate. That's the over-all look of the modern, well-dressed man. That's the Bold Look!

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

THE BOLD LOOK FOR THE DOMINANT MALE



DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

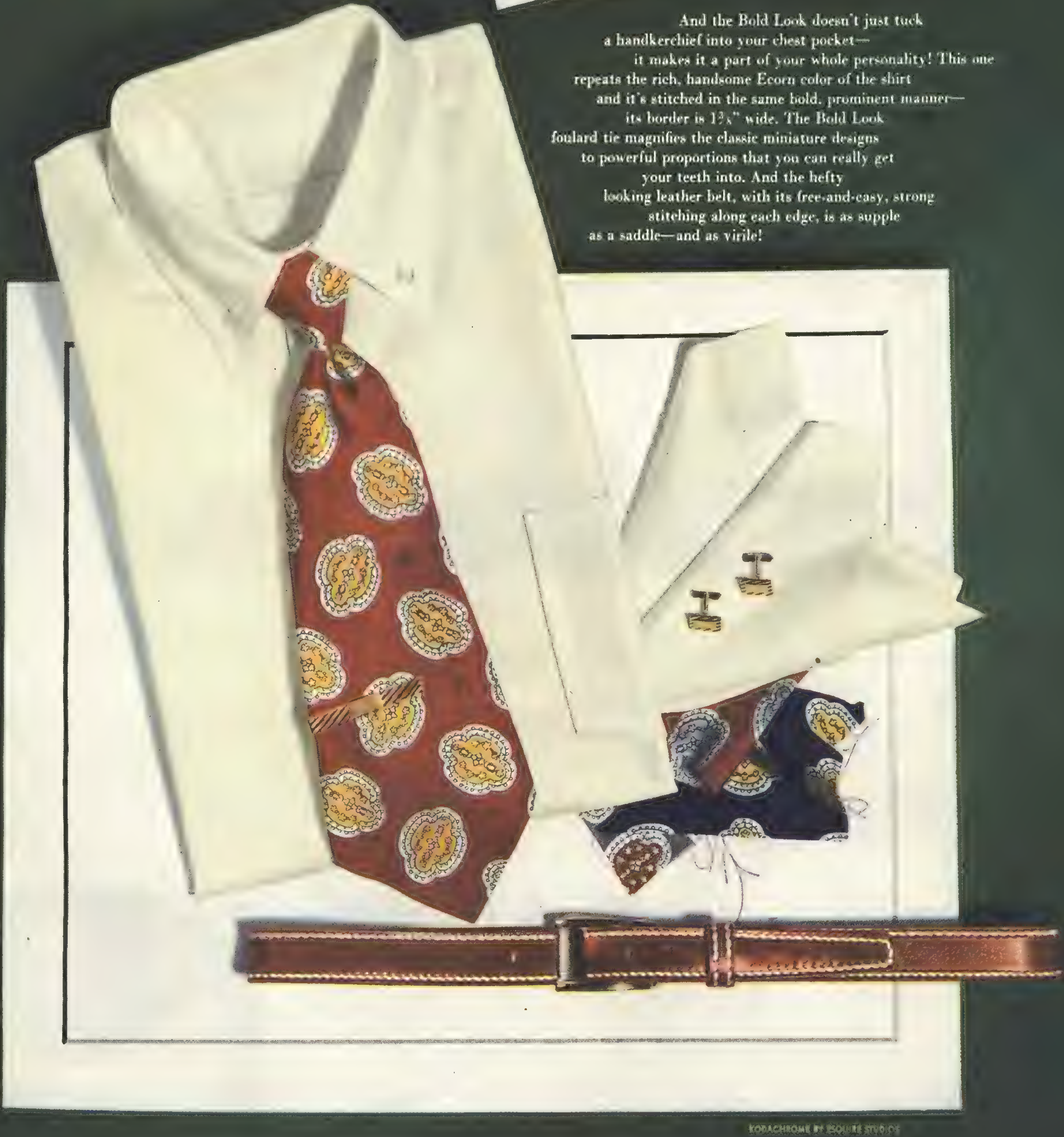
AS RIGHT AS RAIN—THE RESOLUTE

This Bold Look raincoat is one of the longest, roomiest, protecting-est coats we've ever known. The set-in sleeves give it a broad, husky look in the shoulders and allow for complete freedom of movement. It's of fine processed cotton with big patch pockets, welt-stitched to match the stitching on the collar and the fly-front. A coat that gives a man *real* protection from the rain—at long last!

BUTTON-DOWN THE BOLD LOOK!

Hook into this button-down version of the Bold Look shirt for Fall, and change your grain! Not a flat, plain, ordinary weave, but the pebble-rough texture of a rocky beach. For *fabric* is also the forte in the dominant designs that express the true spirit of the emancipated male. As carefree, easy-going and rugged as all outdoors, in this no longer taken-for-granted garment, the collar is new—with wider spread points . . . the stitching is bold—and shows it . . . and the cut of the jib is casual! Another shirt places the button *below* the stitching.

THE BOLD LOOK FOR THE DOMINANT MALE



And the Bold Look doesn't just tuck a handkerchief into your chest pocket—it makes it a part of your whole personality! This one repeats the rich, handsome Ecorn color of the shirt and it's stitched in the same bold, prominent manner—its border is 1⅜" wide. The Bold Look foulard tie magnifies the classic miniature designs to powerful proportions that you can really get your teeth into. And the hefty looking leather belt, with its free-and-easy, strong stitching along each edge, is as supple as a saddle—and as virile!

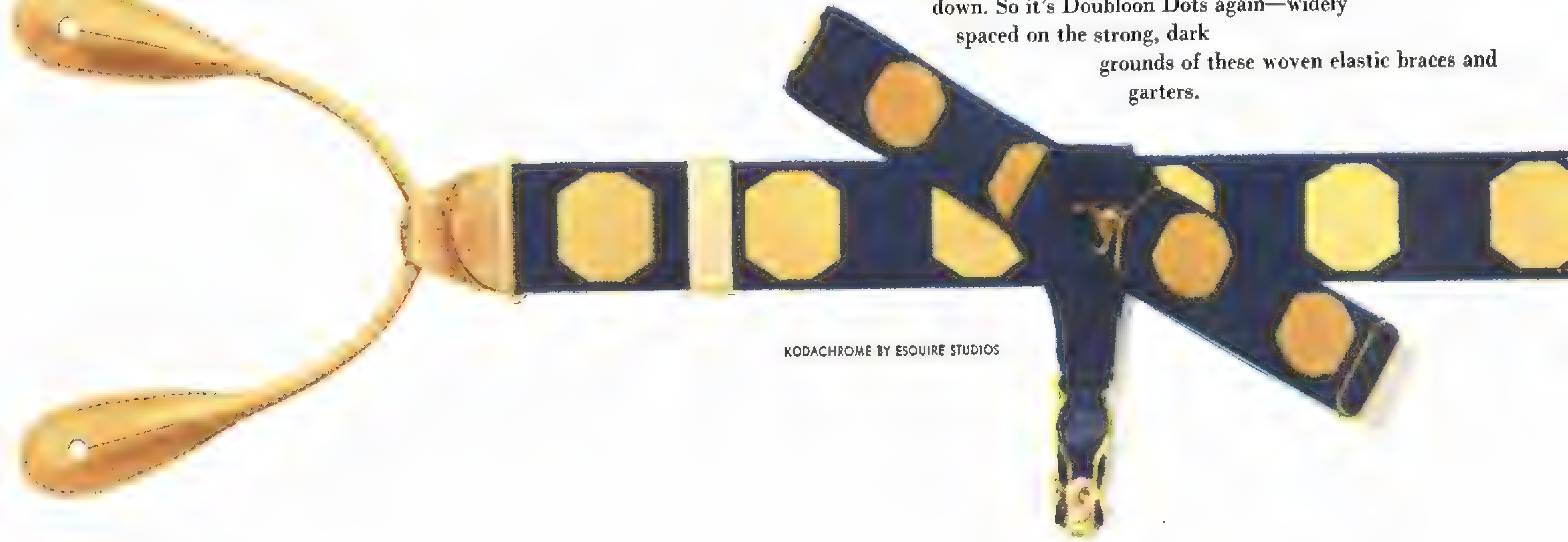
KODACHROME BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

THE BOLD LOOK FOR THE DOMINANT MALE

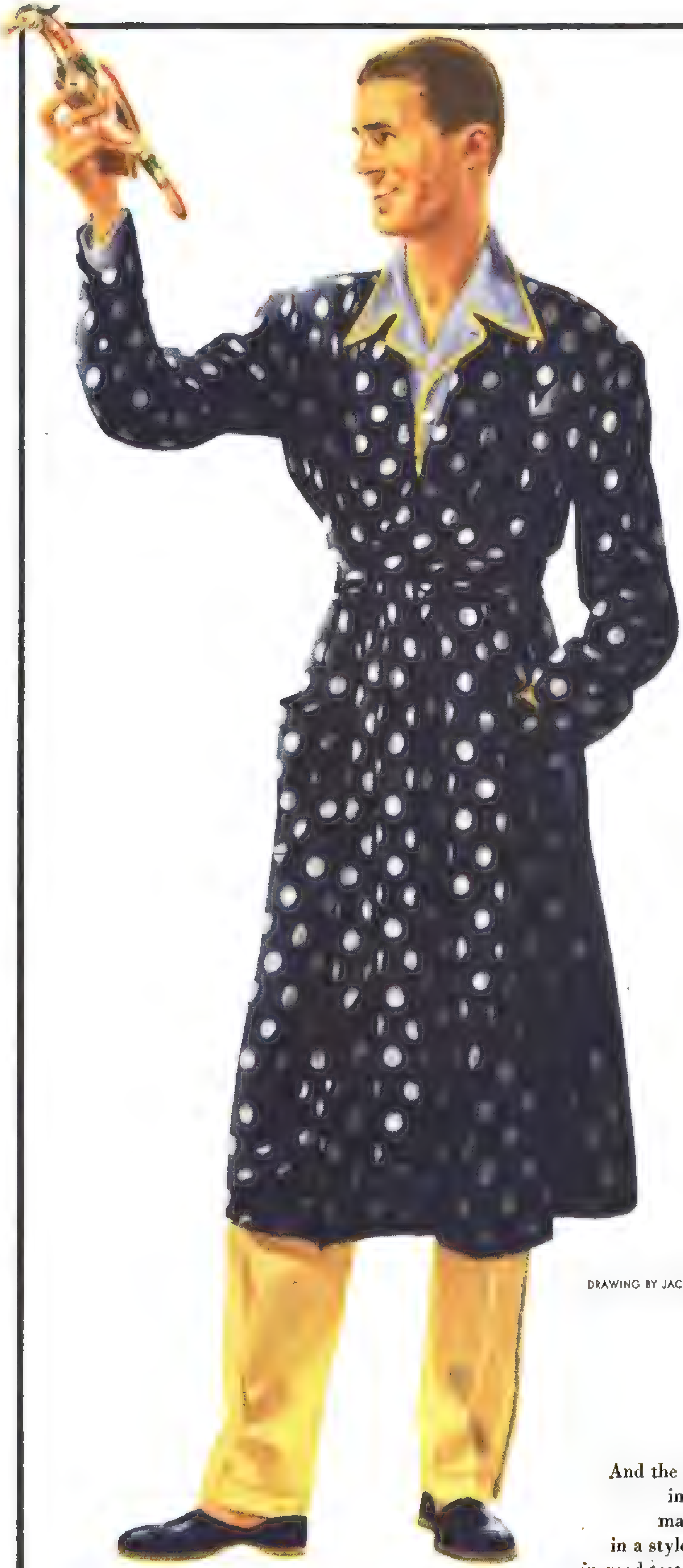
LO! THE DOUBLOON DOT!

Big as a buccaneer's cartwheel, dominant as ducats, these pirate-size Pieces-of-Eight are the very spirit of the Bold Look and the bold-looking male who wears them. So dot the eyes with doubloons—a full-inch in diameter—carelessly spaced in virile contrast to the bold backgrounds of the necktie shown here and the muffler which serves as a background for these pages. The day is yours!

There's enough of the rogue in any red-blood to make him dress for a brush with adventure—and adventure it well may be if you're caught with your suspenders showing or your garters down. So it's Doubloon Dots again—widely spaced on the strong, dark grounds of these woven elastic braces and garters.

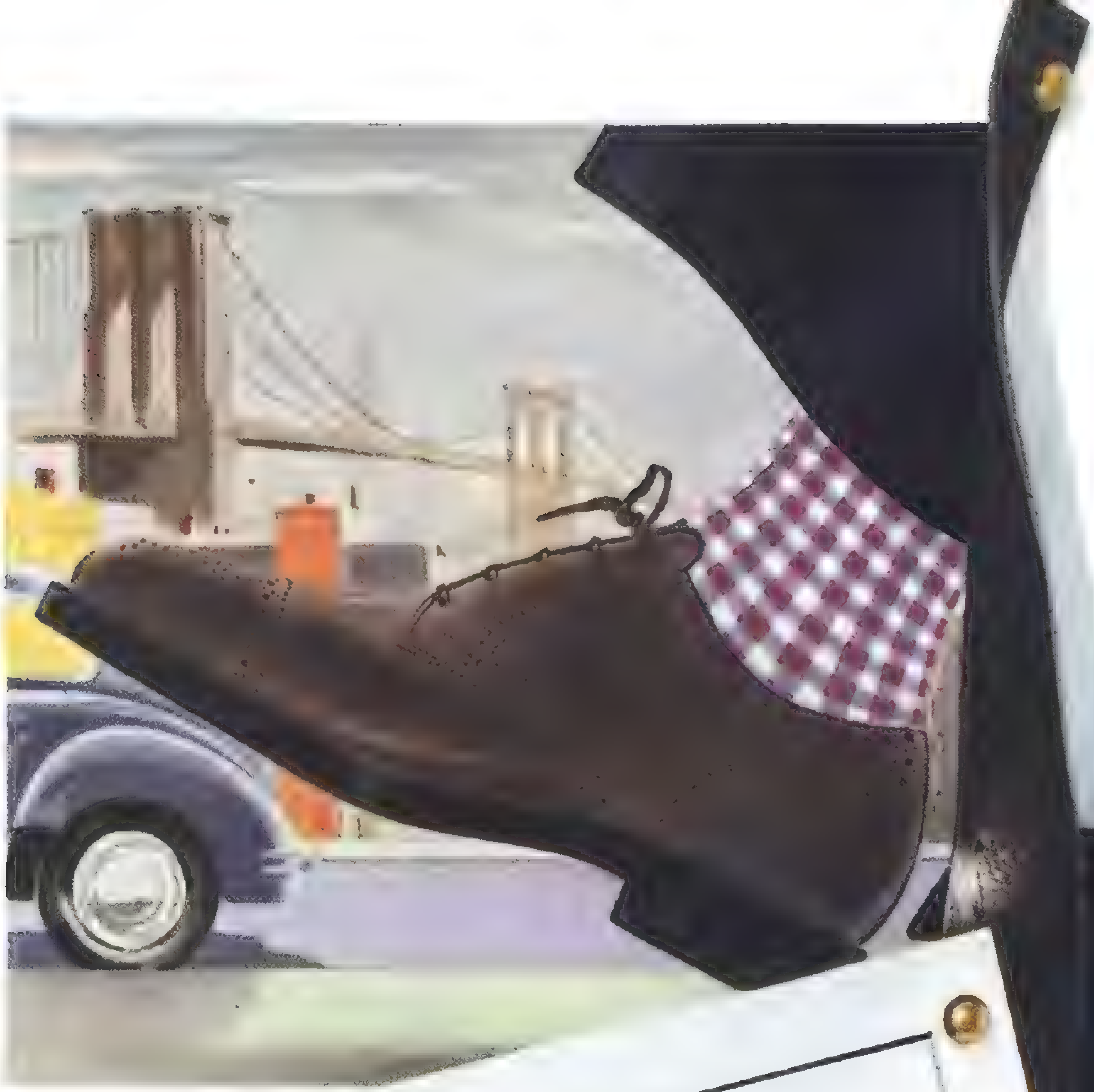


KODACHROME BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS



DRAWING BY JACK FENTON

And the pirate polkas
in this rich silk robe are a
man's man design
in a style so fraught with the best
in good taste that even a maiden's
eyes will be dotted with gentle
delight. It's the Doubloon Dot
again, freely and copiously
scattered all over the dark, luxurious silk
of this shawl-collared robe—tailored for a
knight-of-knights!

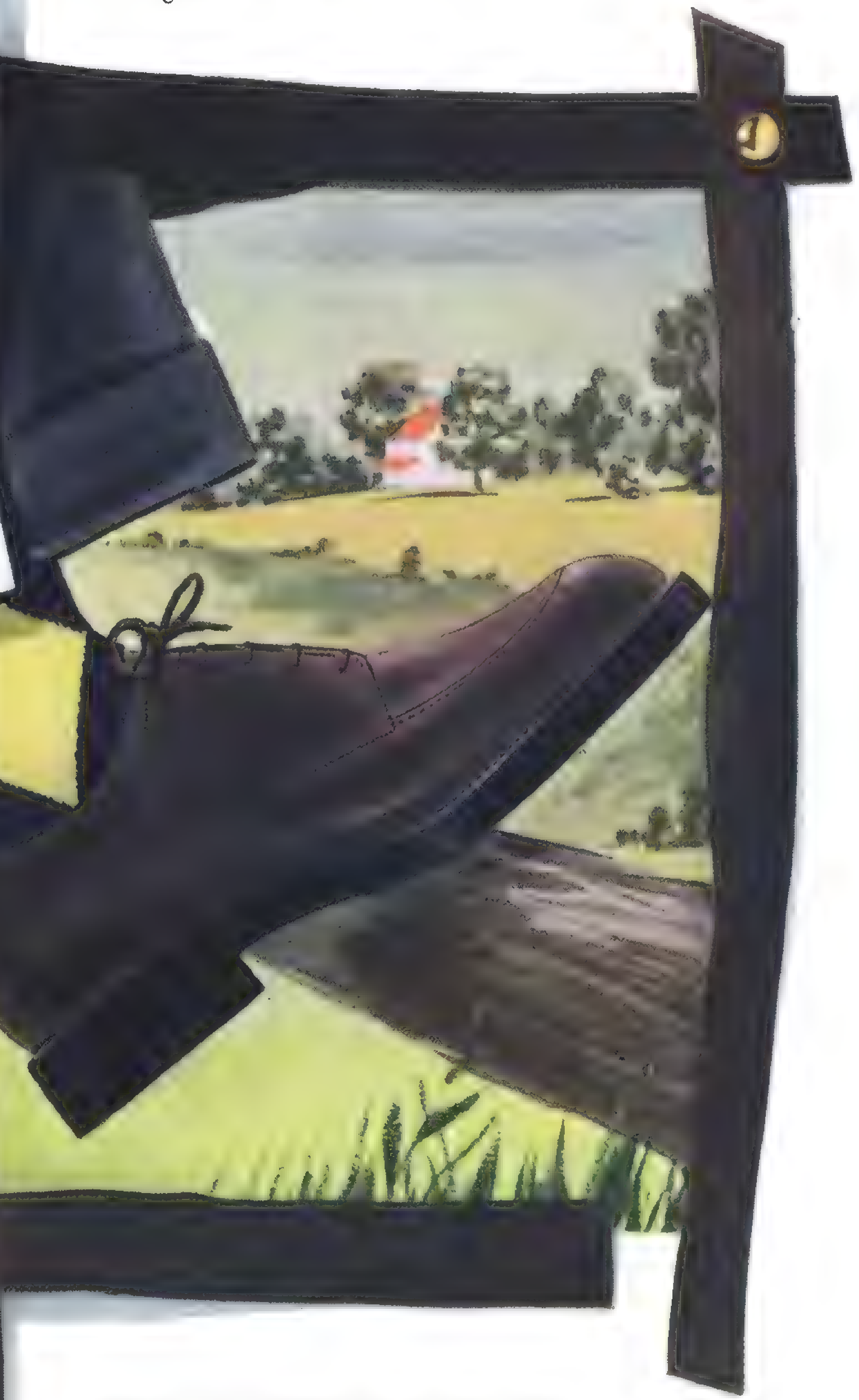


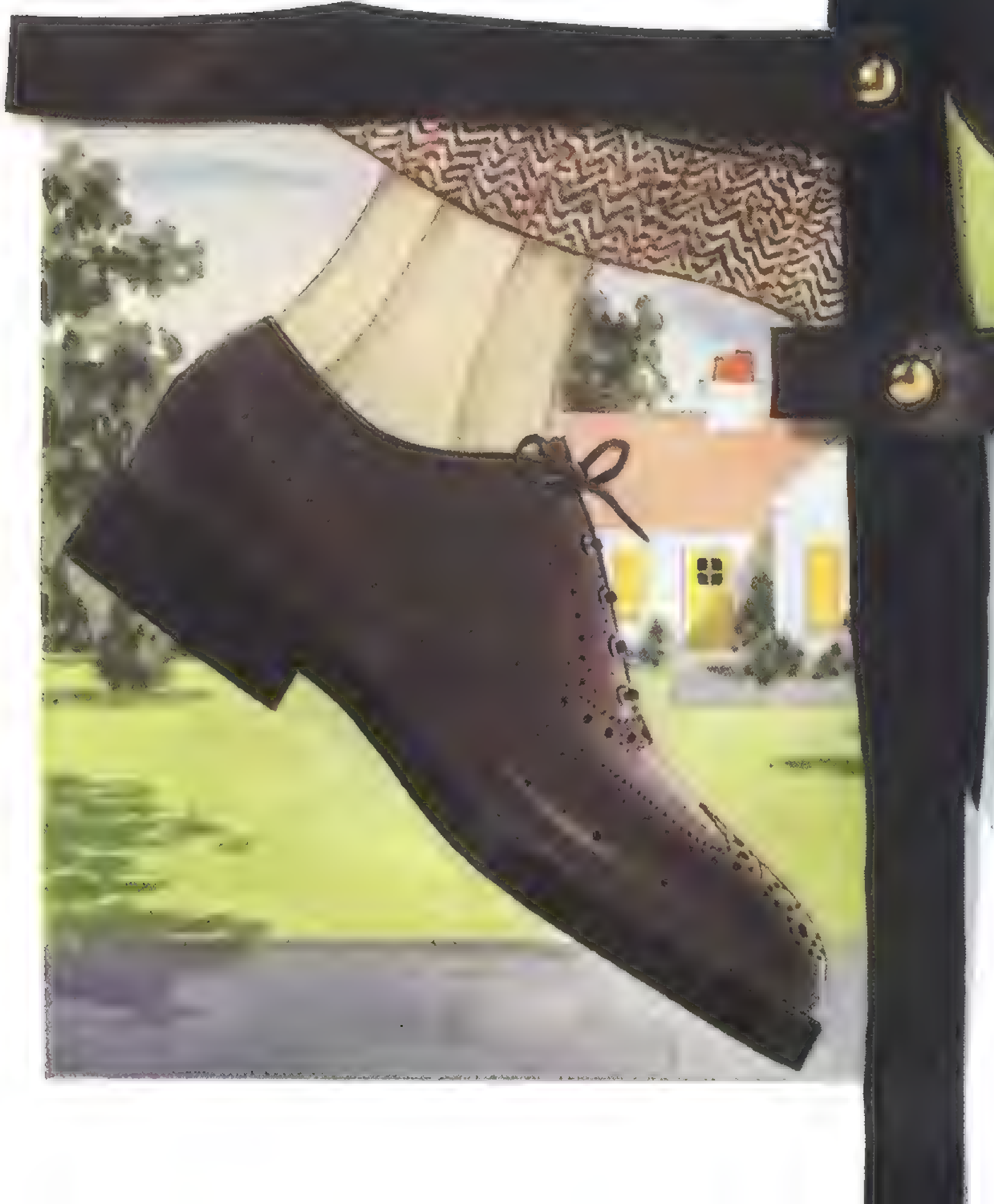
THE BOLD LOOK FOR THE DOMINANT MALE

DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

MIDNIGHT-MOROC —THREE SHOE COLORS IN ONE!

As tough as a Texas saddle, and as fine to feel, this Midnight-Moroc deal is strong, dark and handsome. And because of that strength and darkness this brown leather is as right with blue clothes as it is with brown or grey—and that was *never* true before! Another Bold Look departure: its rugged *black* sole. And the wool socks that are shown with this town shoe have a pattern as bold as the checks on a gambler's vest!





Bring on your hills and your fences—this hefty looking country shoe will take them in its stride—and come back for more. They're as sturdy as the color of the leather—Midnight-Moroc again, worn this time with grey. And the contrasting diamond pattern on the wool socks is as potent as a punch!

And here's one that can take it—the town *or* the country that is. Midnight-Moroc again, baited with brown in a shoe that's as rugged as a redwood. And its socks stick out their chest with a 10x4 rib weave. Bold? You bet!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

No Heavy Chains

They were both so clever they were always outsmarting themselves until one of them was smart enough to just stop, look, plant a kiss and forget that smart answer

A Story by

LESTER COOPER

WE LEANED back on the hot sand that was spread three feet deep around the swimming pool and I watched Irma smooth more oil over her already browned body. We were alone at the pool, and the quiet of the day was broken only by the stream of water coming out of the mouth of a statue and pouring into the cool, green water. I sighed and turned my back on Irma: It isn't pleasant to watch something as lovely as she under circumstances as lovely as those and feel as helpless as I did. Lazily and with no trace of bitterness, I drawled a sentence over my back in opposition to the sound of the water coming from the statue's mouth.

"Our trouble," I said, "is that we have no business being together, ever."

"Our trouble," Irma retorted, "is that we *have* no business." She reached into the small of her back with the sun-tan oil. "This oil," she pouted. "Either it drips all over the place or just manages to miss the place you want it most."

I was thinking about her first statement. "True," I said. "We have no business and perhaps that's bad, but still we *are* together and that's bad, too."

"I see no heavy chains binding us," she said with simple irony.

"No," I agreed, "but they're there."

"You're supposed to love me."

"I do."

"You hate me."

"I do that, too," I admitted.

"You're impossible," she said. "And the feeling is more or less mutual."

"Then why don't we just, as they say, call it quits?"

"You wouldn't have the guts to leave," she said, and it was probably the truth.

"Your ego is almost as inflated as the price of lamp chops," I said, and waited for the laugh. There was none.

"I am also rich," she said.

"That's been pleasant for both of us."

"I've noticed you've felt no pain," she said.

"That was unkind."

"Kindness," she pointed out, "has never been a virtue of either of us."

"I love dogs," I said.

"And women," she retorted. "Any woman."

"You're degrading the conversation," I said. "This all began as a pleasant discussion and now you're throwing mud."

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "I thought you always boasted that you were irresistible."

"That, too," I pointed out, "may be considered mud."

"Why don't we just stop talking?" she asked.

I turned over on my back and thought about Irma and me. Mostly I thought of Irma. She's tall—but, until you've seen Irma, the word "tall" has no meaning. When you speak of "tall" in terms of her, you mean straight, statuesque, queenly, interplanetary. You think of sky-reaching pines and moonlit silhouettes. When you start from the floor and look at her feet and her exquisitely shaped legs and then her whole long body, you finally reach her head—and there you stop. The beauty of Irma's head is almost impossible to accept. Her skin, flat white, stretches smoothly taut over high cheekbones that shadow her deep-set eyes, and surrounding the whole of it hangs black hair, straight like a heavy curtain and fluting out around the neck as if designed not only for beauty, but to keep rain from touching the rest of her.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of other things, but always there was only the picture of Irma in front of me. Irma—beautiful, smiling, untouchable. Untouchable, I thought. What a wonderful word for her! It got beyond her beauty and made you look inside her mind. Her mind which was all things to all men and belonged only to Irma. I turned and looked at her.

"You *are* beautiful," I said.

She smiled. "Thanks."

"You continually astonish me. You make it almost impossible for a man to think of anything else."

"That," she said, "could mean almost anything. What did you have in mind?"

"To tell you the truth, I had in mind the fantastic way in which your beautiful body and face manage to put a man completely off the truth."

"That's a pleasant thought," she said.

"I didn't mean it to be a pleasant one."

"I wonder what it's like in Reno this time of year," she said.

"Hot."

"Six weeks isn't a long time, though."

"No."

"I might take a trip."

I wondered if she were threatening or meant it this time. "You might," I said.

"Don't think marriage hasn't been fun, though," she said.

"Because it hasn't," I said, coining a new one.

"You're so clever, darling," she said. "You know all the bright sayings."

"I've always tried to do my best."

"That's a lot better than most, isn't it?"

"Some people think so."

"That's what *counts*, isn't it?" she said, and I could detect a trace of realness for the first time. In the four years we had been married, we'd never managed a really serious conversation.

"We're awfully clever, darling, aren't we?" I said. "We're so damn clever we've never had a chance for anything else."

"I believe I detect a serious note in your voice," she said.

"I think you do."

"It would be a nice change," she said. "We might even get to know each other. I'm Irma, by the way."

"Charmed, I'm sure."

"You were saying?"

"You'd be easier to talk to if you weren't so beautiful."

"And?"

"And I could probably tell you I loved you without feeling self-conscious about it."

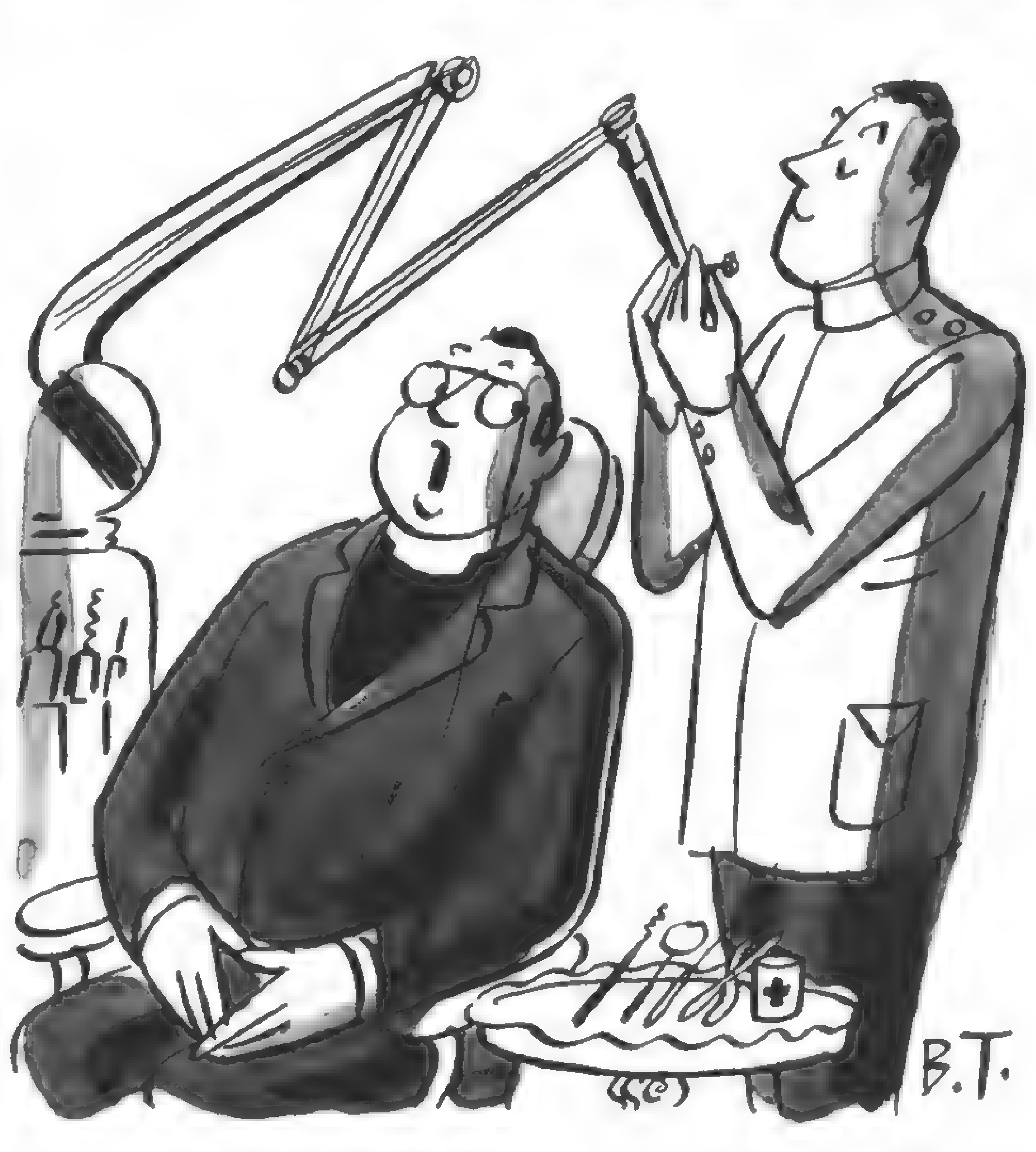
She got up and came over to me. "That's the nicest thing you've ever told me," she said. "I do believe that deep down you're a softie, and I love it." She sat down beside me and put her hand on my arm. It felt warm and soft and I lay still, afraid to move because she might misinterpret the movement and go away. That had always been our trouble. We were always wondering whether what we heard was what was meant, and we were always hearing the wrong things.

"I don't think I'd like Reno this time of year, darling," she said finally.

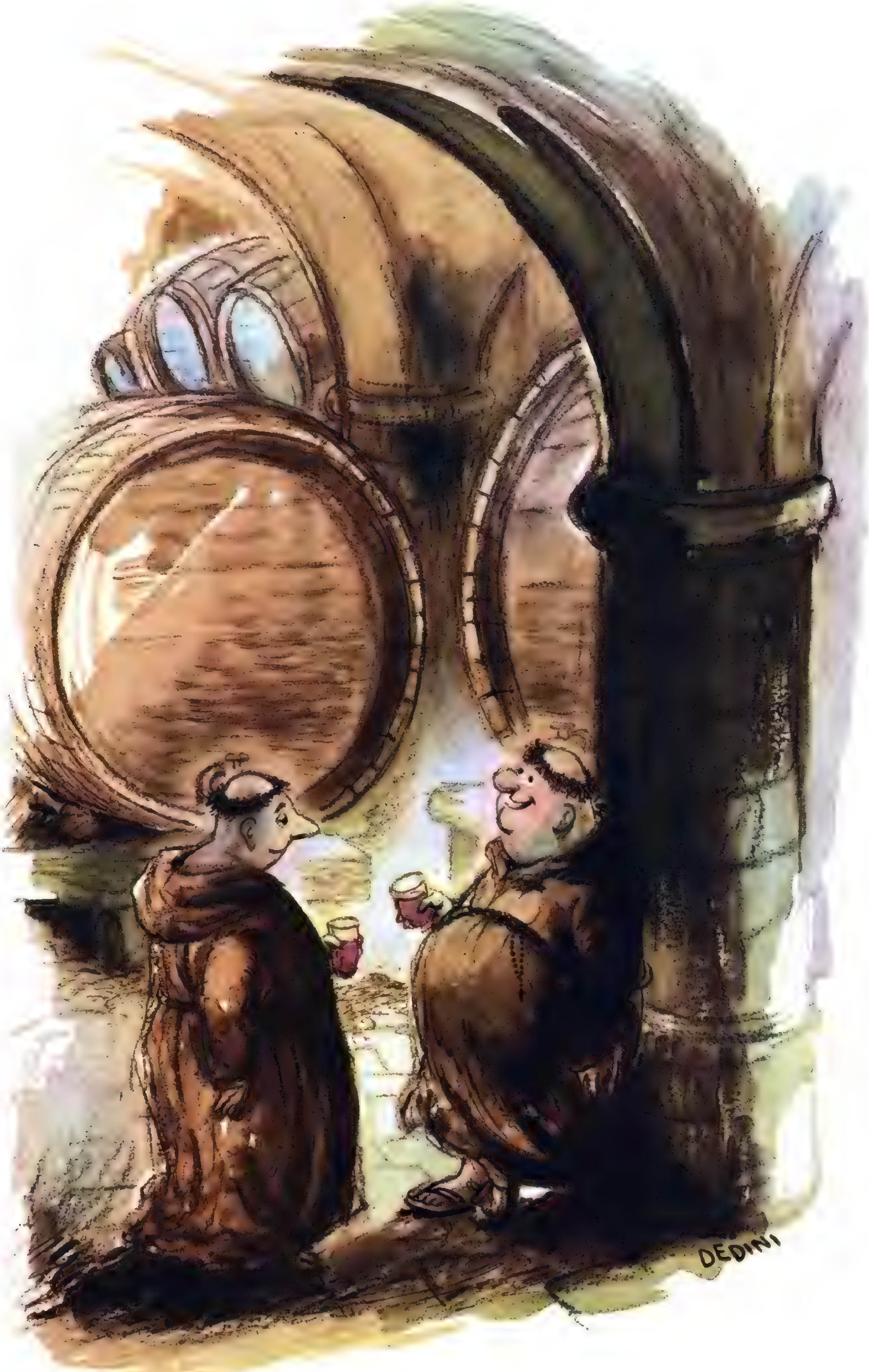
I nodded solemnly. "It gets awfully hot there," I said.

She stretched out on the sand next to me and sighed. "You're always right," she said. "I suppose that's why you're irresistible."

I closed my eyes and didn't answer, wondering whether what I'd heard was what was meant and whether I'd heard the wrong thing. I decided to hell with it and pulled her toward me. In the future I just wouldn't listen. ⌗



"Remember, 'Blessed are the merciful'"



"The old monastery would be pretty dull without it"

By Bread Alone

Avarice is a wonderful thing and a man can yearn for a piece of real bread almost as much as for gold, but when he starts combining the yearnings he'd better watch out

A Story by

LEE ROGOW

FRESH bread, Cusick told himself. The first thing he'd get when he hit Dawson would be a loaf of fresh bread, still warm from the oven, so it would hold the imprint of a man's finger for a few seconds, like the flesh of a woman. Fresh bread and real butter—instead of that miserable grey sourdough bread Old Gropp had baked in his tin oven. He'd eat a whole loaf, maybe, each slice thick with butter, before he went over to the assay office.

Out on Seven-Mile Lake a fish jumped, the slap against the water echoing sharply through the still air. Cusick stretched, his calloused hands sticking out from the sleeves of his stringy green mackinaw, mouth gaping in a yawn that almost seemed to include the slanting knife scar under the beard stubble on his right cheek. Then he bent, picked up the last of the moosehide bags, and placed it tenderly in the bow of the skiff which lay on the bank, drawn almost entirely out of the water. He stepped back, inspecting the arrangement of bags, packs, and gear in the skiff. It was important to keep things balanced—the skiff would be overloaded, and he had a long and wearisome row ahead of him.

There were ten pounds of gold in each of those bags. At $35 an ounce that was $5600. Four bags was over $20,000. And God only knew how much more slept sweetly in the gravel bed of Missout Creek. Cusick grinned, the knife scar working into the grin as it had into the yawn. Missout Creek—was rich. Three generations of prospectors had pockmarked the banks of the turbulent stream with their digging. And all the time the riches of the world had been little more than a skiff-oar length away from them, in the center, deep under the growling rapids. Not until he and old Gropp had spent two weeks partially damming the stream had they been able to get a shovelful of gravel out of the swiftly-running creek. But with the first panful they knew they had it. The old man had insisted on panning it himself, lifting out the large pebbles with his hand, skillfully letting the water carry the worthless dirt over the edges. At the end there was a stripe of coarse yellow grains at the bottom of the pan as wide as a man's thumb. Gropp had looked up with tears in his rheumy eyes. Cusick had ached to seize the pan and finger the still-wet granules of metal.

They'd taken forty pounds out in four weeks, just the two of them, by hand, starting feverishly with the first touch of light in the east, working until they had to burn the pans black in the fire to see the yellow grains against the bottom. After the near-madness of the first few days, they had decided the smart thing was to take out enough to keep them going until they were able to stake out the claim, form a company, and sell the rights.

The day Gropp had sewn the mouth closed on the fourth moosehide bag they had knocked the dam down, letting the water surge over the evidences of their digging.

Knocking the dam down had been Gropp's idea. Gropp was full of ideas. He'd fashioned a makeshift balance and weighed the gold on it, using an eight-ounce can of beans as a counterweight. He'd made the moosehide bags waterproof by greasing his thread with bacon fat as he sewed the tiny stitches. His pack was a treasure of little cans, holding essentials like salt, pepper, coffee, and the fermented dough for sourdough bread. God, that bread! You could shingle a house with it, Gropp used to say. Once, when Cusick cut his wrist chopping firewood, the old man had insisted on binding a piece of sourdough bread over the wound. The cut had healed clean, too.

You could do everything with sourdough bread but eat it, Cusick reflected. No amount of bacon dripping concealed its flat, gummy taste.

Cusick walked back up the trail for a last look around. Except for the blackened spot that marked where their cooking fires had been built, the camping space had already returned to nature. There was still a look of freshly turned earth over the shallow trench where he had buried Gropp, but the first rainfall would fix that.

Cusick shivered, then forced himself to laugh. No sense getting spooky. Dead was dead. There was nothing the old man could do. All that talk during supper last night was just a crazy old man's blatherings. "I been waitin' for this for forty years," the old man had said as they sat at the table. "I wouldn't want anythin' to happen to me now." There was almost a pleading note in his voice.

"What you talking like that for?" Cusick had snapped. "What can happen to you?"

"You ain't foolin' me none," the old man said. "I seen it in your eyes the first time we hit pay dirt. Let me tell you somethin'. I'm smarter'n you. You might kill me, but I'll find some way of gettin' back at you. I know ways, I tell you."

Well, whatever it was that Gropp knew was buried with him now. The blow from the shovel had scrambled it all up in his old skull anyway.

Cusick turned and went back along the trail to the lake. A strong push set the skiff floating, and he stepped in. The feeling of bending and flexing at the oars lightened his spirits. Each pull, widening the open water between his skiff and the shore, left the memory of Gropp farther behind. He'd have honey with that loaf of fresh bread, he decided. They'd have honey in Dawson. Honey and butter.

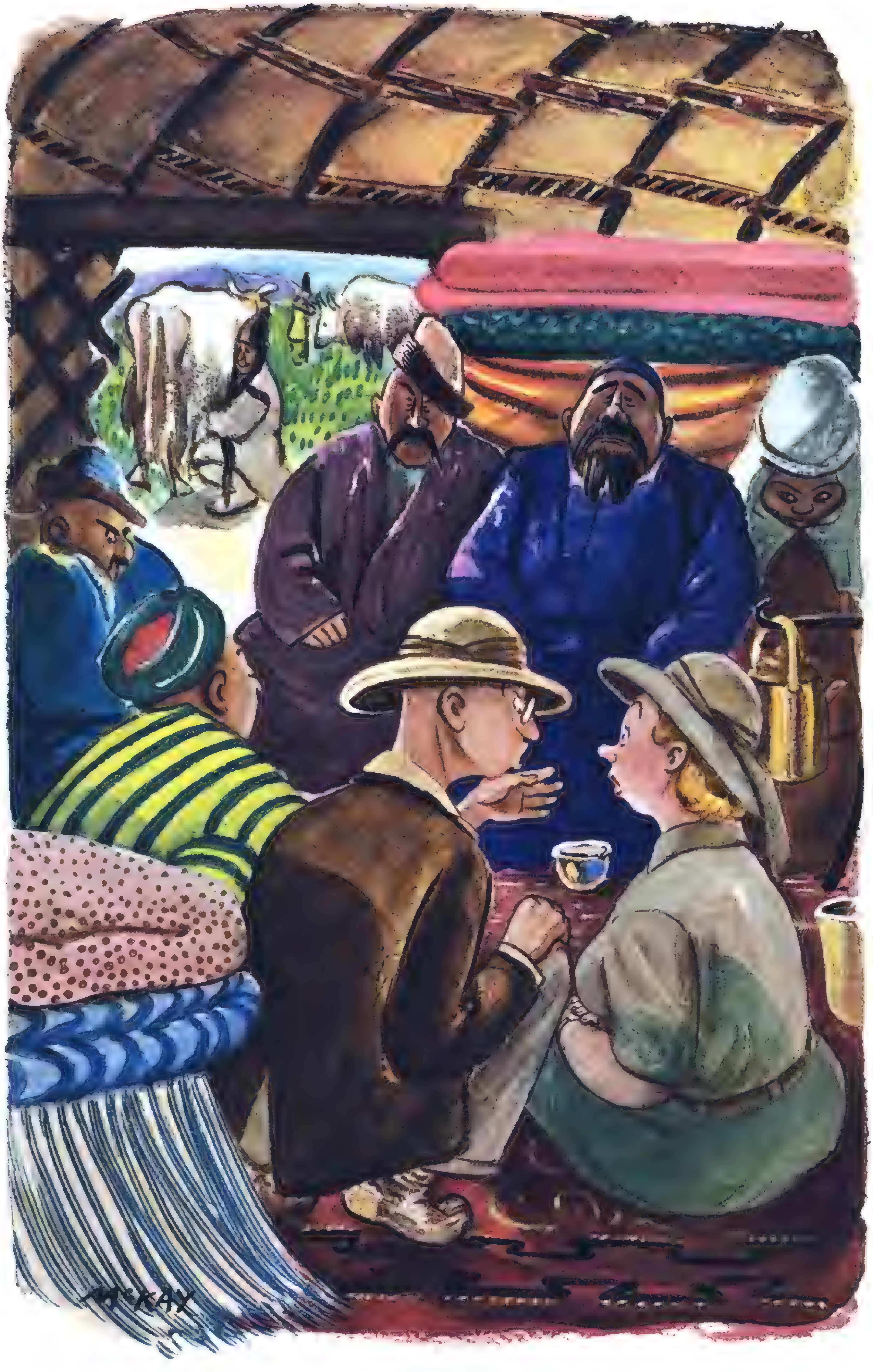
He was about half a mile from shore when he noticed the water in the bottom of the boat. It was deepening quickly, lapping against his boots, creeping up the laces. First anxiously, then in terror, Cusick hunted for the leak, shoving gear aside, piling gold bags on the thwarts.

On his hands and knees in the skiff, he felt along the bottom with his hands, trying to locate the point of inlet. At length he found it. It was near the bow—a clean, two-inch hole. Funny he hadn't noticed it when he loaded the skiff. There must be a plug. He felt around the bottom boards, desperately watching the water deepen as he searched. Finally his groping hand touched something gluey.

The knife scar on Cusick's face twisted into a grimace of horror. He clutched a handful of something soft, grey, and spongy. He had seen enough of the stuff to know what it was. Sourdough bread. The old man had cut a hole in the bottom and stuffed it with sourdough bread.

Cusick sat looking at the gummy lump as the overloaded skiff began to tip. He had never learned how to swim, and it was too late now. A man with the right-sized wooden plug in his pocket might have done something, but that man was lying in a shallow trench half a mile away.

The gold took the boat down quickly. #



"They're a sensitive people, Clara. Smack your lips after the yak-butter course"

Pablo and Blanco

A lovable story about lovable people which we think will leave every reader with a warm glow, a touch of sunburn and a hankering to start counting his friends

A Story by

JOSEPH KELLEAM

PABLO MENDOZA and his grandmother were Papago Indians who lived in a tiny village in southern Arizona. Pablo was a brown-faced, plump young man of twenty. He had straight black hair and a wide smile. He also owned an old white horse named Blanco.

Pablo and his grandmother lived in a tiny house made of brown adobe bricks. The roof was flat and covered with dirt to keep it cool. All the houses in the village looked alike. But you could tell Pablo's house because near the doorway stood the largest paloverde tree on the whole desert. It had bright green bark and tiny leaves no larger than your fingernails, and in the spring it was covered with yellow blossoms.

Pablo liked to sit in the shade of the paloverde tree and play *La Paloma* on his guitar. But one gets tired of playing the guitar, and he would often lean back against the tree, pull his big floppy-brimmed hat over his face, and go to sleep. His grandmother had a little garden near the bed of a wash. A wash is where a river would be if it rained long enough. Here the ground was not so dry as the rest of the desert, and so she raised beans and pumpkins and squash.

Old Blanco did nothing at all. He just stood near the house, switching his tail at the flies, and nibbling grass.

The little village was very quiet. But one day something happened. Across the desert came a cloud of dust. Underneath the dust was a car, and in the car was a big man smoking a big cigar. The old Head Man of the village came out of his house when the car came to a stop and asked the big stranger what he wanted.

"I am looking for Pablo Mendoza," the man said.

The Head Man pointed to Pablo, who was sitting under his paloverde tree, watching the stranger through a hole in his hat. Everyone in the village guessed that Pablo was going to be carried away to jail.

The big man walked over to Pablo, and Pablo got up and stretched and yawned. "Are you Pablo Mendoza?" the man asked.

Pablo said yes.

So the stranger told him that his uncle at Little Tucson had died and left Pablo fifty dollars. He got Pablo to sign a receipt and handed him five ten-dollar bills and climbed back into his car. When he had gone, all the people of the town told Pablo he was rich and that they were glad.

The next day Pablo went to the store of Carlos Kisto. Kisto was old and wrinkled and his dark eyes were like little black stones. He was the only Papago besides Pablo who was rich. He had owned his little trading post for years. He smiled at Pablo, but his eyes did not smile. "I hear you have money," he said.

"Yes," said Pablo. "I have money. I want a red silk shirt and a purple silk handkerchief for a necktie, and a big black hat with a floppy brim and a white band. Also a new shawl for my grandmother, a new string for my guitar, some candy and soda pop, a sack of flour, and a bushel of oats for Blanco."

After Pablo paid for these things, he still had thirty dollars. It was nice to sit in the shade and drink soda pop and eat candy and play *La Paloma* on his guitar, which sounded ever so much better with the new string. Pablo's round, dark face was one big smile. He loved the whole world.

But soon he learned how troubled a rich man's life can be. His neighbors came and stood around him with sad faces and looked at the ground. They told him of their troubles. One needed a shirt. One old lady had no pumpkin seeds. Another said her children had nothing to eat. One man said his children had never tasted candy. One wanted a watch charm. One needed a bridle rein. Some needed flour.

Pablo's heart was troubled, so he told his neighbors to go to Kisto's store and buy what they needed. He sent word to Carlos that he would pay him later. Then, feeling much better, he covered his face with the new hat and leaned against the paloverde and went to sleep. It was sundown when he awoke. Carlos was standing near by with his hand full of papers and a scowl on his lean, dark face. "I want my money," he said. "You should not be sleeping while others work."

"But I am rich," Pablo explained. And he opened his hand and showed Carlos the paper bills.

"I have let your neighbors have all they wanted from my store," Carlos said frowning. "Here are the tickets. You have been very foolish to buy so much for them."

"Ah, but I have made them happy," Pablo replied with a smile. "And I am happy too."

Then Carlos began to read the lists and add up figures. "Forty dollars," he announced at last.

Pablo's heart sank. "There is a mistake, Carlos. I have only thirty dollars."

"What! You do not have the money?" Carlos' frown was darker than ever. "You cannot pay? I will have you put in jail."

"No, Carlos, I will pay. Here, take the thirty dollars and Blanco."

"Bah. That bony old horse is not worth a peso."

"Then take my guitar."

Carlos snarled. "I do not like music. No, you must pay."

Pablo had a pleasant thought. "Carlos, I will work in the store for you."

"And drink all the pop?" stormed Carlos. "No. But listen!" Then he told Pablo that he was in love with a beautiful young girl. "Her father is wealthy," Carlos explained. "He has seven cows and a bull. She says I am old and will not marry me."

"Too bad," said Pablo. "But I do not see—"

"You can tell her of my many good qualities. And if you can get the girl to marry me, I will not send for the policeman."

"But I do not think I can," wailed Pablo.

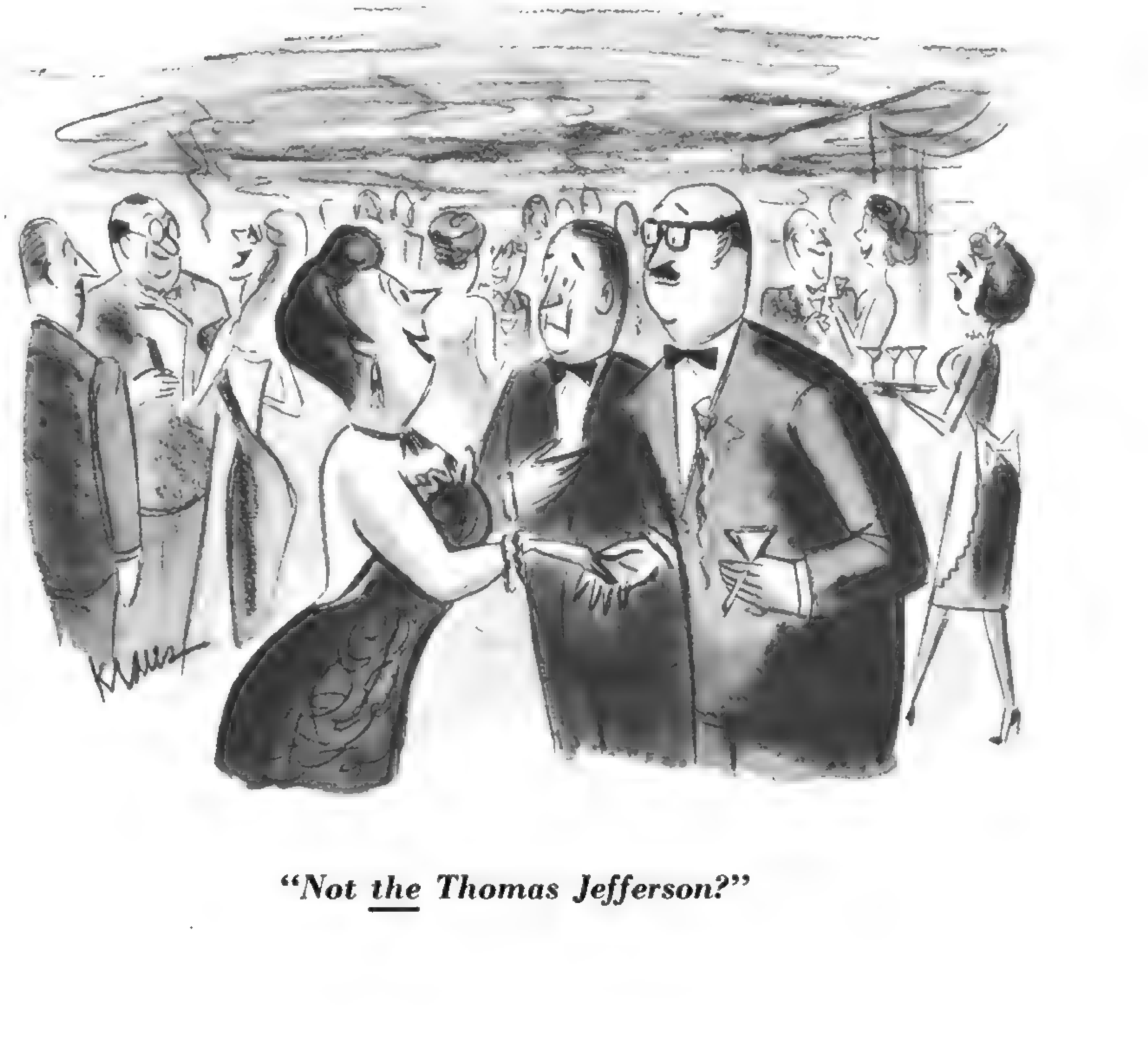
"Then I will call the policeman."

Pablo shrugged his shoulders. "Very well. Who is she?"

"Carmenita, the daughter of George Percharo who lives at Posto Redondo. And you must give me her answer by sundown tomorrow."

"Very well," said Pablo, "I will try."

The next morning at daybreak Pablo told his grandmother (*Continued on page 150*)



"Not the Thomas Jefferson?"

Looking at this, it is not hard to appreciate why Capri has been a bargaining pawn in centuries of Mediterranean intrigue

Carefree Capri

In the Bay of Naples the Isle of Capri sits glorious and warm; gentle and lovely and as inviting to the visiting American as any conceivable place under heaven

In the timeless Mediterranean, this has been Land Ho! for centuries

Capri, as all listeners to juke boxes of a few years ago know, is an isle; what they probably didn't know was that Capri is in the Bay of Naples, and thus is a kind of jewel within a jewel. Aside from its spectacular coloring, being in the Bay of Naples has another, more earthy advantage: you're near Neapolitan cooking, which many experts on Italy—and food—agree is the most delectable form of all Italian cooking. There are only 8000 natives on Capri, and they are occupied with fishing, making wine and olive oil and—chiefly—making tourists not only happy they came to Capri but firm in a resolve to return next year. Holidaying at Capri is, as indicated above, nothing new. The island has been a paradise for centuries. Caesar Augustus put it under his direct imperial jurisdiction and a later Roman emperor, Tiberius Caesar, made the island his own residence for the last ten years of his life. With all the world to choose, he selected Capri. Can a Caesar do wrong where pleasure is concerned?

The ownership of Capri is about as complex and involved as the stakes across a fast-moving poker game: During the Napoleonic wars Capri was captured by the English and fortified by them. Two years later, in 1808, the French captured it from the English. By 1815 the British had it again and, no doubt, tired of the give and take, handed it over to King Ferdinand of Sicily. When Italy was united in 1848 the island became a part of that nation, where it has in effect remained through the present days of crisis. Possibly because of the fantastically lovely seascape and the soft greens of the romantic hills with which the island abounds, Capri has always been a mecca for artists and authors from all over the world. This part of the population has now been accepted by the natives who have become so inured to eccentricity that, as they've been heard to say: "We wouldn't be surprised even if you always walked on your head."

The purely physical business of living on Capri is no doubt about as fine as it could be in any part of Europe. The lira has been pretty well stabilized and the green of the American dollar will get pretty much anything anyone would be likely to want. Every available inch of ground is cultivated; the hillsides are covered with vineyards which are reached by narrow trails. Wherever space is not taken up by potatoes, beans, etc., it is covered with luscious flowers that form a background prettier than ice cream. The Blue Grotto is probably the most famous tourist attraction on the island. Within the grotto, which is now approached by boat, everything—as the name implies—is blue. The color, for those technicians who might want to know, is produced by light rays which are refracted by the water before entering the grotto. To amuse visitors, boys swim in the grotto and dive for coins. Naturally, the climate being that soft, warm and tropical kind of fairy-book stuff, swimming is about as common as the moonlight. It's a year-round resort, but summer gets the biggest tourist play. The main beaches are the Grande Marina on the North Coast and the Piccola Marina on the South Coast. The *très chic* Sports Club is the central point of all athletic activity, where the more ambitious sportsman can row, sail and play tennis.

For further information, may we suggest a trip to Capri? We'll see you there.

Kodachromes on page 80 and lower right by Marjory Collins. Others by Helene Fischer.

Bright waters, wide-open skies and soft colors that lure the traveler

The island gem offers a natural framework for your Brownie or Leica

Shoot Faster and Better

A Sports Article by

CHARLES B. ROTH

After a lot of war and more than enough shooting to go around, the American male still can't hit the side of a barn without crawling on his belly or leaning into a round arm-crutch. Here are a few helpful pointers for those who still like the feel of the iron in their hands and think every shot should count when away from the target

A FRIEND of mine told me not long ago that he thinks riflemanship in America is at its lowest ebb. When I pointed out that more men are making better target scores than ever, he retorted that that's just the trouble—they're target shooters, not game shooters. Later, at a convention of game wardens, I heard talk that corroborated my friend's opinion: more wounded game these days, more misses, more ammunition thrown away, fewer clean kills than the wardens have ever seen before. And they all seemed to agree that the reason is that there is too much shooting of the wrong kind, too many bullet holes punched in little pieces of paper, too few punched in hides.

I don't know that it makes much difference nowadays whether a man is a great game shot or not, because there's not much game to shoot at and even sloppy shooters are doing a pretty good job of decimating it. Still, it's a sort of American tradition for a man to be able to stand on his two legs and hit what he shoots at, and I for one do not want to see that tradition die.

In my time I have known maybe a dozen great game shots—men who could go out with five cartridges and bring in five animals, under all sorts of weather, range, and circumstances. They had one thing in common—they were stand-up shooters. That is, they could shoot standing up and hit what they shot at. Many modern riflemen can't do that. They have to find a nice soft spot to lie down on. Then they have to dig their elbows carefully into the ground and to adjust the sling strap so that the tension is just what the book said it should be. After wiping the scope at both ends with a soft flannel rag, they are ready to shoot. This takes a few deep breaths, to steady the nerves, and several preparatory aims. Finally, with the precision of a watchmaker, they squeeze the trigger and hit the bull's-eye. Such men can shoot; you're darned right they can. But can they shoot well enough to hit a running deer at 150 yards, an antelope at 300, a mountain sheep at 600? Some unquestionably can. More unquestionably can't.

The beau ideal of game shots in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, where men still take rifles and big-game hunting seriously, was an Irishman named Roy McBride. Roy has been dead since 1918, but Jackson Holeites still get a wistful look in their eyes when they discuss what that boy could do with his rifles. They tell you, for instance, about the time he cleaned out a pack of seven big grey wolves with seven shots from his .30-40 box magazine Winchester. The wolves, which had been terrorizing the Hole for months, sealed their doom when they pulled down a couple of McBride's yearlings one night. McBride saddled up, loaded his .30-40, and took out after them in the early morning. A light snow had fallen the night before; tracking was no problem.

He trailed the wolves from sunup till nearly dusk, when he came across them resting in a small park. They were 300 yards away. Keep that fact in mind; 300 yards is a lot of space between you and your game, especially in the half-light of a winter dusk, when, besides, your hands are numb from an all-day ride. McBride determined which was the leader of the pack and let him have it. The others started to dash off, following a new leader, as is the way with wolves. McBride downed him next. Another leader took over, and got more of the same. McBride shot the new leaders one by one until two bewildered wolves were running around in circles. The rifle's capacity was five cartridges, but McBride reloaded it and killed the remaining two wolves. Perfect shooting—seven shots, seven wolves, 300-yard distance. He didn't sit down, squat down, or lie down; he stood up and shot as fast as he could work the lever. That was game shooting.

On the Mexican border, a rifle is still more important to a citizen than credit at the bank. Several years ago, when forays across the border were pretty common, a gang of Mexican bandits crossed one night and ran off twenty-five yearlings belonging to an American rancher who owned a one-man cattle spread just north of the Mexican line. Infuriated, the American decided to go on a punitive expedition into Mexico—all alone, he and a .38-55 rifle.

He trailed his cattle for twenty miles and, just outside the town of Juarez, jumped the gang of bandits. Since there were, as it turned out, fifteen of them, the only sensible thing to do was to forget the cattle and hightail it back to the international line. Which he did. He took off at a high gallop. He had been seen, however, and five of the bandits set out in pursuit of him. His horse, though better than the crowbaits the Mexicans were riding, was tired, and so, still inside Mexico, with the line fifteen miles away, the bandits began to gain on him.

The rancher sized up his situation. The five bandits were coming close enough to begin throwing lead at him. Thinking fast, he slid off his horse, let the animal gallop on alone, and started shooting at the bandits, now about two hundred yards away. He shot so fast that he had two of his pursuers falling from their saddles at one time. And he got all five. Five shots, five bandits. That's real shooting for you. If you're wondering how a man acquires that sort of skill with a rifle, I'll tell you. He does it by practicing the art of quick (or snap) shooting. With a few exceptions, the game a rifleman shoots at is running game. Yet the modern rifleman is too often trained to make still shots. You can see, can't you, why there are so many alibis around every hunting camp? The boys are just beyond their depth in trying to shoot fast when they have learned to take their time.

There is a place for orthodox shooting at targets. It's fine

(*Continued on page 152*)

QUIET
ON THE AIR
hoff

". . . and here is the winner, Mr. Plotz, who will receive $100 a week as long as he lives"

Esquire's
GUIDE TO GOOD HUNTING
horace hill

Good Hunting, Gentlemen!

MANNERS AND METHOD MEAN SAFETY AND GAME

When you find yourself unaccountably wandering around the house with a bottle of gun oil and an ebony cleaning rod . . . or making like a duck with paint and decoy . . . or hearing strange whirring sounds in your sleep, and crying out "Bird up!" . . . don't be alarmed. You're all right. It's just that you're coming down with the hunting fever.

Relax. Get lots of fresh air and exercise, preferably in the woods with a dog. And when you're able to take nourishment—something delicate like partridge or duck—you'll know that you're "out of the woods."

It's then that you'll be your old self again, making big plans to bring home a record bag this season if it's the last thing you do.

In order that it will *not* be the last thing you do, Esquire opens this 12-page collector's item on the manly art of shooting with some rare memorabilia for the notebook on the finer points of bagging more game and less of us.

Every year, printed in neat black type in the obituary columns of most newspapers, is a fairly accurate and substantial list of should-have-been hunters whose guns were loaded but whose heads were not. Still worse, among them in the happy hunting ground is an even more select society of innocent nimrods who were the victims of other men's loaded guns and empty heads.

For the true connoisseur of the sport, hunting is a good deal more than simply a new gun and a sharp outfit. It's a complex, highly disciplined sport that lures many men into beautiful country at the time of year when nature wears her brightest plumage — and when most wild game seems to resemble everything that moves, including hunters.

For this simple reason, no man worth his powder ever points even an empty gun at any living or moving thing unless he knows what that thing is and has it in mind to shoot and kill that thing.

The fires of hell are banked by those who "thought it wasn't loaded"—and there's hell enough right here for those who "thought it was a deer."

When your shooting companion carefully removes the shells from his gun and places it on the other side of the fence before climbing, you'll both live to hunt another day—providing you do the same.

But if you find him leaning on his gun muzzle in "thoughtful" meditation, or parting the low-hanging branches with the barrel, run or crawl to the nearest exit. For that man has forgotten one of the temperamental oddities characteristic of all weapons: A gun *wants* to go off. That's what it was made for, and that little spring inside the works just won't be able to relax until it happens.

Kind of preoccupied, too, a gun is. So busy trying to get fired that it can't tell the difference between a dear friend and friend deer.

You have to help it through this difficulty by pointing out the deer.

One way to distinguish a deer from a man is by the apparel. Only rarely, for instance, will a deer be found sporting a red hunting cap—but never would a sensible hunter be found without one. The warning red is his only safety flag, when the woods are thick with hunters aprowl.

And this is particularly the case during the deer season. In one section of two square miles, near a metropolitan center last year, there was one hunter every twenty-five yards. Without caution and lots of red clothing, this could have soon resulted in one hunter every fifty yards.

Another unforgettable character in the Who's Who of spoil-sports is the man with a gun in one hand and a bottle in the other. Potations have their place in the fine art of enjoying life. So does hunting. But actively combining the two in the field is known as How to Lose Friends and Outfluence People. For instance:

Goodtime Charlie isn't having much luck. Furthermore, he's cold. He takes a nip. It gets colder. He gets nippier. Suddenly from his swaying stand he sees a deer moving through the woods at about one hundred yards. He throws out the 30-06 and bangs away. The deer goes down. When he weaves over to collect his quarry, he finds a nice surprise. A double bag. A fat buck deer, and lying under the deer another animal—human, age about 36. Evidently the man had bagged his buck, put it on his shoulder, and started back for camp . . . Nice work, Charlie.

This annual tragedy points up two inviolate rules in the litany of safety: Don't drink while shooting. And don't drape your game over your shoulder.

In addition to the hard and fast rules of the road, there is also a fine social code to be observed in hunting by any who would aspire to the designation of gentleman. (And any who wouldn't shouldn't hunt.)

Suppose, for instance, you're out bird shooting with friend and dog. Dog points bird. You flush it. You both fire simultaneously. When your friend nods the kill to you (even though you can be sure *he's* sure that his shot scored), it would scarcely have to be spelled out to you in skywriting that you're out hunting with a gentleman and a mighty fine fellow.

And from the selfish, practical standpoint, any smart gentleman knows that birds are scarce but friends are even harder to come by. He knows, also, such niceties as this:

When hunting in heavy cover it is proper to give warning when a bird takes to the air. The call "Bird up!" is both a safety and a courtesy measure . . . Regardless of whose dog retrieves what to whom, doubt concerning whose gun made the kill is always resolved in favor of the man who made the flush . . . And, finally, such doubt should actually be avoided. For seldom are two hunters in equally vantage positions; the one with the less advantage should withhold his fire.

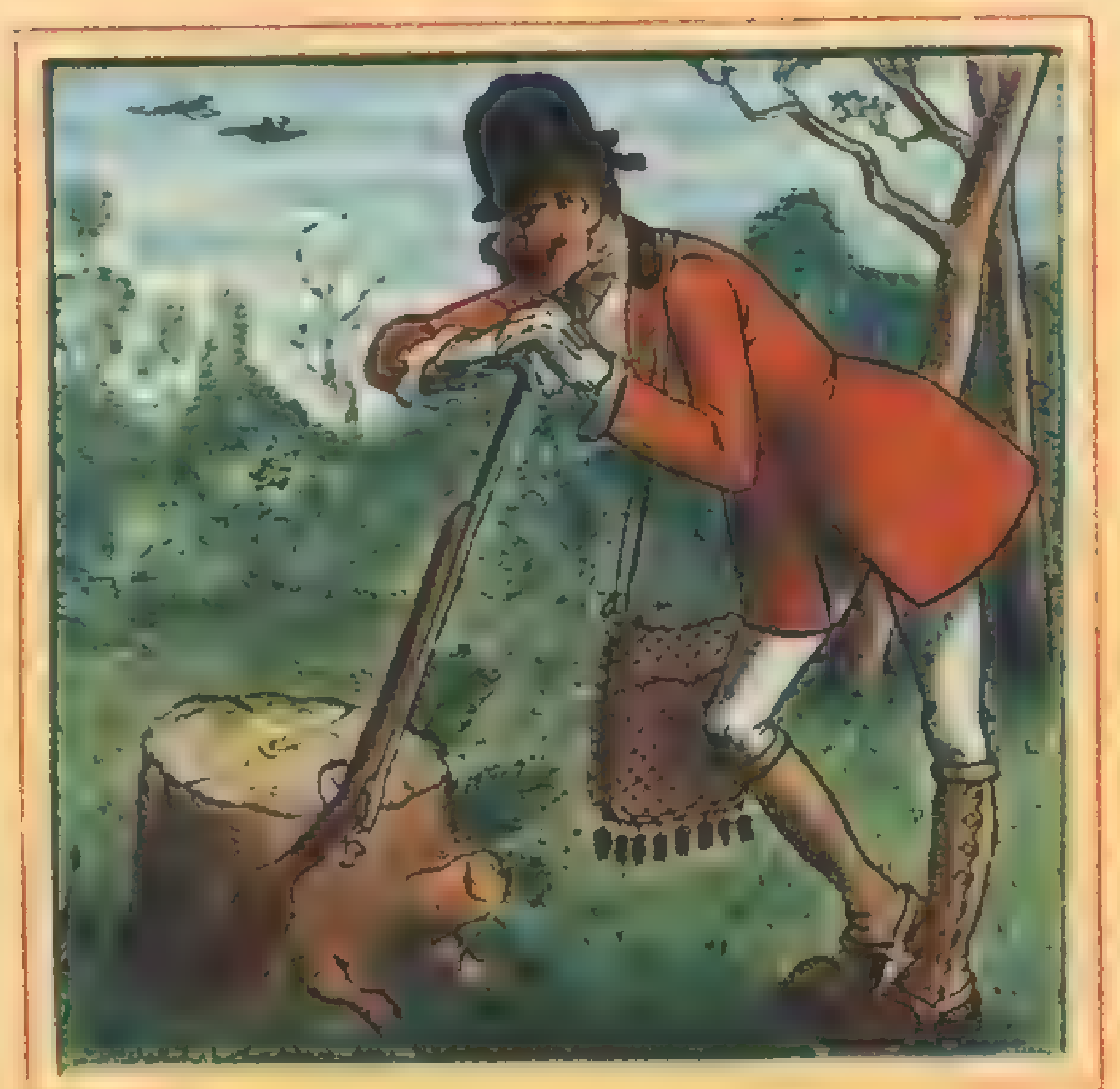
And withhold his fire should any hunter who is in the disadvantageous position of being on posted property. For breaking the laws of the land is usually considered unlawful.

Where appropriate, the best hunters hunt with a dog, if possible. For a well-trained and well-handled gun dog elevates shooting into the subtle and delicate region of a finely technical art. Also, your own nose compares poorly with your best friend's. There'll be more shooting, fewer cripples left for br'er fox and other predators, and less game lost. This is especially important in upland game and wildfowl shooting. Efficiency is upped tremendously—and besides, *all* gun dogs are gentlemen.

Certainly it was no gun dog that last year destroyed millions of dollars worth of forests and countless resources in wildlife with a single careless match—although there may have been some references to this worthy's parentage in canine terms.

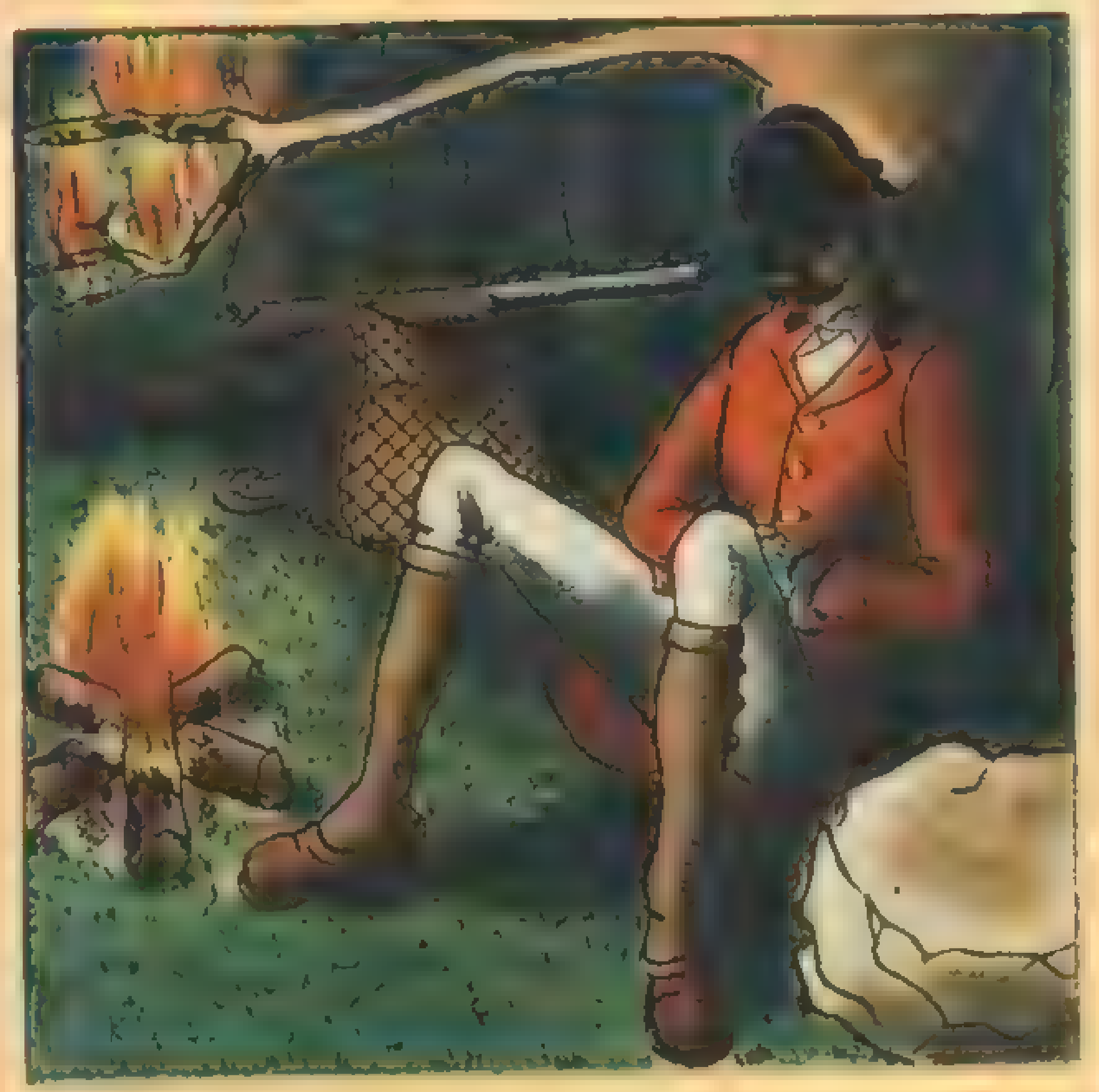
So perhaps the final mark of the true sportsman is that rarest of all attributes: intelligence.

Good hunting, Gentlemen!



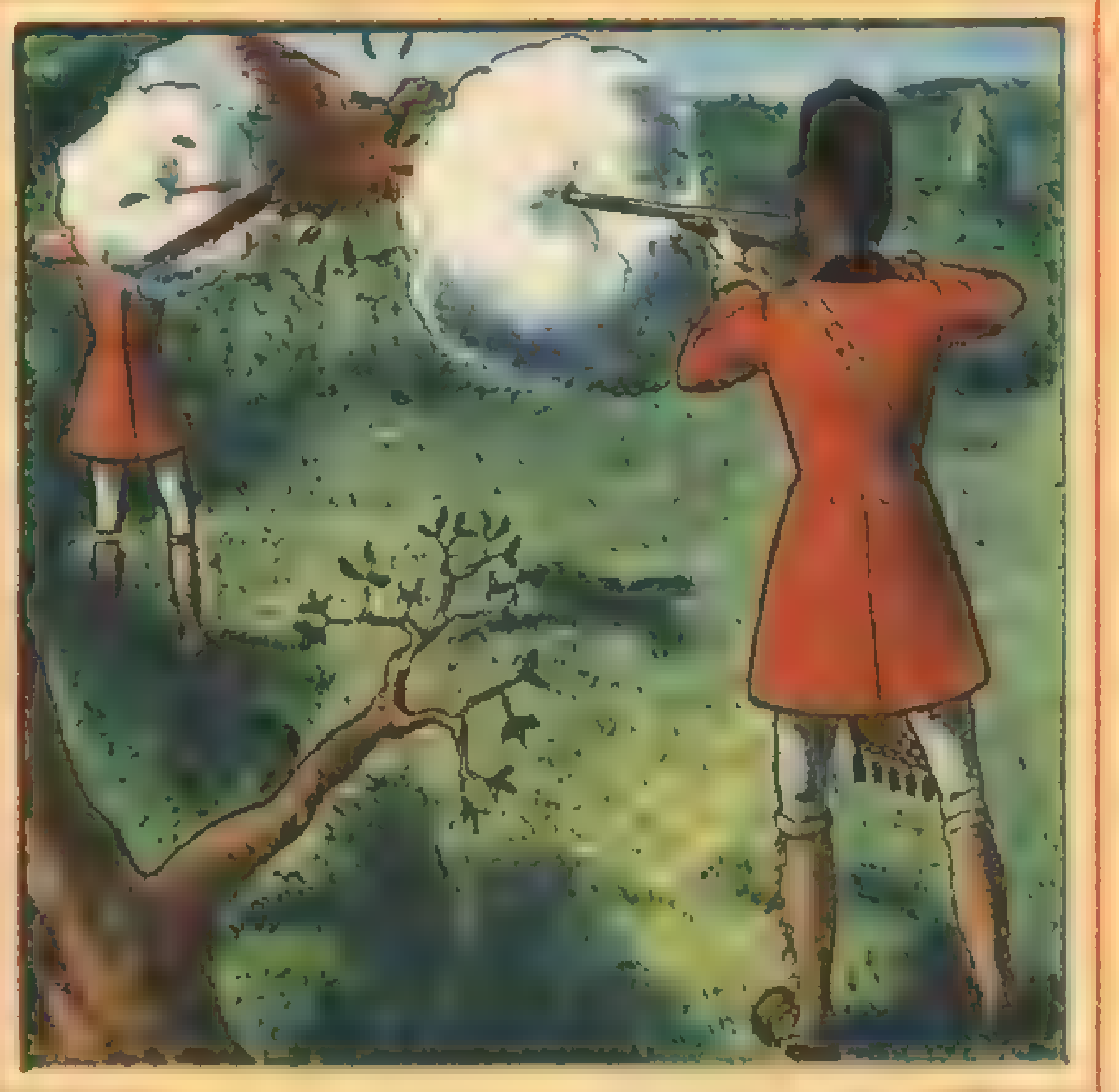
HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOU

Rest this way and rest in peace
One less nimrod but two more geese.



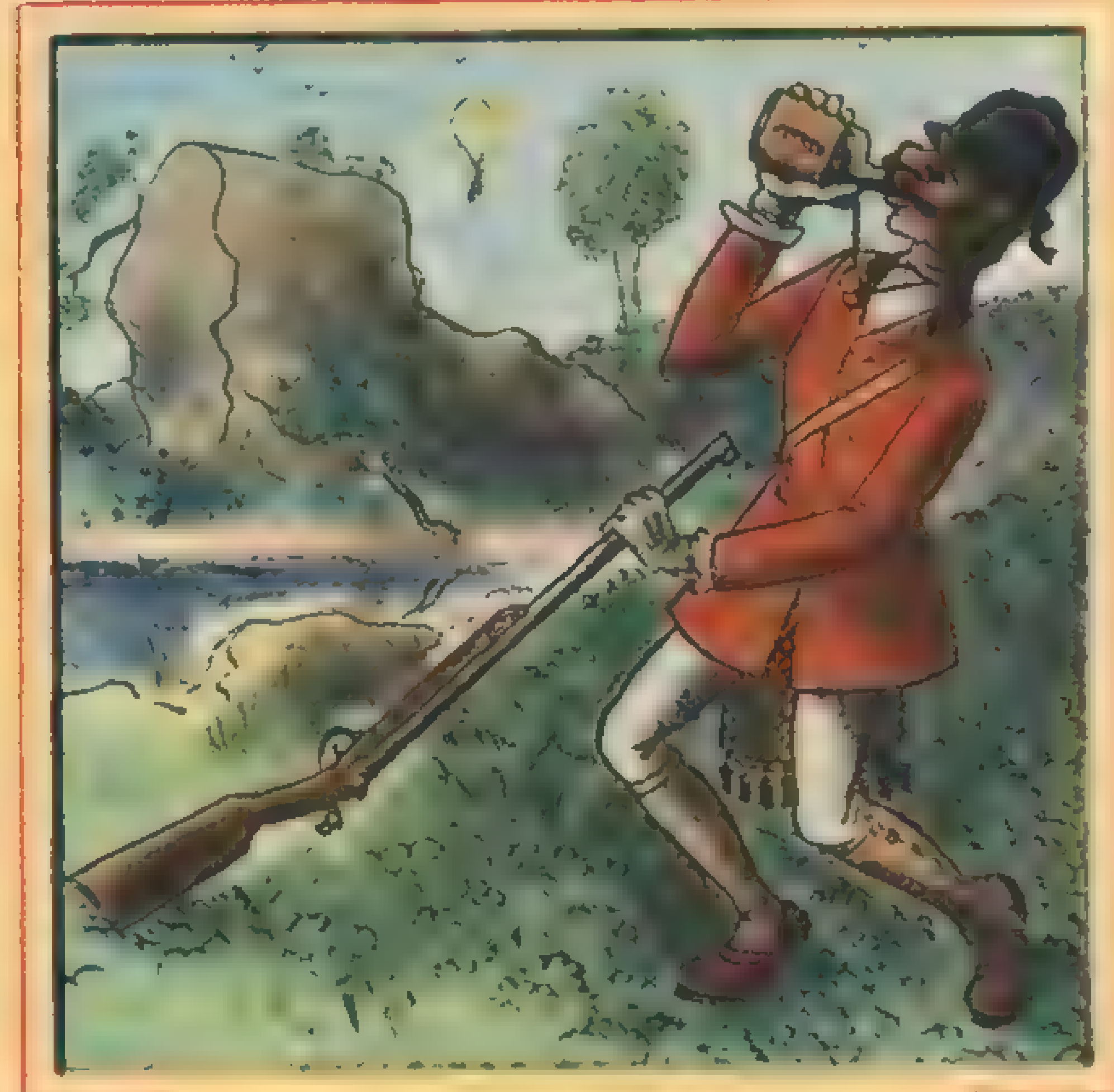
FULL BAG—EMPTY HEAD

With a single match and a vacant mind
He kills more game than we can find.



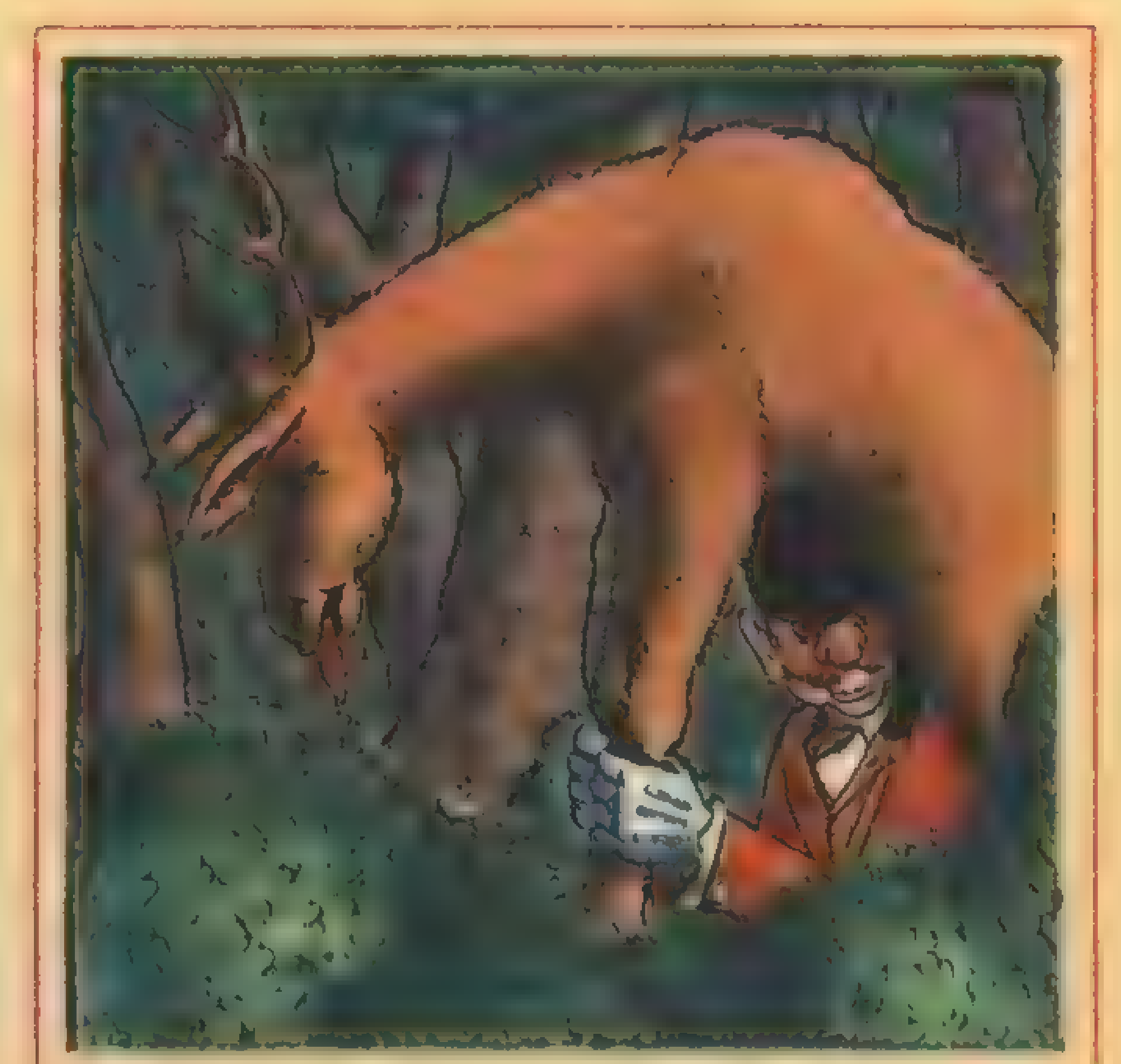
HUNTER HUNTS HUNTER

2 hunters apart, 1 bird, "Boom Boom!"
Not Who shot What; but Who shot Whom?



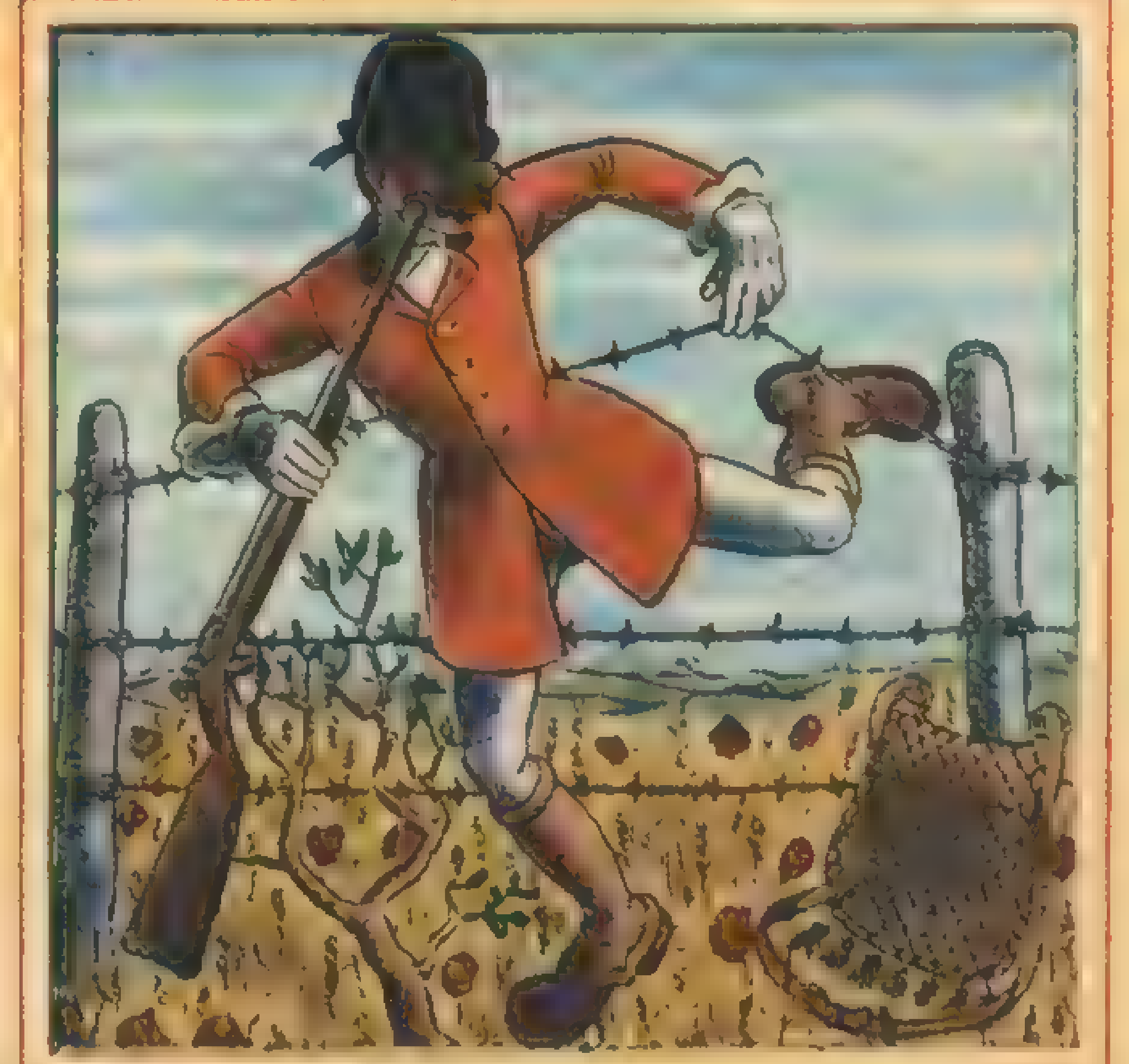
THE LIMIT ON HIM IS 1

A nip is fine when the day is through
Do this and it's open season on you.



HOW TO BECOME AN ANCESTOR

Disguise yourself as a passing buck
And double some other hunter's luck.



SHORT CUT TO BIG GAME

How to bag the biggest game of all
He'll look good on the trophy wall.

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS

HUNTING ACHIEVES ITS NEAREST APPROACH TO A FINE ART IN *The Field Trial*

With shooting seasons growing shorter each year, ducks and wildfowl on the decline and the foxes out-hunting the nimrods when it comes to cottontail rabbits, the tremendous growth of the field trial in popularity is a logical and fortunate evolution.

For gun dogs in action, whether under actual or simulated shooting conditions, are beauty itself, and advance the sport of hunting into the realm of art. The remarkable instinct and style of the dog evinced at the trial are the essence of excitement, either with or without the smell of powder. But few seem to realize what goes into the training of a good field trial dog.

Field trial dogs are undoubtedly the aristocrats of the canine world. The training of them is in itself an art. Likewise is the proper appreciation of them.

Pointing breeds are usually tested under natural conditions on pen-raised birds, usually pheasant or quail. English setters and pointers, Brittany spaniels, German shorthairs and Irish and Gordon setters are the chief pointing breeds. Among these the English setter and pointer lead from the point of trial participation and sheer popularity.

The pointing breeds usually run a planned "course" where they can be tested for nose, initiative, and ability to hunt the bird cover, and where they can be judged for their form and their ability to take directions from their handlers or owners.

The "bird field" is an area usually staked off so that the gallery of spectators can watch the dogs' behavior on actual birds. The judges (usually two), and the handler or the owner follow the dogs around the course on horseback. This is almost always necessary because the pointers and setters are "big goers" and would be difficult to keep up with afoot.

The dogs are run in braces, (pairs) and as they hit the bird field and point, one dog should honor the first dog's point by backing him (pointing as soon as he sees the other snap to a point). The handler or owner of the first dog to make the point gets down from his horse, flushes the bird and, if it is a shoot-to-kill trial, shoots the bird. If not, he shoots a pistol chambered with blank cartridges. While this takes place the dog is supposed to remain steady on point and staunch, even when the bird is flushed and the gun fired.

In the case of retrievers, most trials include a series each on land and on water. The dog must remain at heel, be steady to wing and shot, and not get out of his sitting or heeling position for the retrieve until ordered to do so by his handler. When the bird flushes, the retriever is supposed to mark the fall, and take a straight line to the bird when he is ordered to retrieve. On running or crippled birds he is expected to take the line of scent and follow without orders.

Retrieves on land and water should be made quickly; birds (both pheasant and duck are killed by "official guns" or the handlers) are examined by the two judges to make sure the dog is not "hard-mouthed". This means the bird must be in good condition and not torn up. Birds downed must be delivered to the handler; the style of retrieve counts.

Spaniel trials differ little. The Springer or Cocker flushes the bird, then "hups" or sits until ordered to retrieve. Birds are always killed over them. Never are blank cartridges used in retriever or spaniel trials.

Beagles, the little hounds with deep chimes in their throats, are run on cottontails or hares. Judges and handlers follow afoot. The beagle is judged by his determination on the trail. If the cottontail turns quickly to the right, that point is called a "check" and the beagle (worked in pairs) that picks up the scent first and doesn't mess up on the trail is credited. When hares are hunted, the dogs are worked in a single beagle pack.

Coonhounds also are worked in pairs and give "tongue" on the coon trail. They are partially credited by trees—the first dog to mark the coon in a tree without puttering about on the trail is the scorer. Some live coons are released; but quite often a coon is put in a sack and the sack dragged along the ground to break a trail for the hounds to follow.

The requirements for a winning field trial dog are the same as those for a top-notch gun dog—endurance, nose, bird sense, range and speed. Many authorities, therefore, contend that the dog who performs best in the field trial is a natural for hunting in general.

In addition to being a testing ground for the qualities of the dog, the field trial also brings to the attention of breeders many excellent specimens that might otherwise go unnoticed.

No matter what the breed of gun dog, field trials of all kinds today are linked in a large and conspicuous spot on the sportsman's calendar of events.

THE merry, active little beagle, which stands between 13 and 15 inches high, has the heart and the strength of a much larger dog. Its natural game is the cottontail rabbit and the hare, and beagle field trials probably have more fanatic participants than any of the others. The beagle's hunting chant — seen here but alas unheard—is sheer music.

THE Chesapeake Bay Retriever is considered the only native "American" sporting dog. It has a thick, curly coat, can stand extremely cold water and will retrieve until too exhausted to stand. Its tan to brown color blends well into ducking landscape. Usually the Chesapeake's a popular contender in the National Retriever Championship Trials.

THE first field trial for pointers was held in America in 1874. From that time onward, the tough, sinewy pointer has dominated the field. Fast on his feet, the pointer can scent a bird at many yards and slap to a point on a dime. Pointers are rated closely for their steadiness to shot and wing. For popularity, they lead the bird-dog field.

THE NEWEST THING IN HUNTING

Shooting Preserves

Nearly thirty million dollars worth of hunting licenses were sold by the 48 states last year. Of the number of hunters who laid that money on the line, those who were satisfied with their bag of game or wildfowl add up to a pretty small percentage.

A man buys a hunting license, an outfit, a gun dog; he drives perhaps fifty or sixty miles to enjoy a day's shoot—and what does he usually get? Tired.

It's because of this that game preserve shooting has become the fastest-growing new development in hunting, and near every large city more and more such privately owned hunters' havens are stocking game birds and all the equipment necessary to hunt them.

A typical such shooting preserve, for instance, is the Housatonic Game Farm, Brookfield Center, Connecticut, an easy drive from New York. Here are raised hearty birds under high wire so that their wing muscles are wiry and tough. The preserve operates like most. You can pay a certain price for a day's shooting, or so much per bird released. This puts a premium on accuracy and skill.

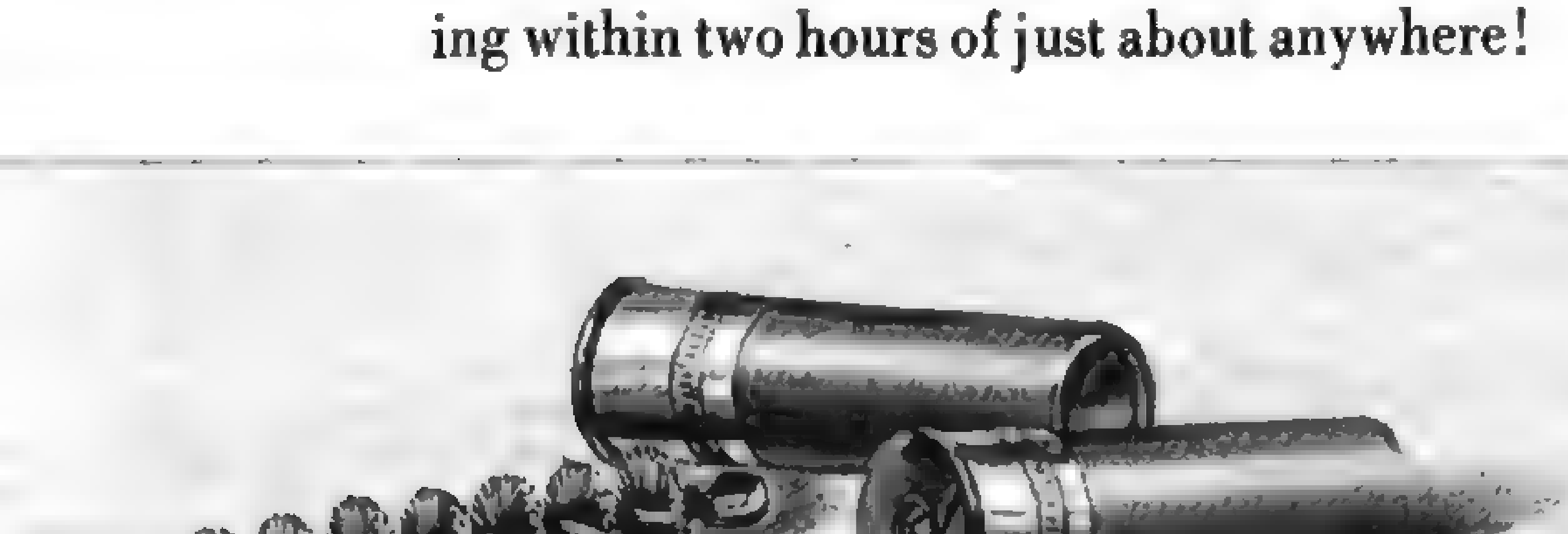
Preserve owners usually liberate some 30% of their stock. This is a State requirement in many sections. The preserve owner must also have at least 500 acres for gunners to roam.

The shooting preserve season usually lasts five full months. There is no bag limit. And many preserves have some of the country's best gun dogs in their employ. With such abundance attracting more and more shooters, the wild birds have a chance to make a come-back. Thus, the conservation principle of preserve shooting is quite obvious.

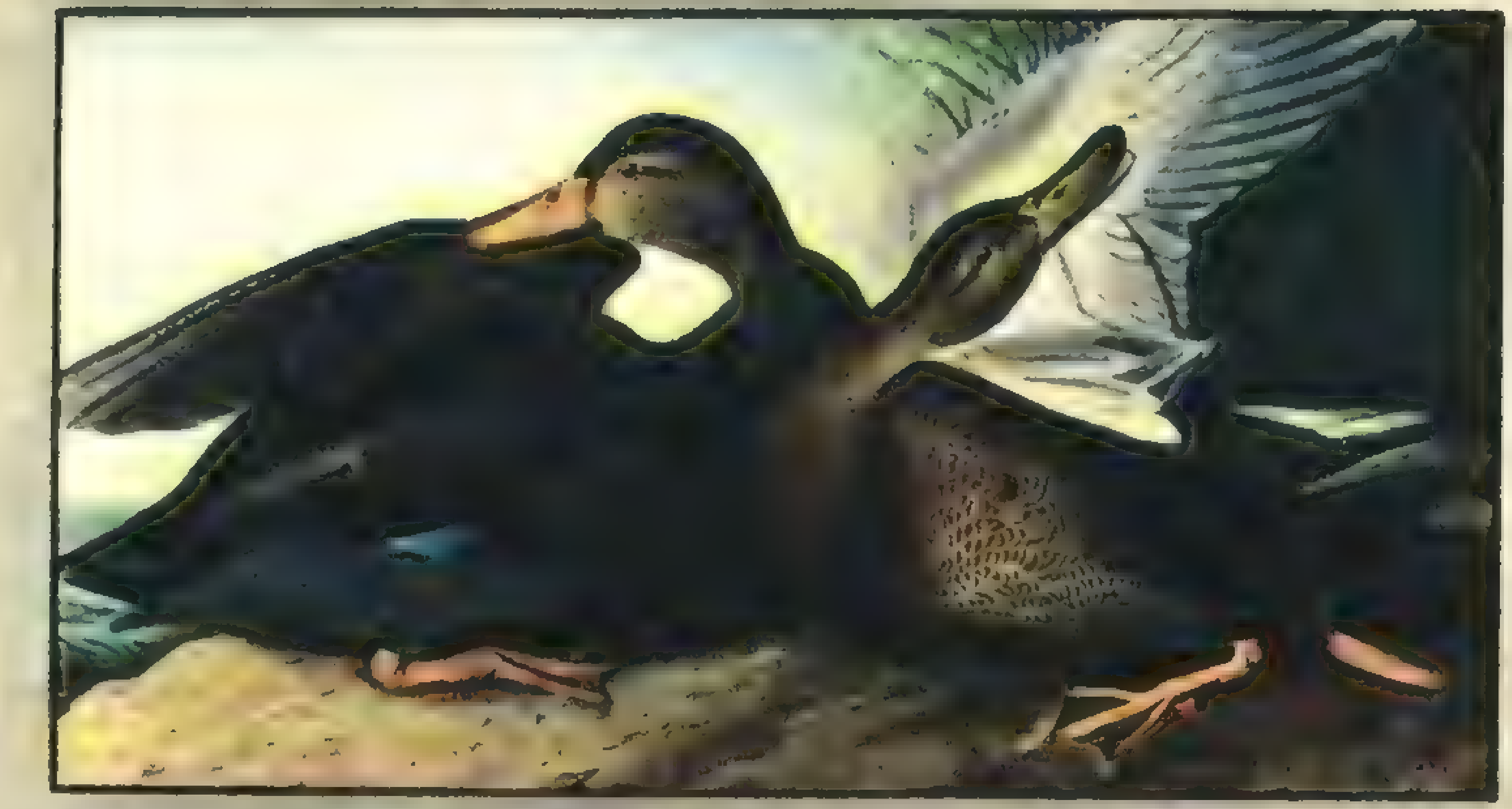
It is still necessary to purchase a license to shoot a preserve—but the chances of coming home with a stuffed game bag are about 80% better than if you wandered the public areas. You also are much safer. There aren't hundreds of hunters roaming about shooting at every leaf that moves.

In many of the preserves it isn't necessary to bring anything along except you. The house will provide the rest.

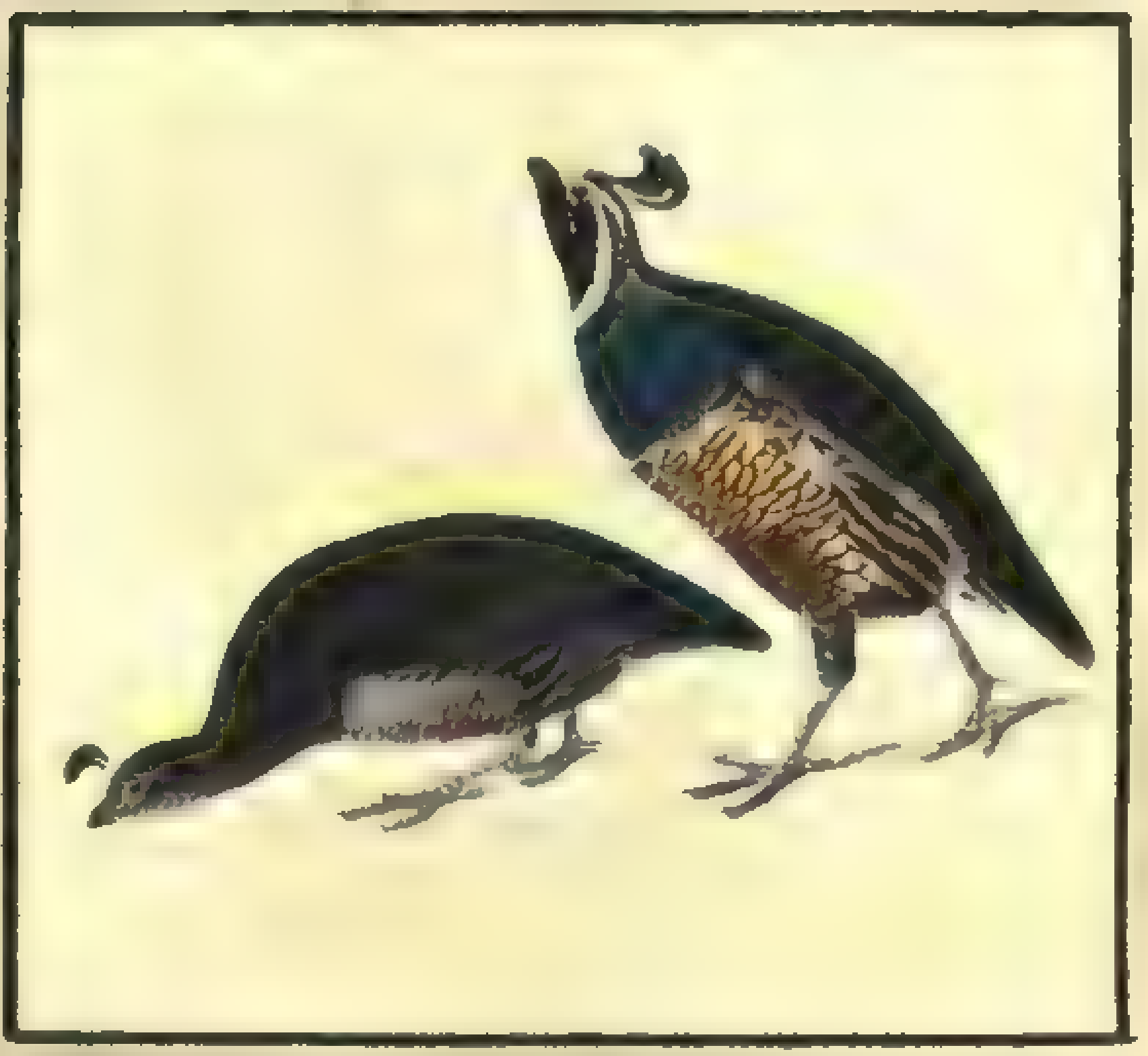
SLIM shooting seasons needn't limit your hunting time. The birds on the many good shooting preserves are strong, wild flyers. If your shotgun technique isn't paying off, don't count on preserve shooting to build up your game bag. The birds are usually faster, cagier and harder to bring down than the common cornfield variety. Dog work is never "dog work". With plenty of birds and scent to work on the gun dog is as happy about preserves as the hunter. There's good hunting within two hours of just about anywhere!



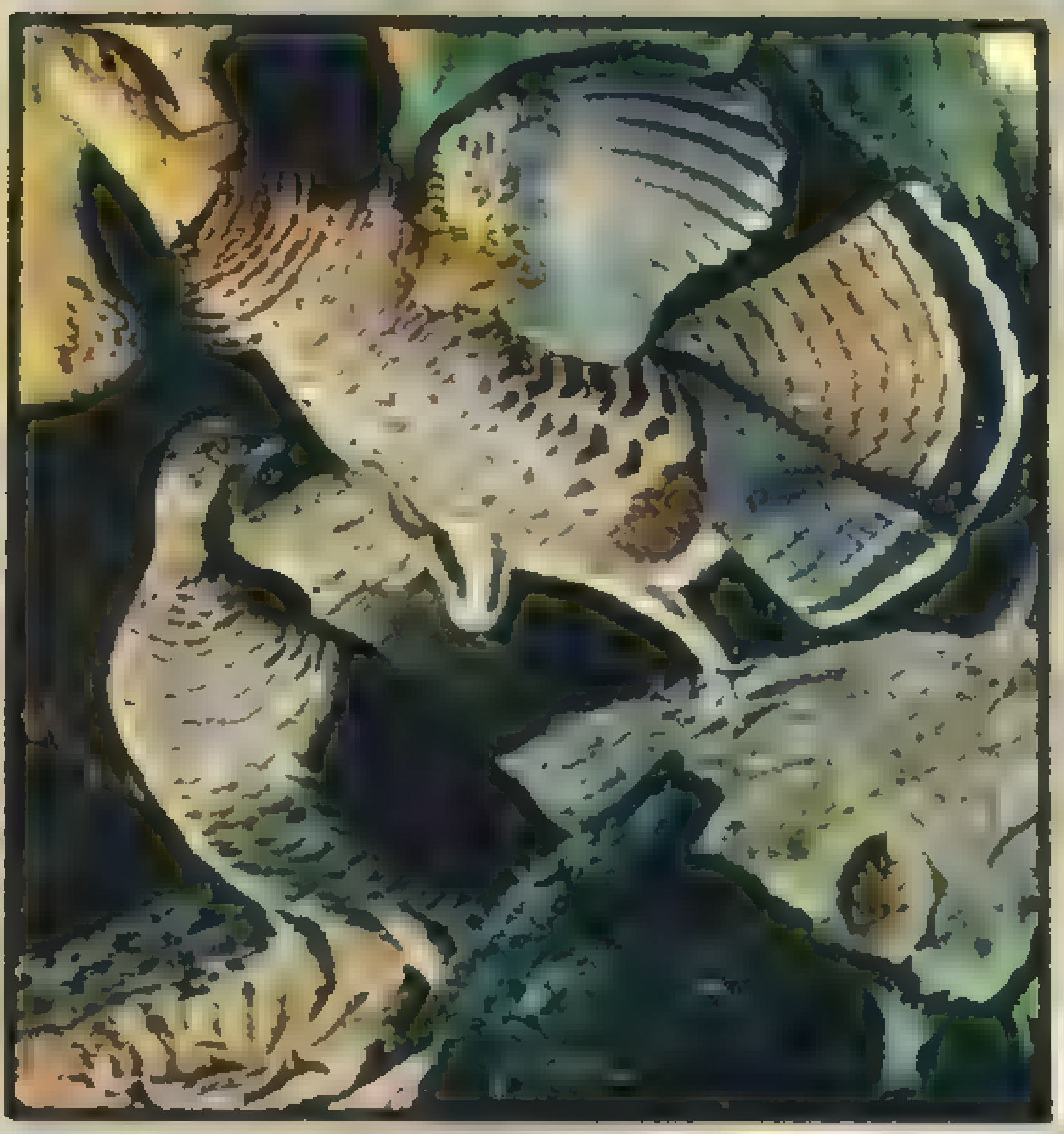
14 Principal Game



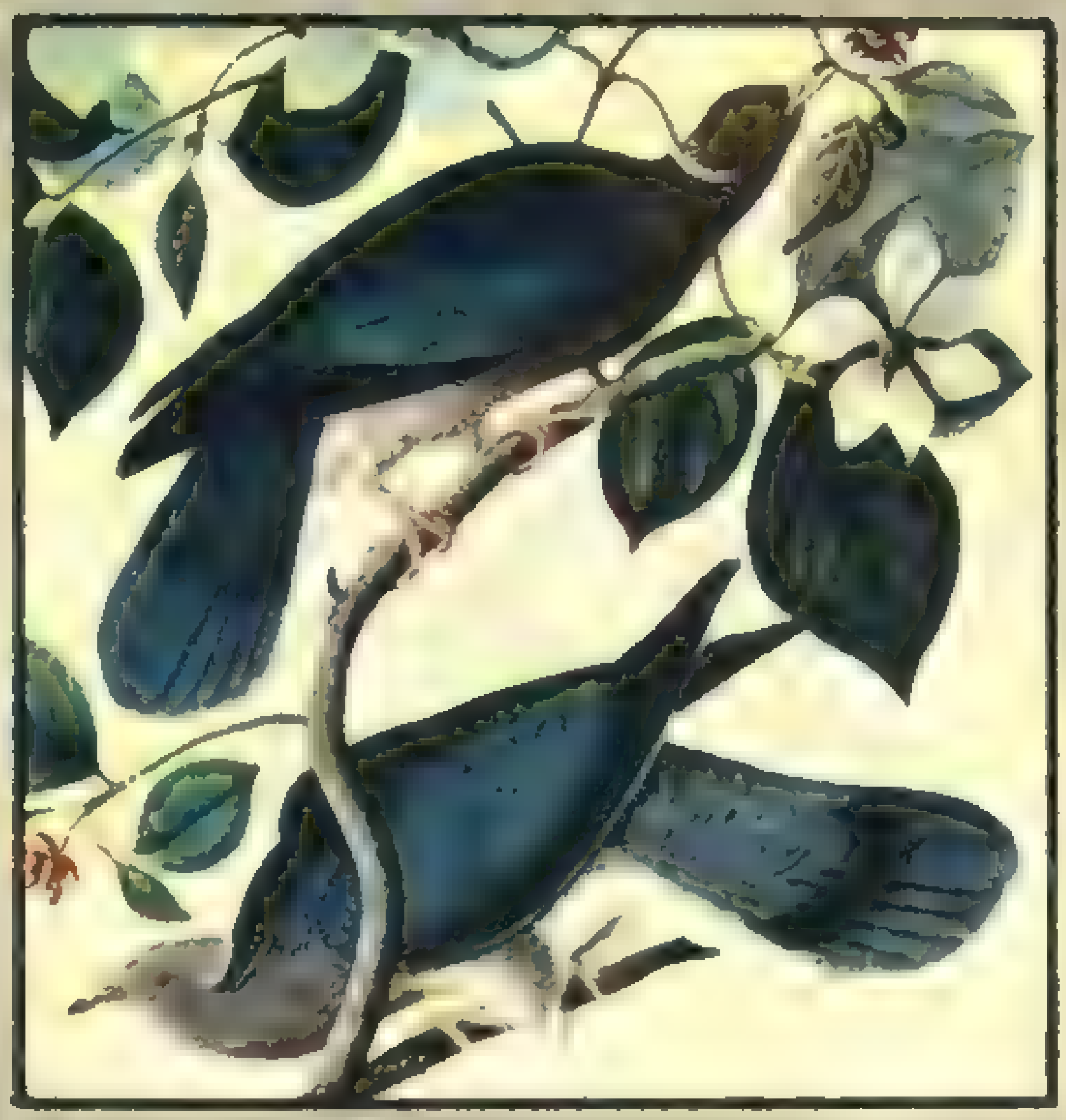
BLACK DUCK
Airspeed 45 mph. Size 6 shot



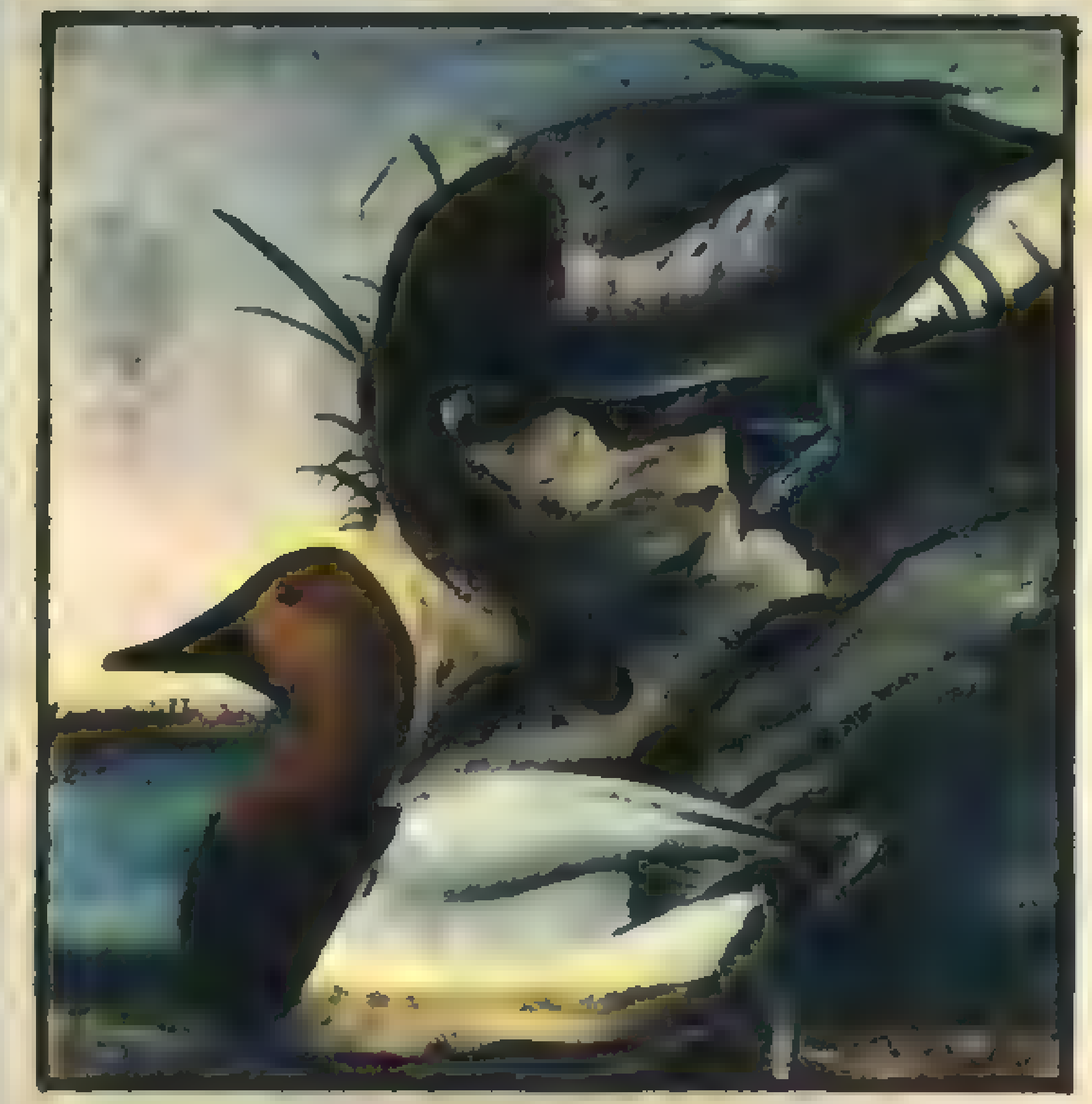
MOUNTAIN QUAIL
Airspeed 35 to 40 mph. Size 9 shot



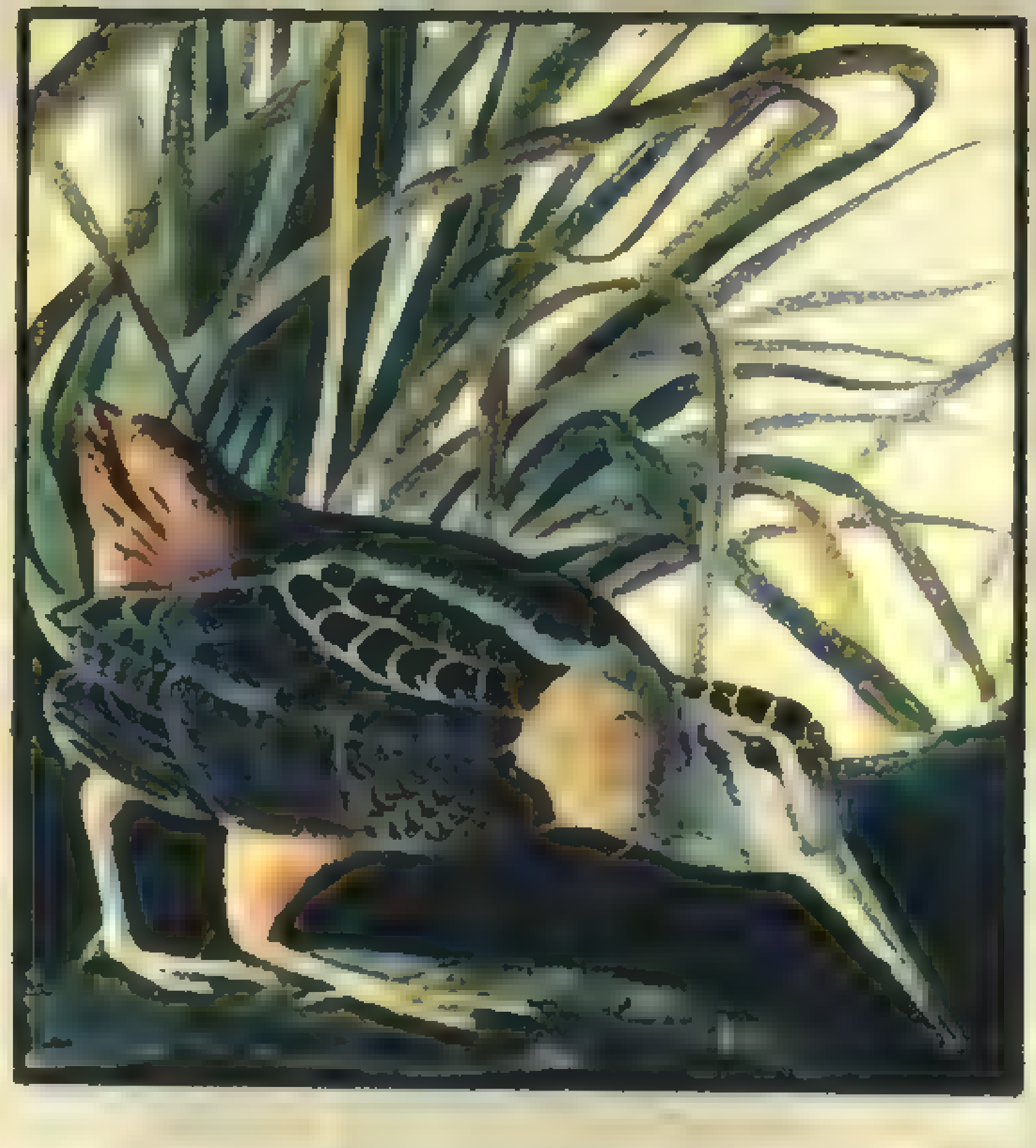
RUFFED GROUSE
Airspeed 22 to 30 mph. Size 7½ shot



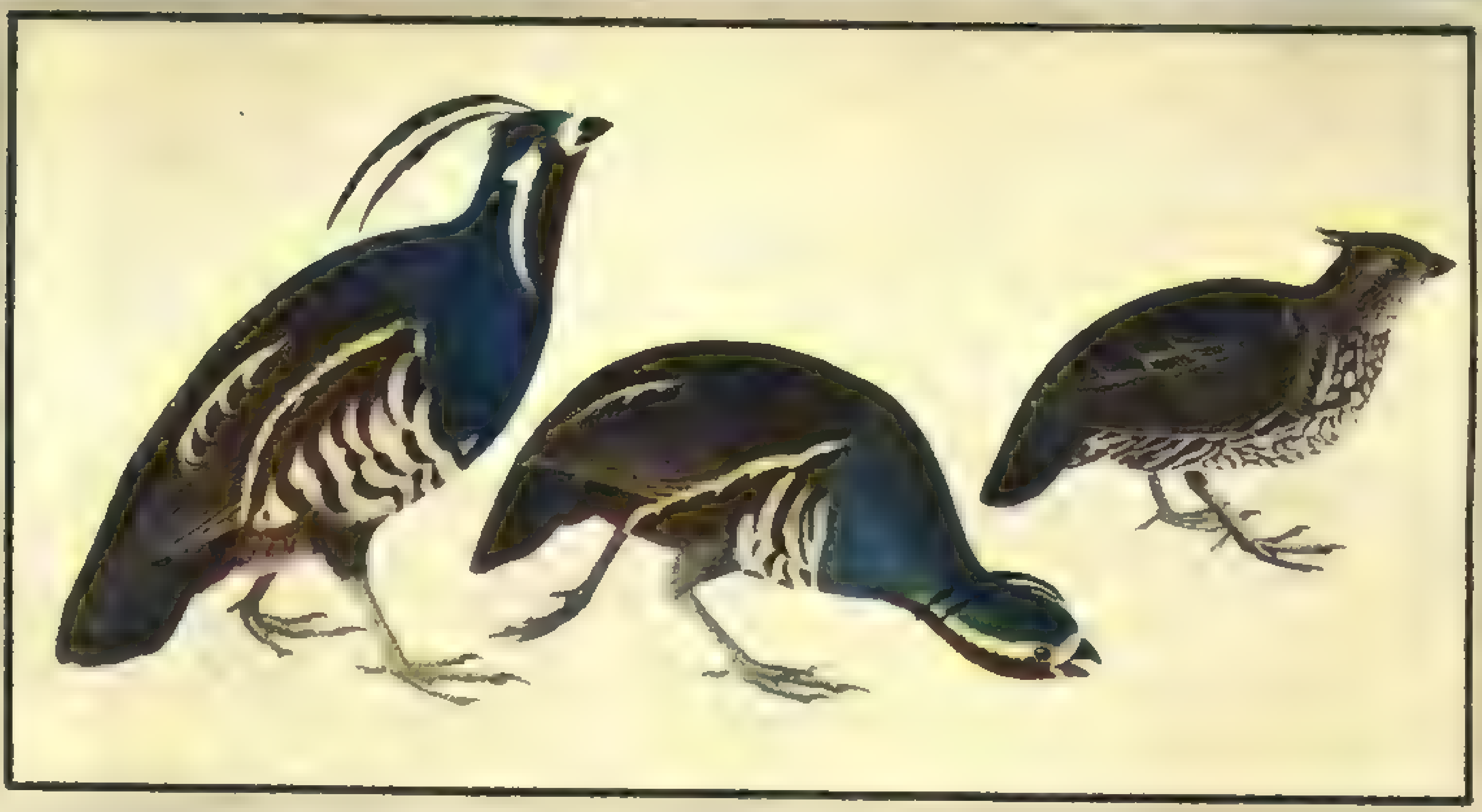
BAND-TAILED PIGEON
Airspeed 30 to 40 mph. Size 9 shot



CANVASBACK DUCK
Airspeed 72 mph. Size 6 shot

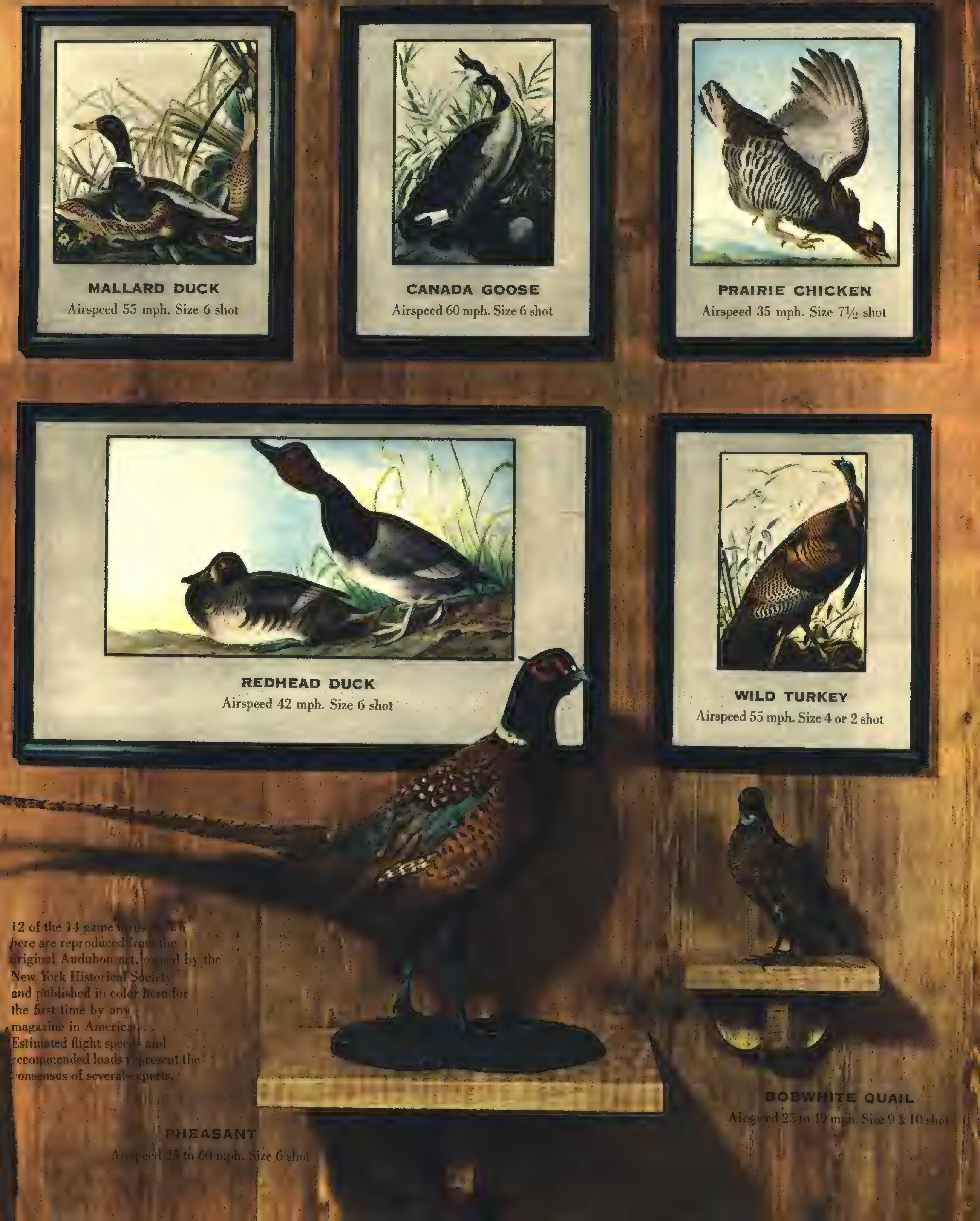


WOODCOCK
Airspeed 5 to 13 mph. Size 9 shot



CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL
Airspeed 35 mph. Size 9 & 10 shot

Birds of America



MALLARD DUCK
Airspeed 55 mph. Size 6 shot

CANADA GOOSE
Airspeed 60 mph. Size 6 shot

PRAIRIE CHICKEN
Airspeed 35 mph. Size 7½ shot

REDHEAD DUCK
Airspeed 42 mph. Size 6 shot

WILD TURKEY
Airspeed 55 mph. Size 4 or 2 shot

12 of the 14 game birds shown here are reproduced from the original Audubon art, owned by the New York Historical Society and published in color here for the first time by any magazine in America. Estimated flight speeds and recommended loads represent the consensus of several experts.

PHEASANT
Airspeed 25 to 60 mph. Size 6 shot

BOBWHITE QUAIL
Airspeed 25 to 19 mph. Size 9 & 10 shot

Fine Points in Shooting

Other than the actual gun connoisseur—who collects firearms with all the tenderness that is usually associated with fine porcelains or fine women—most hunters can be satisfied with a few well-chosen weapons.

THE RIFLE

In selecting a rifle, remember that it is better to lean on the side of too much power than too little. The big ammunition companies put out the proper type loads to insure maximum killing power.

An experienced hunter handles as many rifles as possible before buying, and selects one that seems to fit, that he can throw on an object with speed and confidence.

Remember, too, that you can't shoot better than you can see. Sights are important. If you are going in for fast fifty yard shooting, correctly designed open sights will give you the eye aid and accuracy necessary. For greater ranges the aperture receiver rear sights are fine. The flat blade front sight, 3/32, or the gold and ivory bead front sights give excellent elevation. For long range, of course, scope (telescope) sights give the best results and are most effective on either your large rifle or your .22 varmint and small-game rifle. Choose any of the good hunting scopes. For general shooting the 2.5 power is strong enough; long range or prone shooting requires the more powerful 4X. Cross hair reticules large enough to be clearly seen in weak shooting light are recommended. Have the scope mounted low, and sighted in by an expert. This is one job you shouldn't try to tackle on your workbench.

Try your rifle out on a target before going afield. Cheek it, hold it comfortably and tightly to your shoulder so recoil won't bother, and squeeze the shots off. Take a deep breath, expel a little, then slowly squeeze the trigger. Never jerk it. All shots fired in which the trigger is pressed with such a steady increase of pressure that the shooter does not know the instant of discharge are considered good shots.

THE SHOTGUN

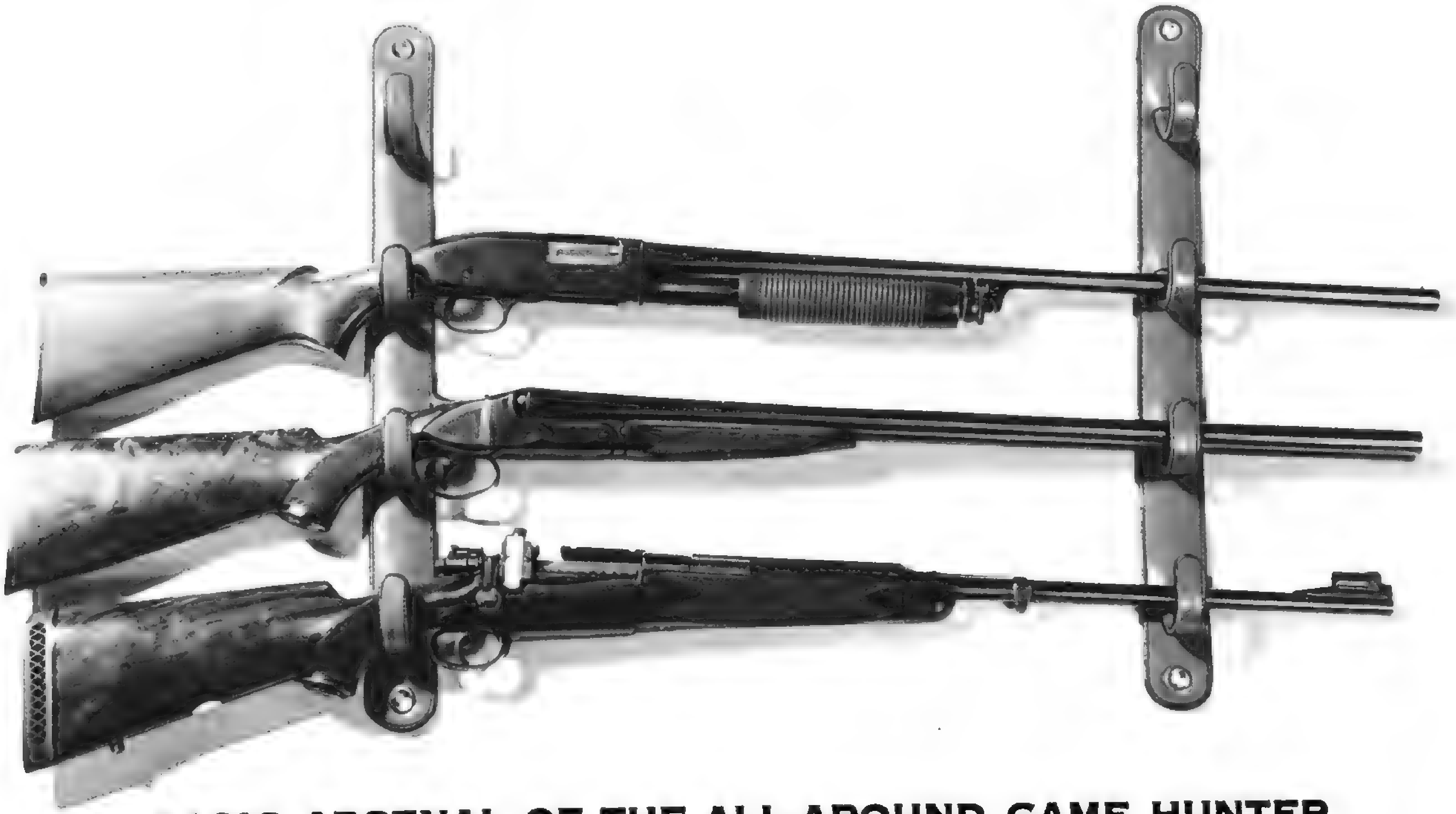
In selecting a shotgun you have a wide variety to choose from in five basic types—the single barrel, the side-by-side double barrel, the over-and-under, the single barrel pump gun (holding five shots instead of the double gun's two), and the automatic which merely demands that you press a trigger.

For wildfowl shooting a 12 gauge double is reliable. A 20 gauge or even a .410 if you are a fine shot, are heavy enough to lug for upland game shooting. Take into consideration the type of game you are hunting. Use loads heavy enough to bring them down; avoid light crippling shots.

You should take a refresher on a few basic points if you expect to bring game home with your shotgun.

For instance, at covey flush or the whip of the skeet target, remember to hold the muzzle of your gun up, the stock at your elbow. Learn to relax your body, so that you shoot easily and naturally. When you take a fast one straight at you, either at skeet or in bird cover, sway your body at the knees, lean slightly backward, and swing with the object. Watch the feet. Try to keep yourself balanced so you can swing in any direction without crossing your feet or upsetting your equilibrium. Swing your body with your gun at a pass shot. Keep on your bird and somewhat ahead if it is a fast mover like a canvasback duck or an airborne cock pheasant. Don't squat; hold yourself erect yet at ease. Shoot with both eyes open with a shotgun and pull the trigger fast.

Shooting's fun, but the fine points are easily forgotten. Polish and oil them the way you do fine guns, and you may look as good as your equipment does.



BASIC ARSENAL OF THE ALL-AROUND GAME HUNTER

20 GAUGE PUMP GUN

Called the "old corn shucker" the 20 gauge pump gun at the top chambers five shells is fast, light, and powerful enough for all upland game and even deadly on ducks and heavier game when in the right, skillful hands. Its light weight enables a hunter to tramp the hills all day. Upland game hunting is all walking and the 20 adds mileage. Recoil is slight and the gun can be handled easily by women or beginners. The versatile 20 is a pleasure to own and shoot.

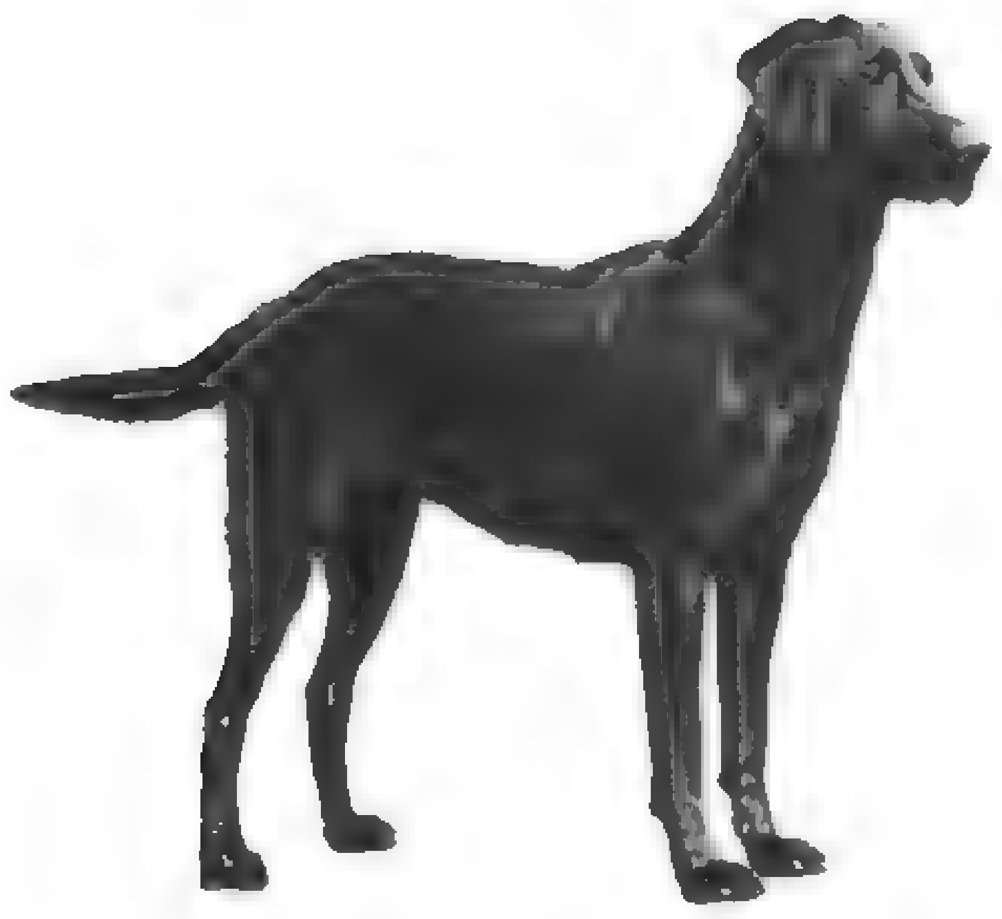
12 GAUGE DOUBLE BARREL

The side-by-side double barreled shot gun, long the preference of more seasoned shooting men than any other gun type, can handle nearly any kind of game that it's pointed at, and has the merit of plenty of power and a wide spread. Equally popular in the duck blind, the skeet field and pheasant and quail covers, it's a sure weapon. Often you can tell the hunting character of a man by his gun preference. The double barrel 12-gauge-shooter is usually cautious and dependable.

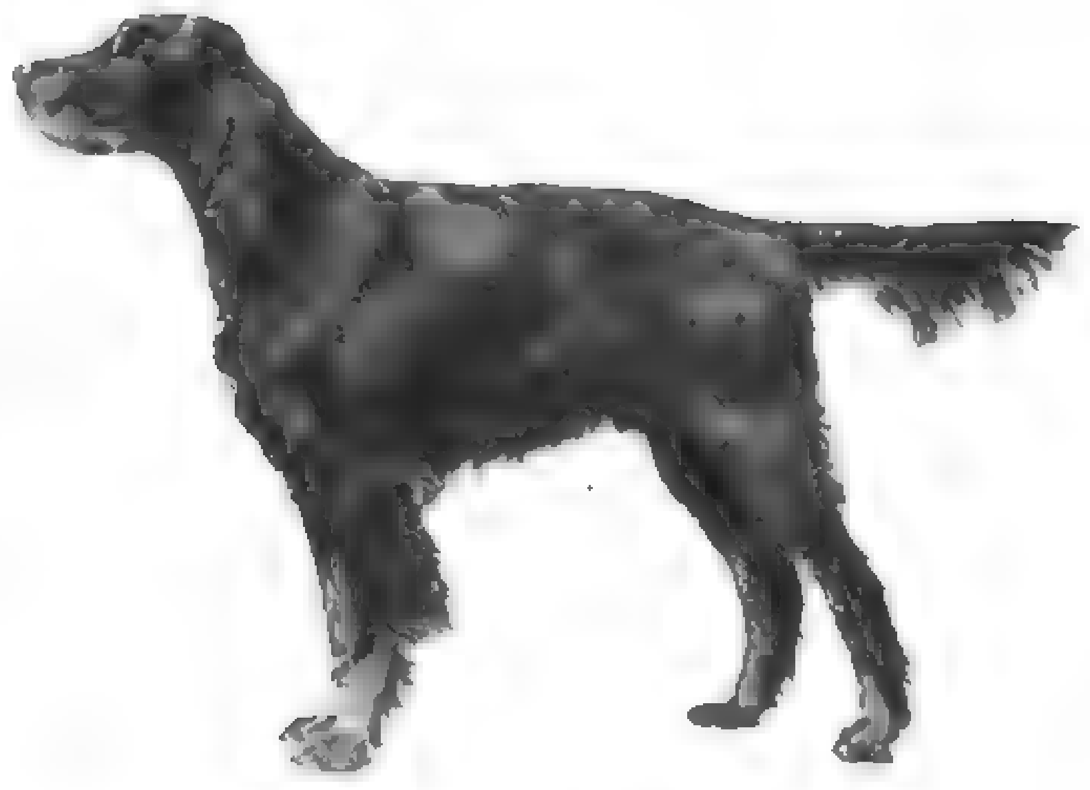
HIGH-POWERED RIFLE

The most deadly and expensive of firearms, the big game or high-powered rifle is a piece of hunting merchandise to be mighty careful of. In the right hands, it's an accurate tool of destruction; in the wrong hands it can mean danger to hunters a mile away. Usually used with a telescope, it can stop a deer, mountain goat or sheep at hundreds of yards. Its voice can be heard for miles. Big game shooting demands time, money, and skill, so the rifle used should not be an ordinary one.

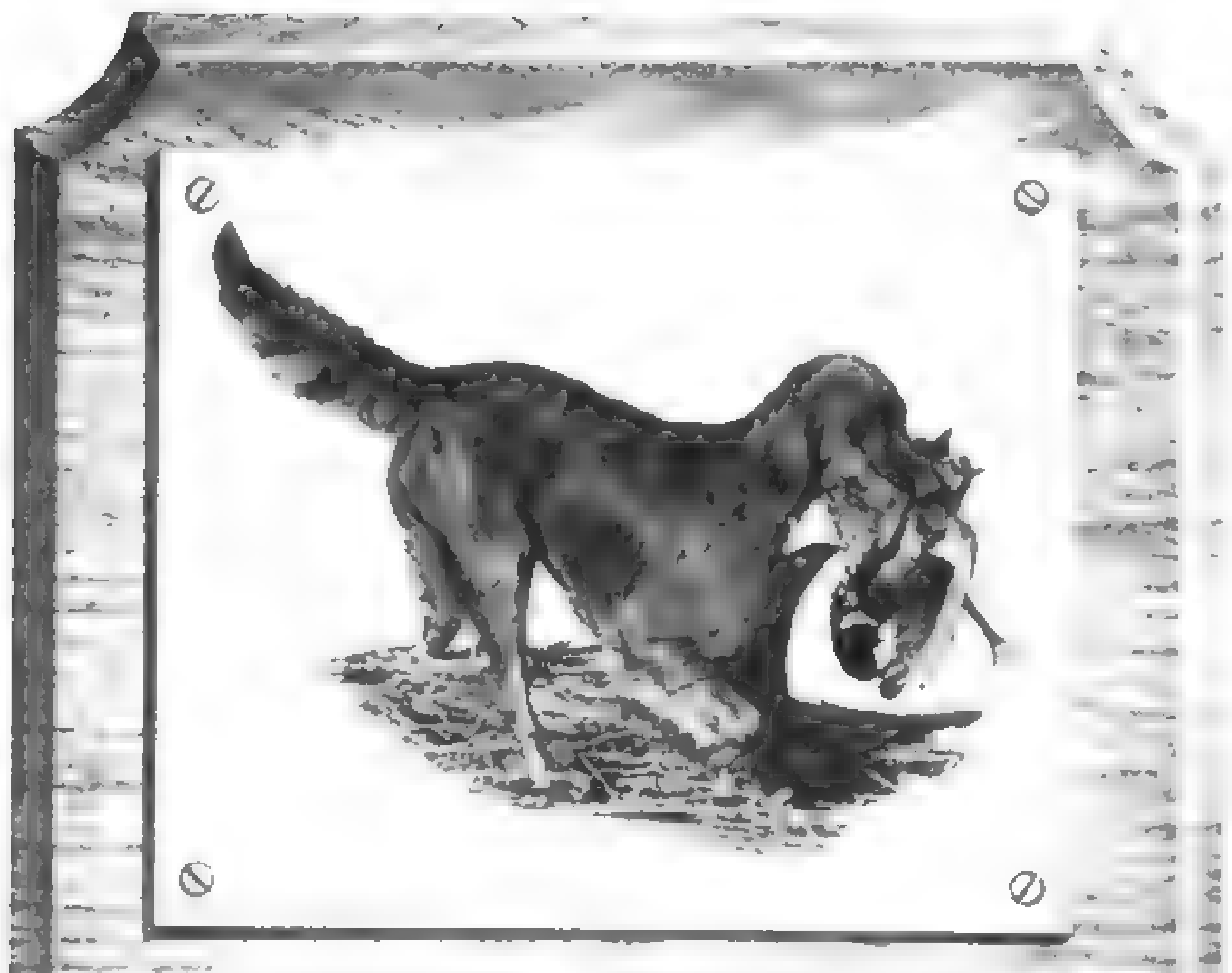
The 12 Most Popular Game Dogs



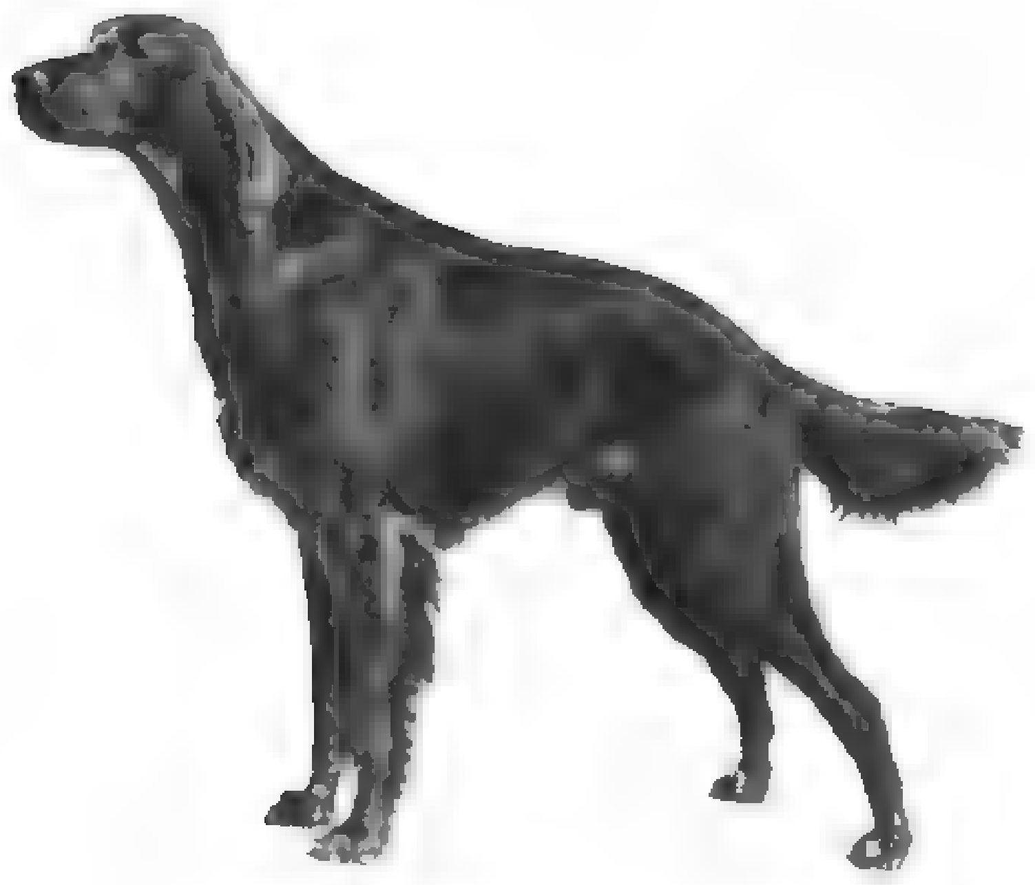
LABRADOR RETRIEVER
A loyal companion; most popular retriever for land or water.



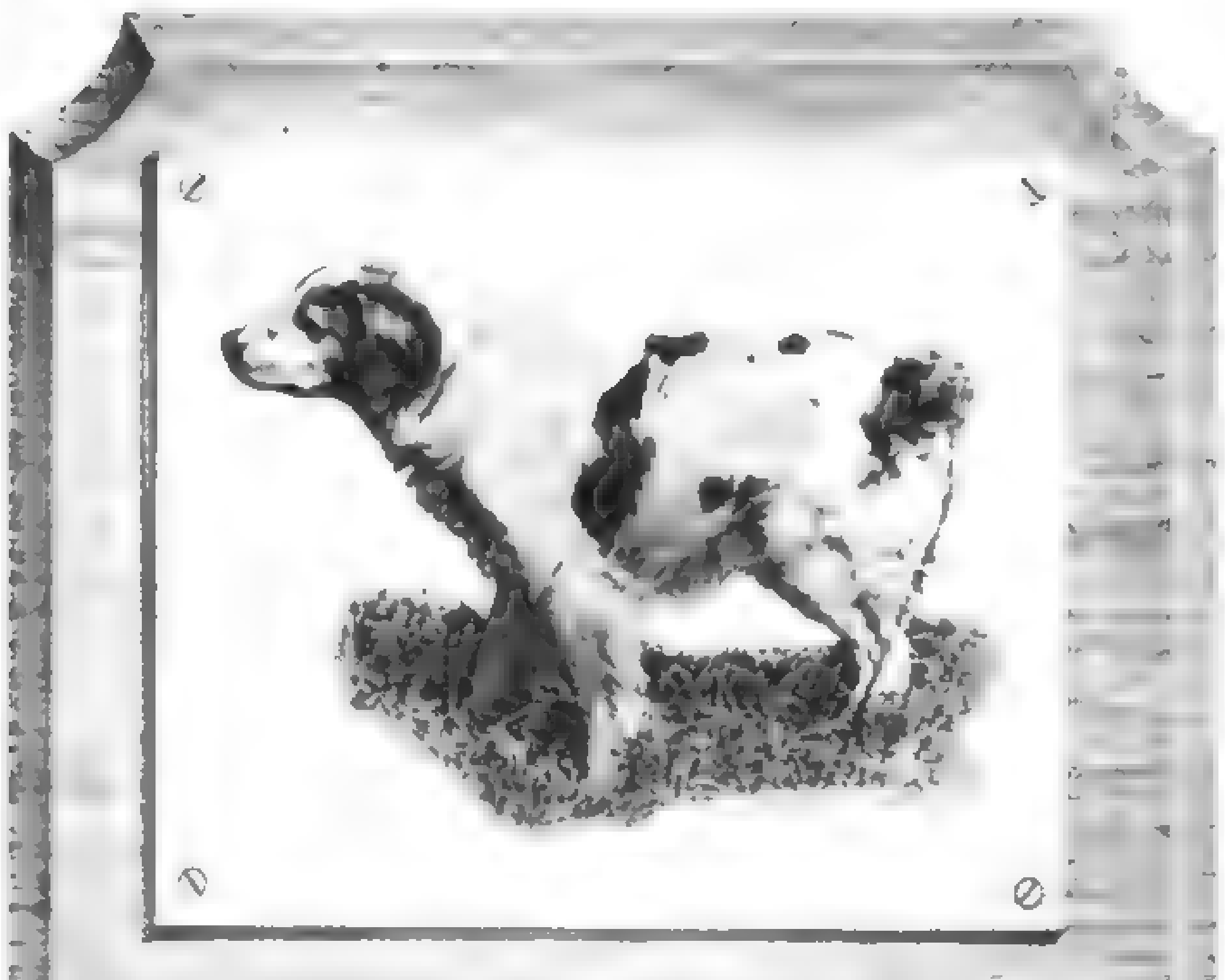
IRISH SETTER
Handsome, rated equally high on the bench and in the field.



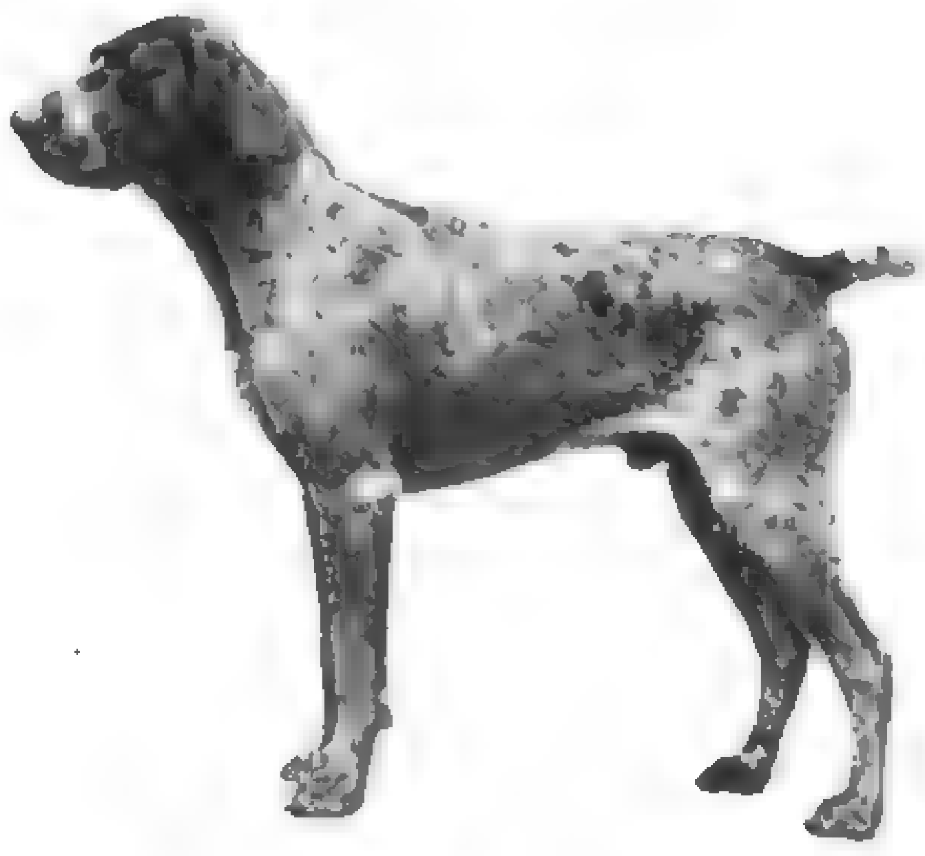
GOLDEN RETRIEVER
Gentle, soft-mouthed; part bloodhound, part Russian tracker.



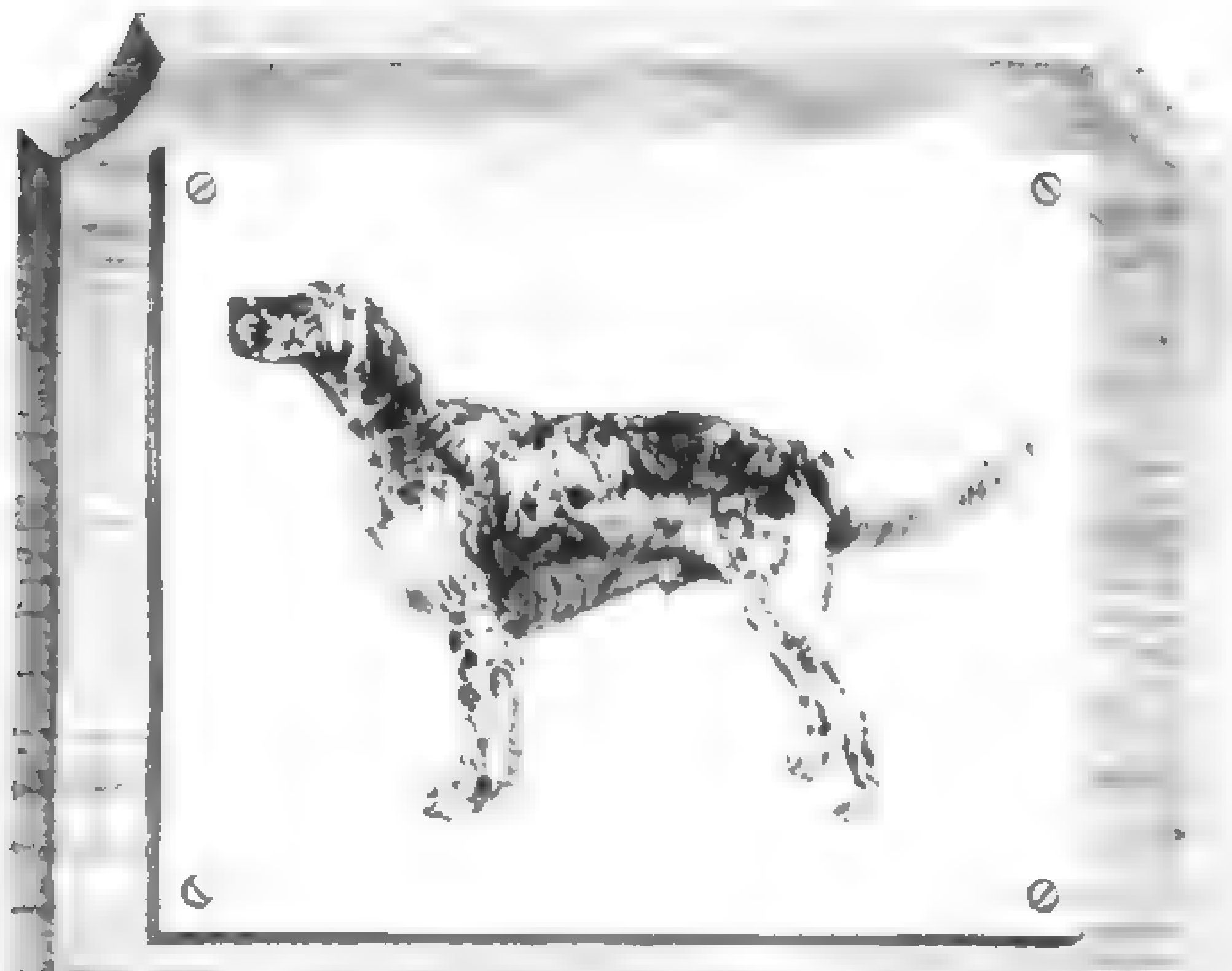
GORDON SETTER
Determined pointer bred for the brier-clad hills of Scotland.



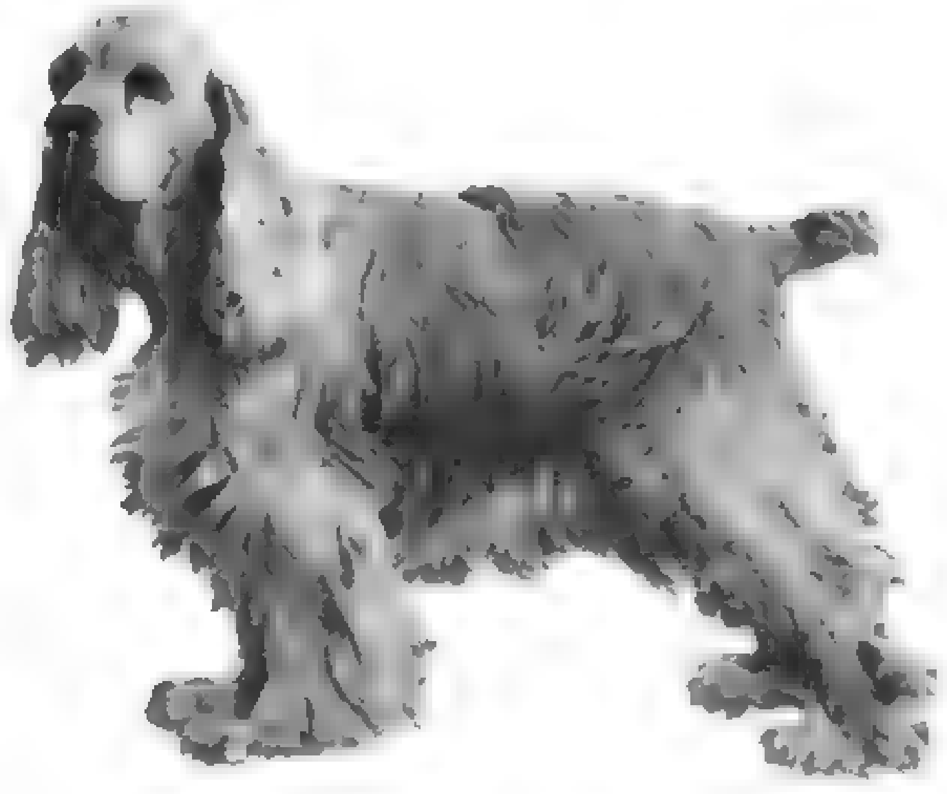
BRITTANY SPANIEL
Only spaniel that points; gained high honors in native France.



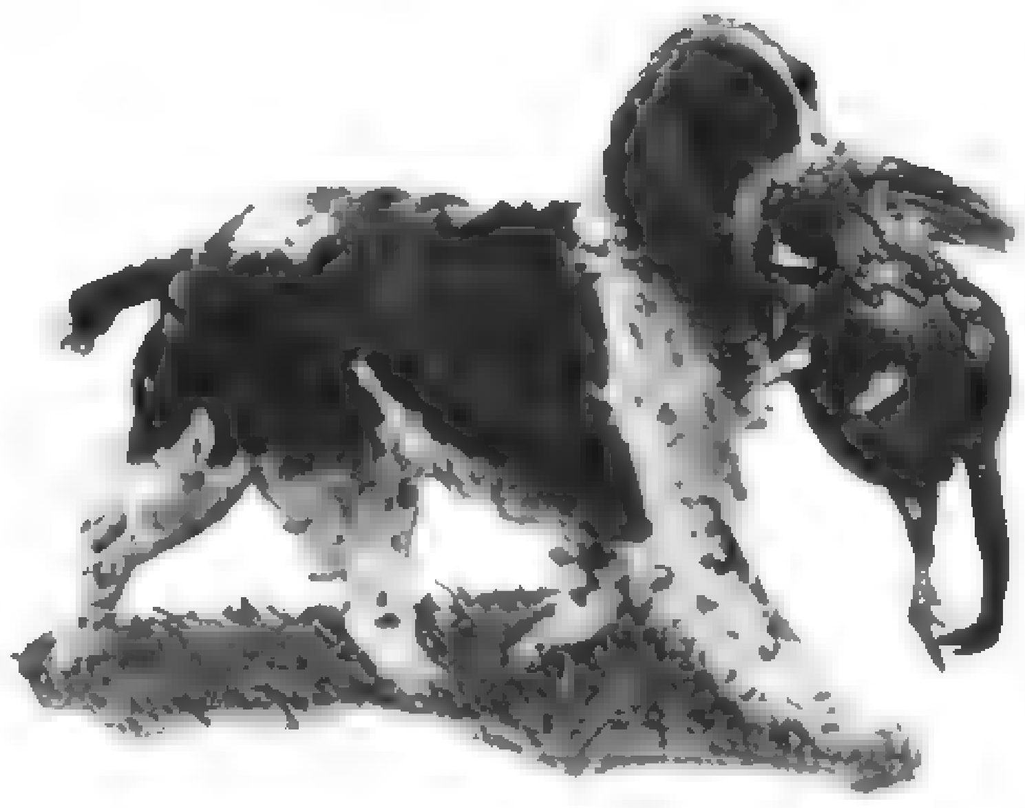
GERMAN SHORTHAIR POINTER
Staunch pointer, retriever, and close-ranging 3-in-1 gun dog.



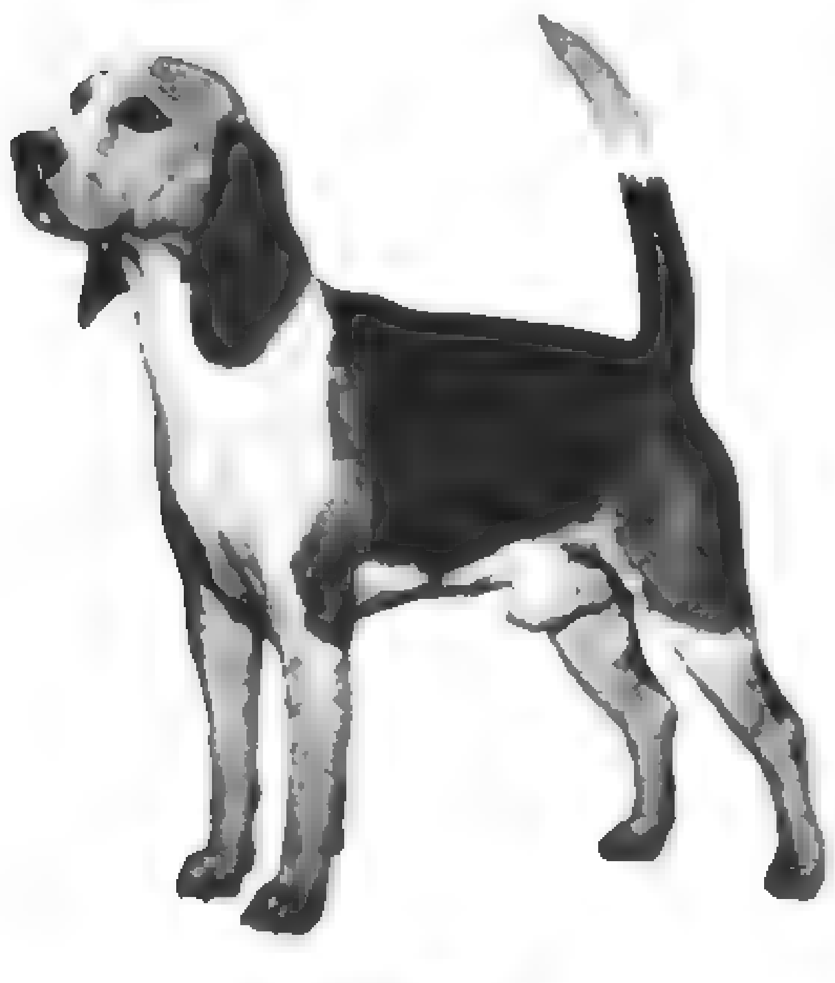
ENGLISH SETTER
This "long-haired gentleman" excels on quail and pheasant.



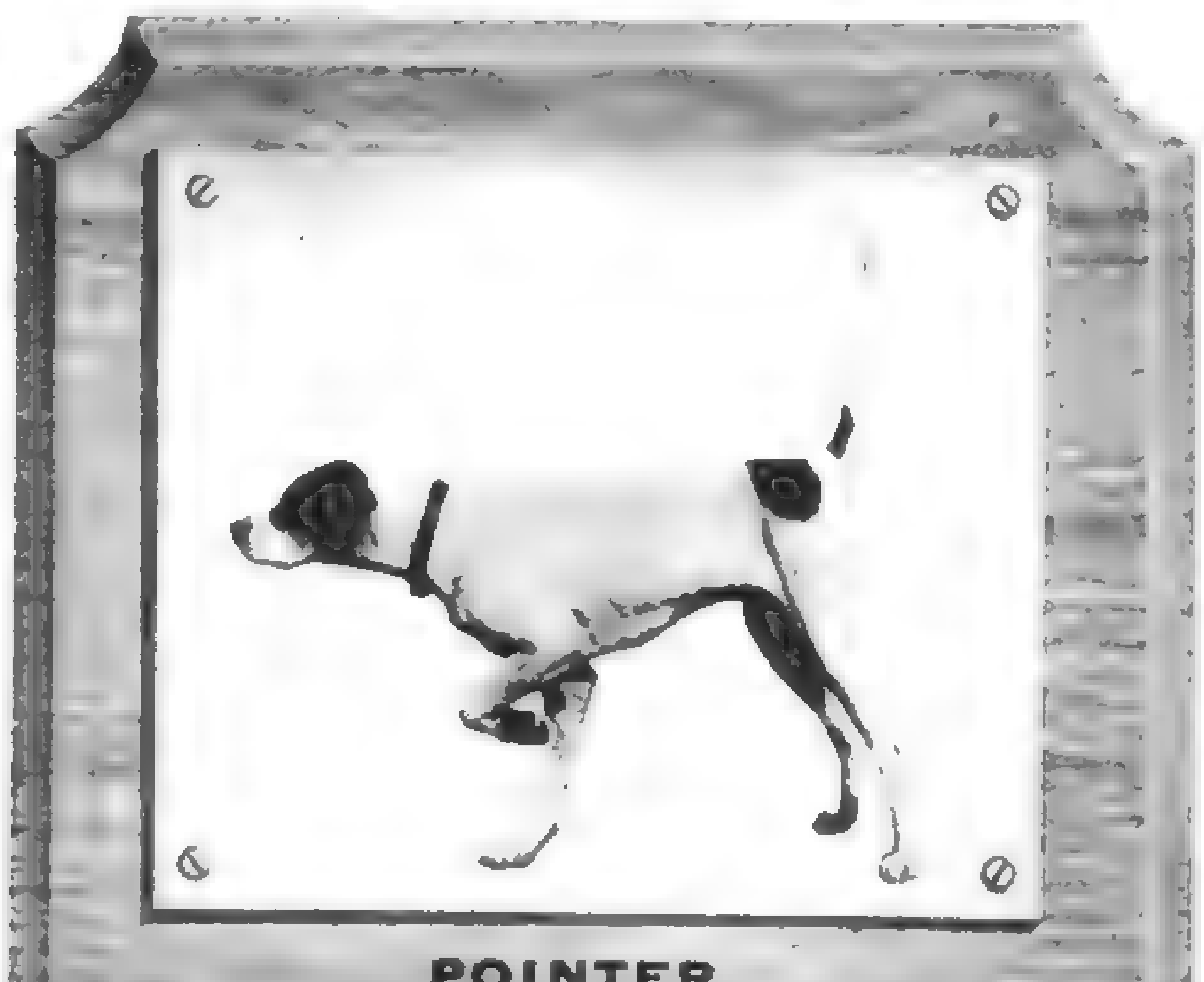
COCKER SPANIEL
Most popular for house, show; easily trained all-around dog.



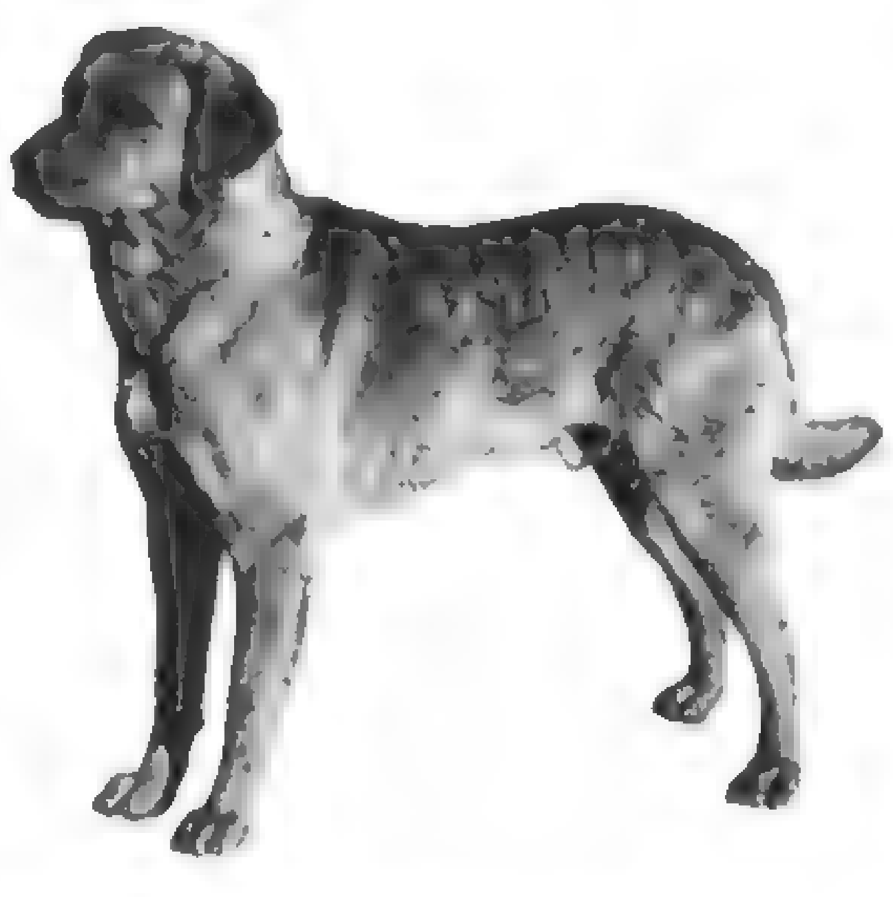
ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL
At home on land and water, named for manner of flushing birds.



BEAGLE
Field trial favorite; fast, silver-tongued nemesis of the hare.



POINTER
One of the toughest gun dogs, noted for speed and endurance.



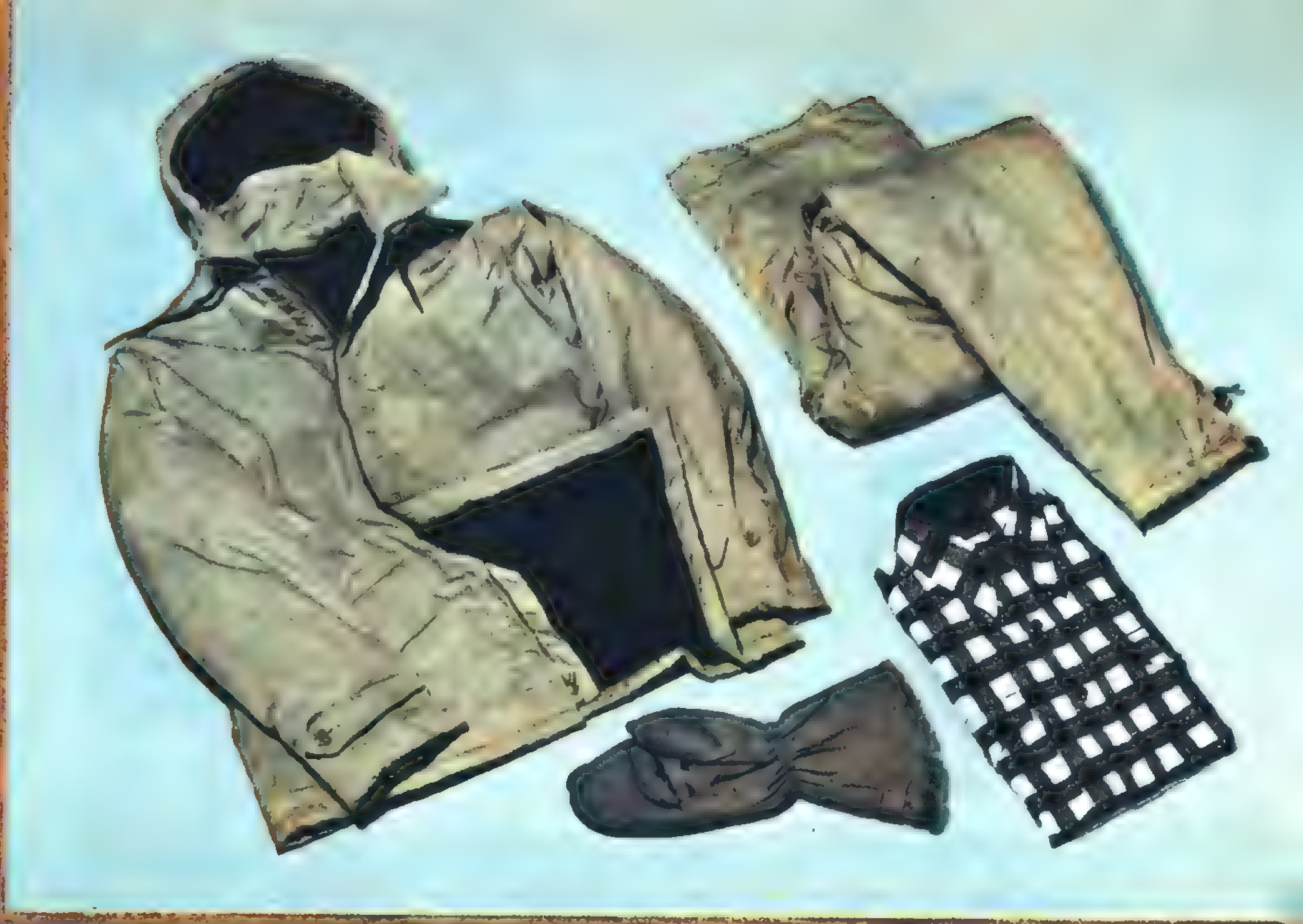
CHESAPEAKE BAY RETRIEVER
Of American origin; strong retriever in extremes of weather.

THE

Wild Fowl

OUTFIT

Alpaca-lined, weather-resistant ducking outfit has jacket, hood and trousers. Mittens have shooting slit. Wool-lined jacket and sleeve-bottom pants are for lighter weather. Loose, heavily waterproofed jacket and trousers slip over any outerwear. Sheepskin liners keep the feet warm in hip-high boots. The shell-box seat has a revolving sponge rubber top.

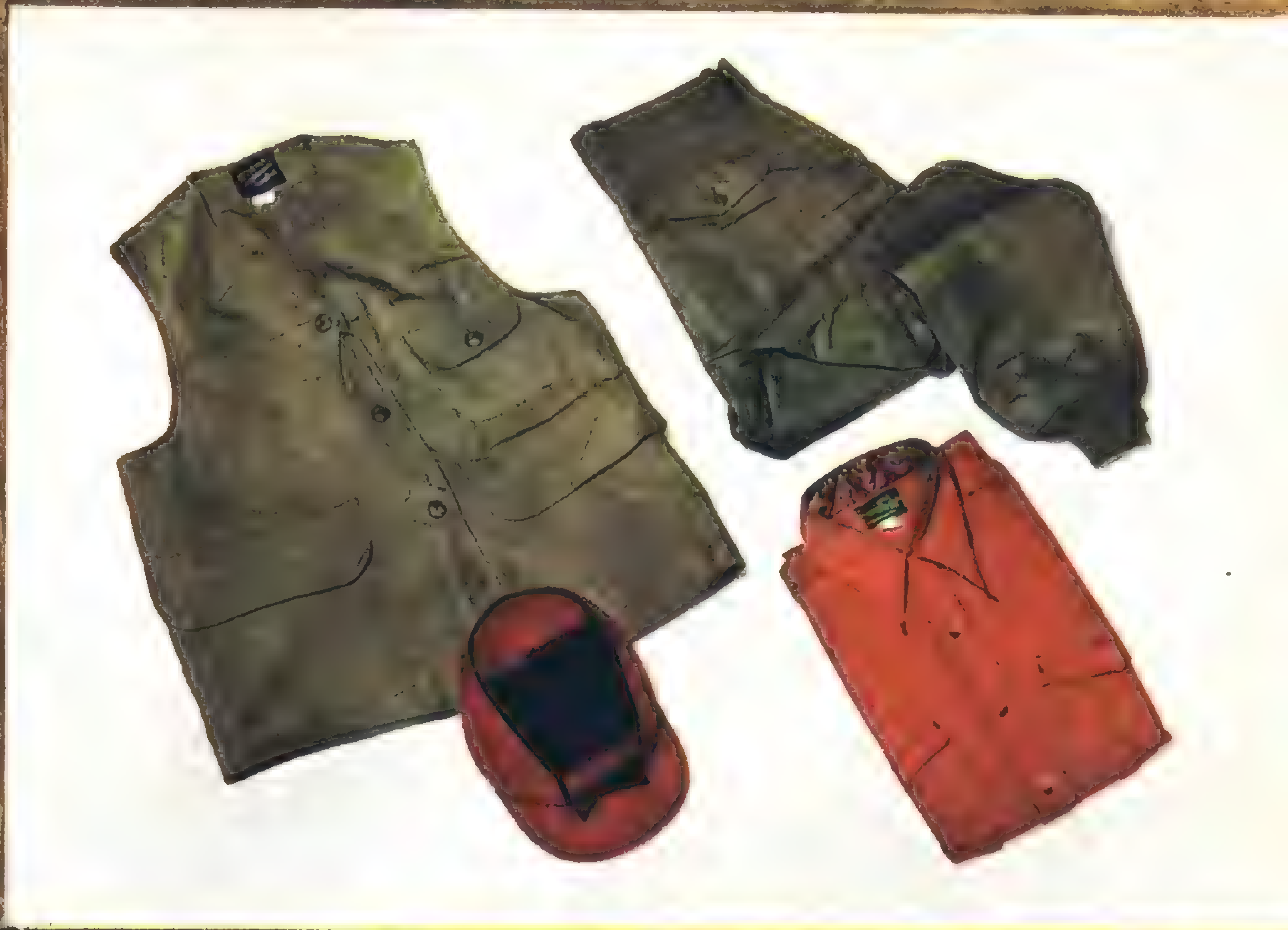


THE

Upland Game

OUTFIT

Light vest has stainproof removable game pocket. Wool cap is touched with warning red. Briar-conditioned pants with knitted bottoms are time-savers when slipping into high boots. Shooting jacket has shell loops and game pocket. Straight trousers can be worn outside of 12-inch boots. Heavy woolen socks are right for long-trek comfort in soft leather bird shooters' foot gear. Higher boots are suggested for snake country or shooting where horseback is necessary as the only method of keeping the bird dog in sight.

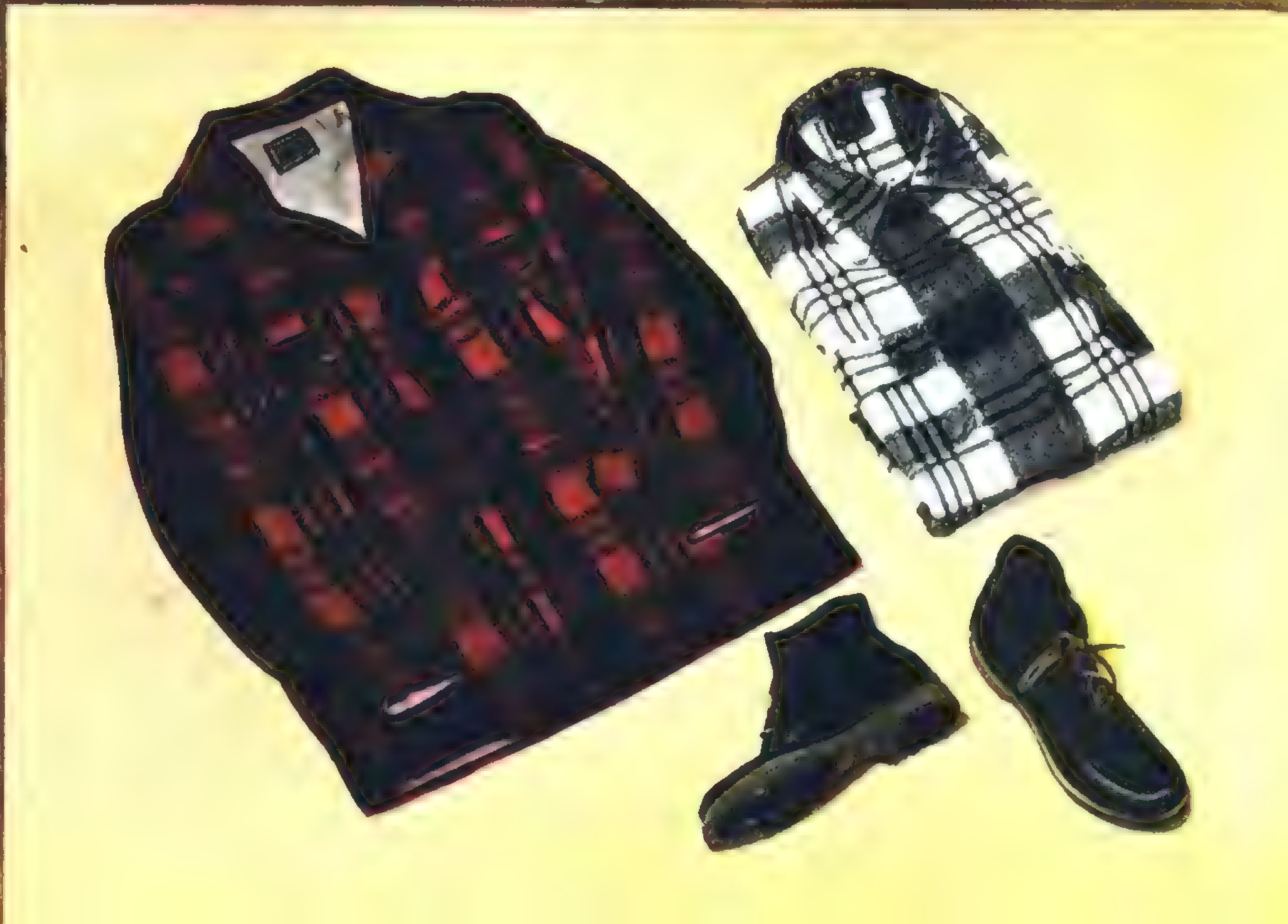


THE

Big Game

OUTFIT

Dark woolen jacket, jacket-shirt or the alpaca-lined outfit (top column) blanket the weather for big game hunting. Tough leather boots, with serrated rubber soles will clutch slippery stone or shale. Woolen coat badged with red is for deer hunting. Cap has warm muffs. Wool shirt, heavy wool trousers, rugged double-strap boots go well with this. Down-stuffed, waterproofed sleeping bag, skinning knife, telescope sights and binoculars to glass game areas are items at the top of your big-game-hunting accessory list.



SUPER SPEED

Remington
KLEANBORE

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME IN

Big Game Hunting

Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

Long before he invented the airplane or the wheel, or found that fire would cook his food and warm his body, man was what essentially he is today—a hunter. Then, it was nakedly simple: a man hunted—or he starved.

But there was more to hunting than a struggle to survive: the wind in the huntsman's face, the crystal dawn as he waited for his game to search out a water hole, the comradeship of men in the chase, the clean thrill of the kill. All this remains for the adroit, knowing modern man who hunts big game.

In theory, hunting is simple: to propel something from the business end of a gun at a desirable target. In practice, it doesn't work out so easily. The rules are basic but not necessarily simple.

The wise hunter learns all he can about his quarry, its feeding times, its sleeping hours, the paths it takes. He ponders maps of game-lively districts, locating each salt lick. Even so he employs the best native guide. He realizes it can take years to become familiar with hunting grounds.

The hunter knows the wind must be in his face; else the game scents the man, and the chase is off. This applies to stalking and to still-hunting. And the hunter moves on his prey silently.

He stalks antelope, caribou, goats; he still-hunts most deer, bear, elk and moose. Usually, animals living in timber are still-hunted, those in open areas are stalked.

A good hunter knows his equipment as he knows his quarry. He realizes that good binoculars can save him many an exhausting mile, because Nature has given some game built-in, long-range eyesight.

One of the most popular game rifles is the 30/30 with a 170 grain soft-nosed bullet. Next comes the 30/06. Deer loads should be 180 grain; 220 grain bullets are used for elk, bear and moose. For brute power, a .375 with a 270 grain bullet delivers a knockout blow.

A good hunter may be recognized by the way he kills. A brain or neck vertebrae shot is considered humane and efficient, but a surer aim is at the heart or between the neck and shoulder. An expanding bullet which strikes with great shocking power is used. And, remember, a good hunter gets his game.

NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME WORLD RECORD TROPHIES

From the Official Records of the Boone and Crockett Club

WHITETAIL DEER
Length of outside curve: (R) 31¾″ (L) 31¼″
Greatest spread: 23⅛″
Killed by Canadian farmer in 1936
at Fredericton, New Brunswick

MULE DEER
Length of outside curve: (R) 34″
Greatest spread: 37¼″
Killed in Wyoming in 1886

COLUMBIAN BLACKTAIL DEER
Length of outside curve: (R) 30½″
Greatest spread: 23½″
Killed by Gus Nordquist in 1927
in California

COUES DEER
Length of outside curve: (R) 19¾″ (L) 22″
Greatest spread: 16⅞″
Killed by Rene Stallings in 1938
in Tyrone, New Mexico

WAPITI
Length of outside curve: (R) 64¾″
Greatest spread: 49⅝″
Killed by Col. Archibald Rogers
in Wyoming

MOUNTAIN CARIBOU
Length of outside curve: (R) 65⅛″ (L) 62¼″
Greatest spread: 54½″
Killed by D. W. Bell in 1923
in Cassiar, British Columbia

WOODLAND CARIBOU
Length of outside curve: (R) 50″
Greatest spread: 44⅜″
Killed in Newfoundland

BARREN GROUND CARIBOU
Length of outside curve: (R) 67⅝″
Greatest spread: 48½″
Killed at Hudson Bay in 1903

CANADA MOOSE
Greatest spread: 73″
Length of palm: (R) 37¼″
Killed in 1922 in Alberta

ALASKA MOOSE
Greatest spread: 77⅝″
Length of palm: (R) 43″ (L) 45⅜″
Killed in 1938 in Alaska

WYOMING MOOSE
Greatest spread: 58⅜″
Length of palm: (R) 35⅞″ (L) 36¼″
Killed by S. N. Benjamin
in 1941 in Wyoming

BIGHORN SHEEP
Length of front curve: (R) 49½″ (L) 48¼″
Greatest spread: 23⅞″
Killed by James Simpson in 1920
at Sheep Creek, British Columbia

STONE SHEEP
Length of front curve: (R) 50⅛″ (L) 51⅜″
Greatest spread: 31″
Killed by L. S. Chadwick in 1936
in British Columbia

WHITE SHEEP
Length of front curve: (R) 47½″ (L) 47″
Greatest spread: 26″
Killed by Patsey Henderson in 1927
in Alaska

DESERT SHEEP
Length of front curve: (R) 44″ (L) 43½″
Greatest spread: 23⅞″
Killed in Lower California

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT
Length of front curve: (R) 12¼″ (L) 12½″
Greatest spread: 7″
Killed by A. Bryan Williams
in British Columbia

PRONG HORN
Length of outside curve: (R) 20 5⁄16″
Greatest spread: 16 3⁄16″
Killed by Wilson Potter in 1899
in Arizona

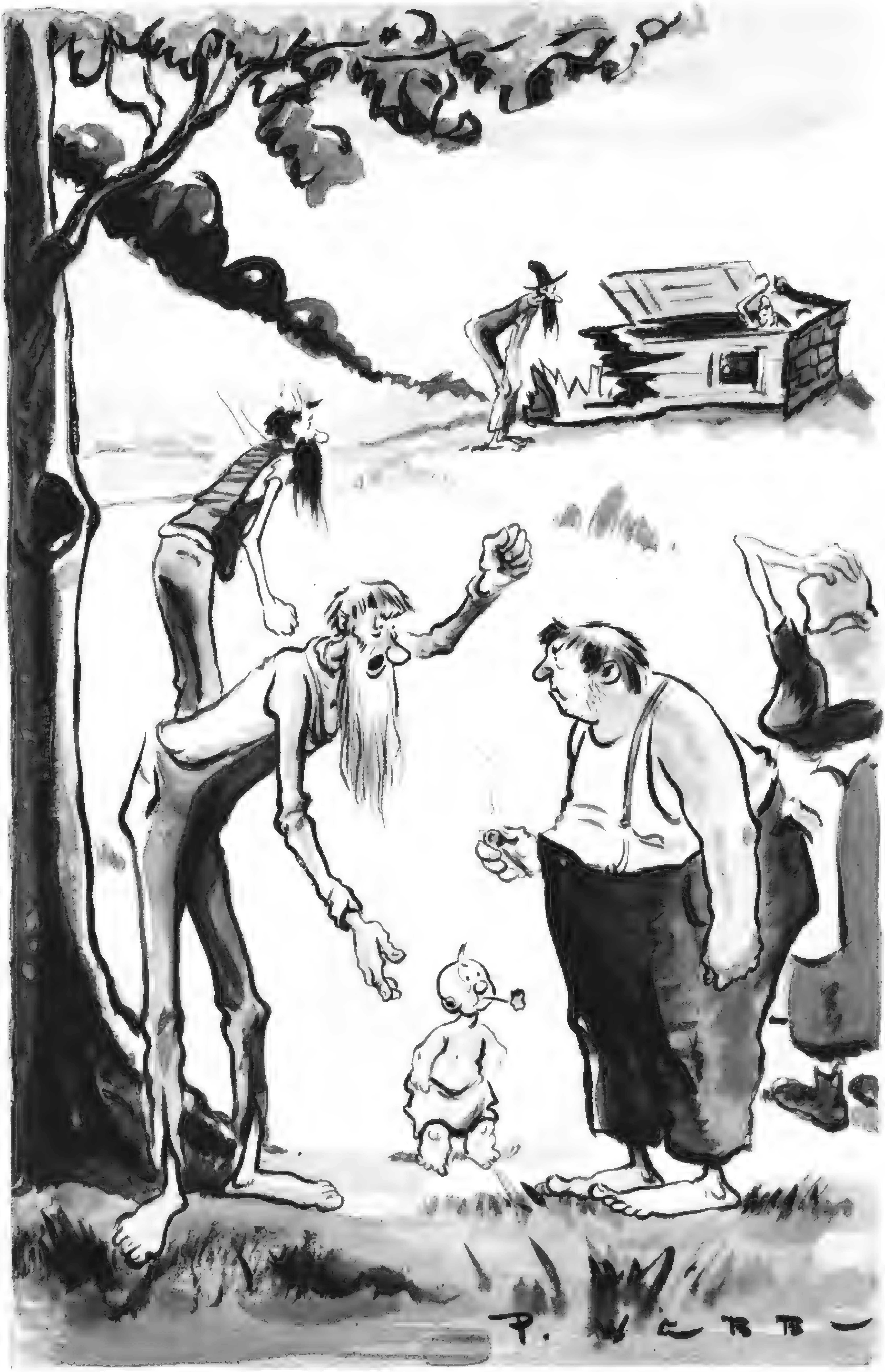
ALASKA BROWN BEAR
Greatest overall length of skull: 19⅛″
Killed by Donald S. Hopkins in 1940
on Kodiak Island, Alaska

BLACK BEAR
Greatest overall length of skull: 14⅛″
Killed by E. O. McDonnell in 1933
at Kupreanof Bay, Alaska

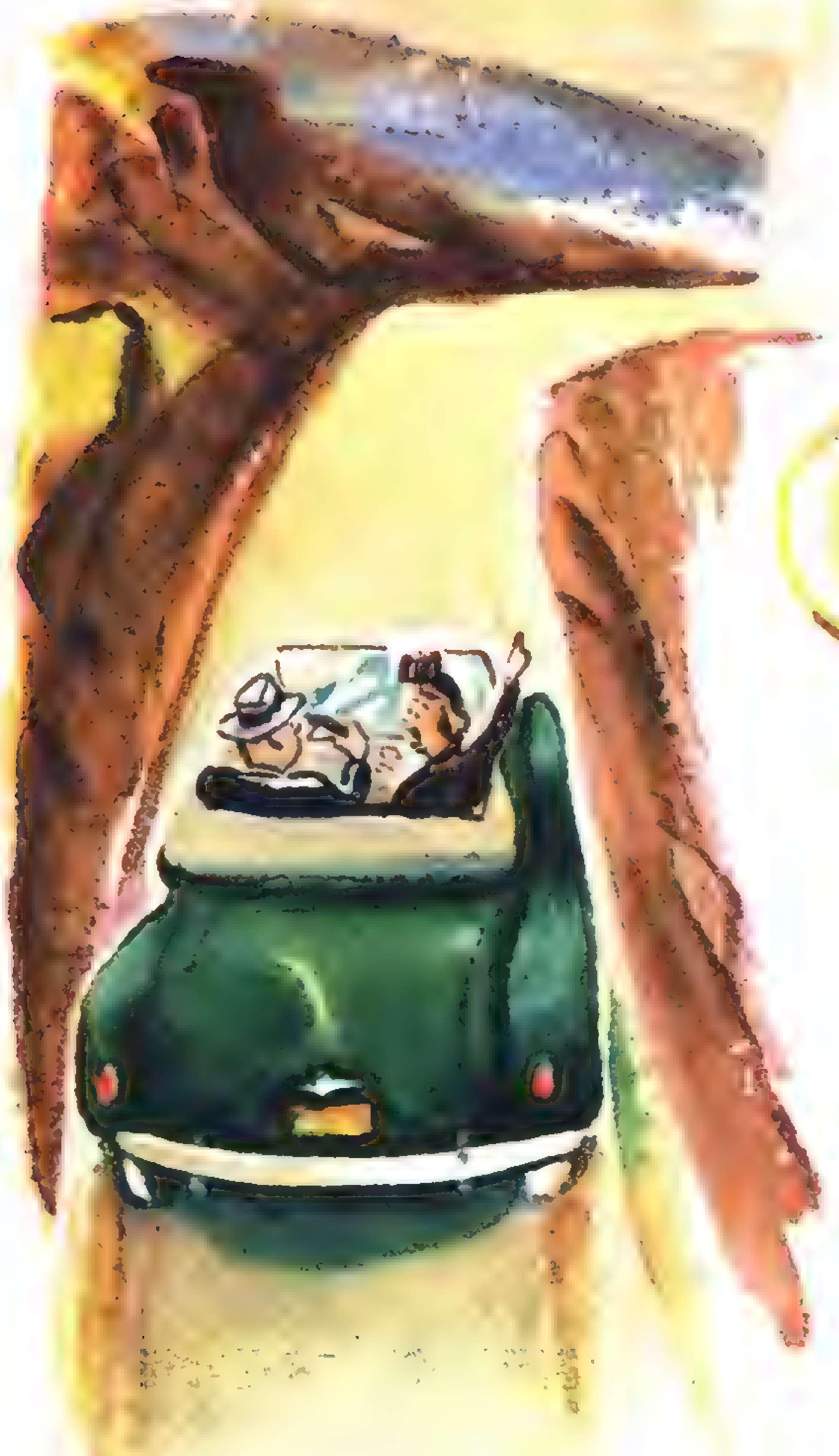
MOUNTAIN LION—PUMA—COUGAR
Greatest overall length of skull: 9 5⁄16″
Killed by Theodore Roosevelt in 1901
at Meeker, Colorado

JAGUAR
Greatest overall length of skull: 11″
Killed in 1894 in San Andres, Mexico

CREDITS—*Esquire wishes to express its appreciation to Abercrombie & Fitch Company and Stoeger Arms Corporation, both in New York City, for their assistance in preparing this hunting section.*



"Dang it, Bull . . . Ah told ya Aunt Rupie is powerful deaf . . . an' she can't be hurried . . . an' not to push too hard on thet door!"



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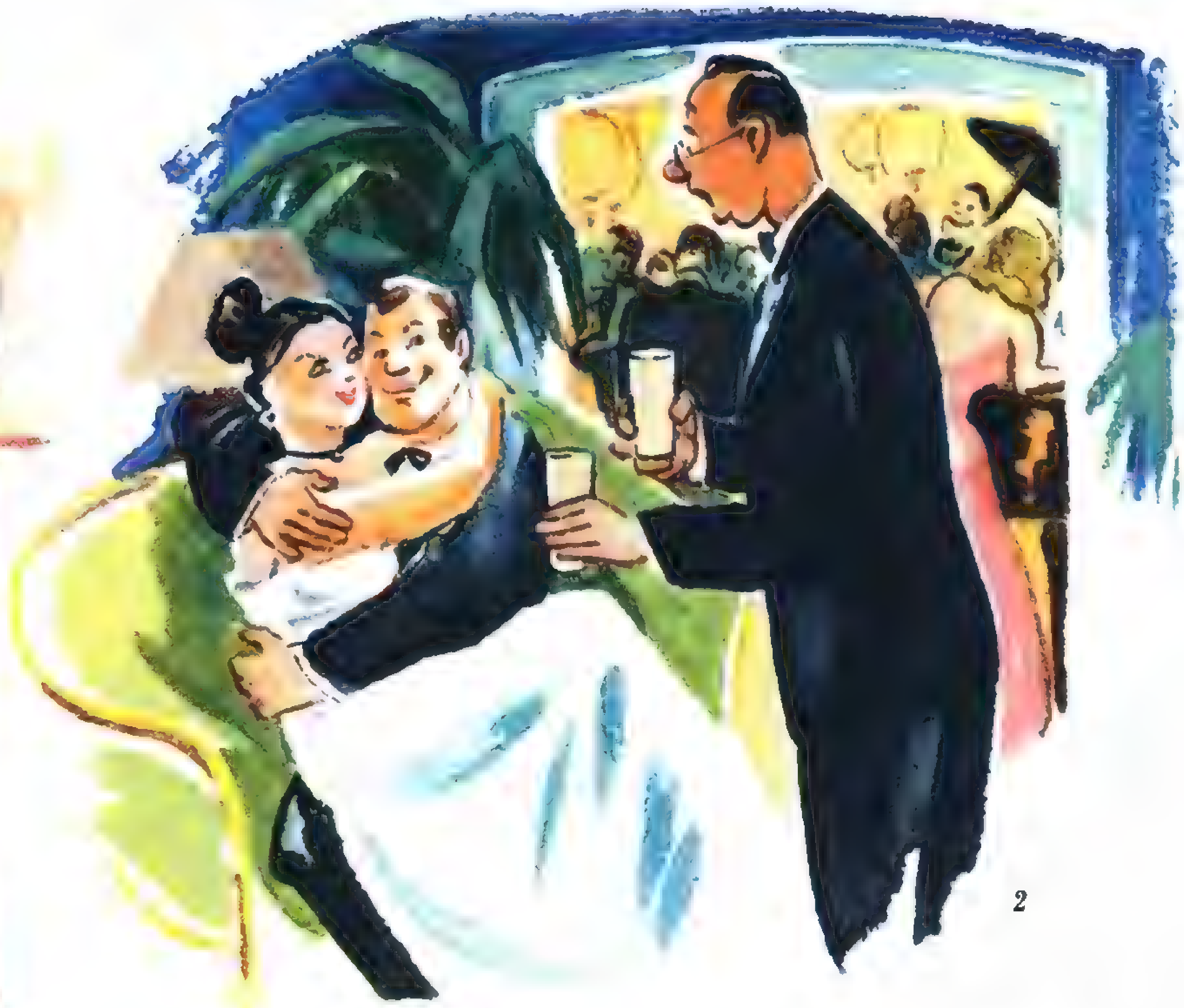


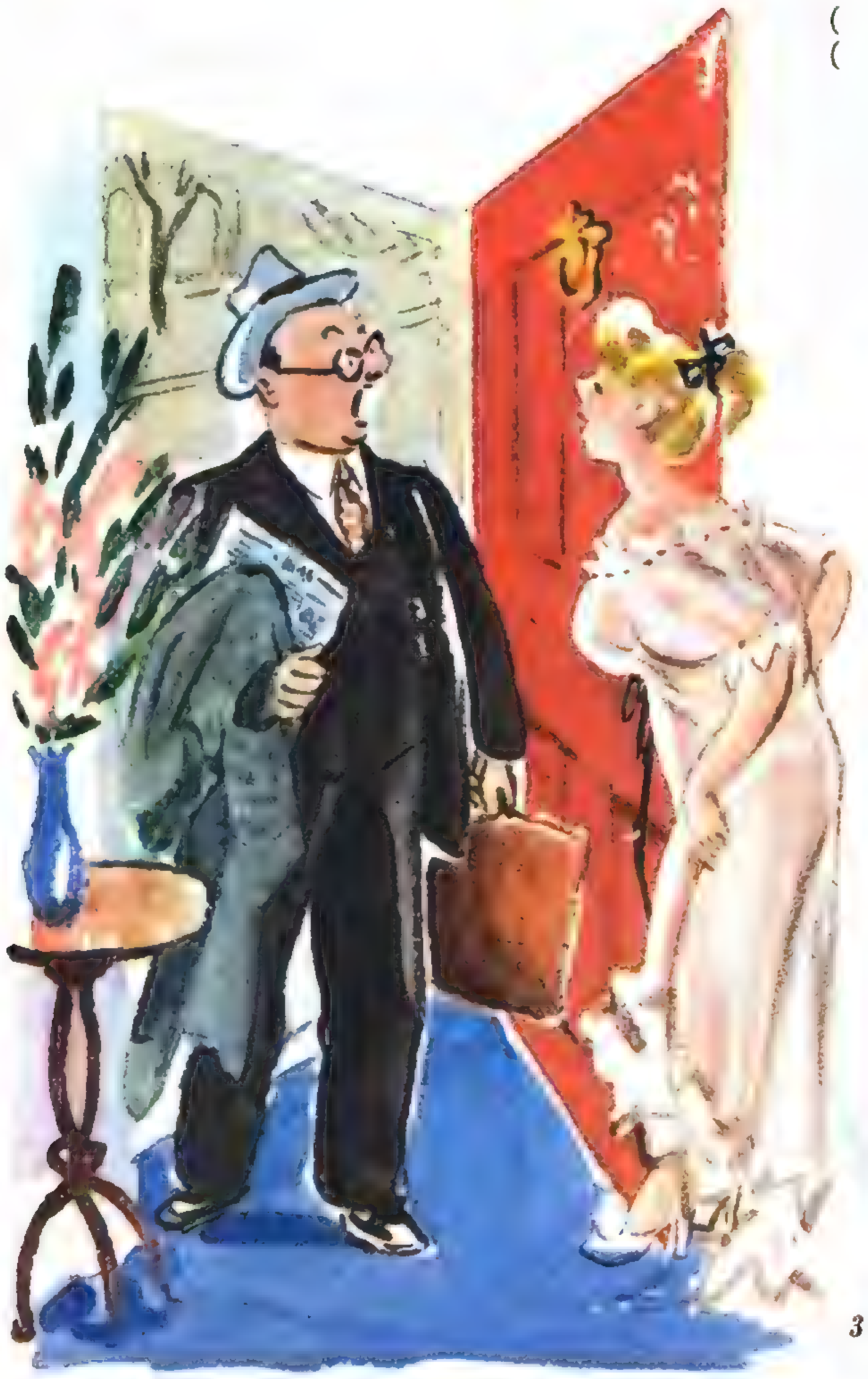
2

What Is Your Humor I.Q.?

DRAWINGS BY D. MCKAY

MATCH the captions below with eight accompanying cartoons. The correct selections are on the next page, together with your humor I. Q. rating.

( ) A. "Is it anything important?"
( ) B. "Let's look through this to see what else we can tax"
( ) C. "Well, I see you two already know each other"
( ) D. "Yes, but supposing it *wasn't* me"
( ) E. "It must be serious—it's a hospital case"
( ) F. "Mervyn Q. Jones of 864 Pine Street has just switched to Alka-Seltzer"
( ) G. "When you get to the corner, turn right"
( ) H. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave now, young lady"



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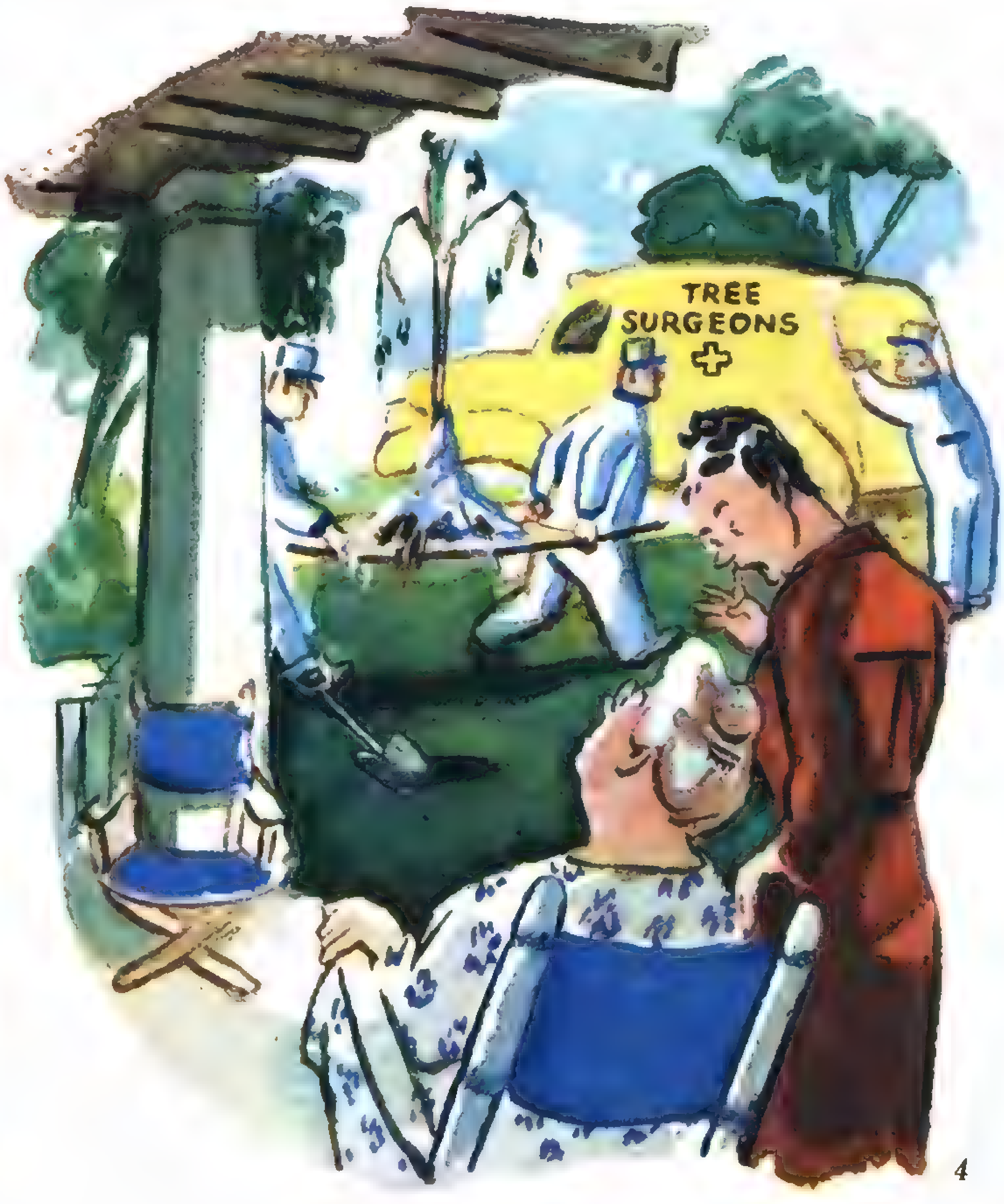

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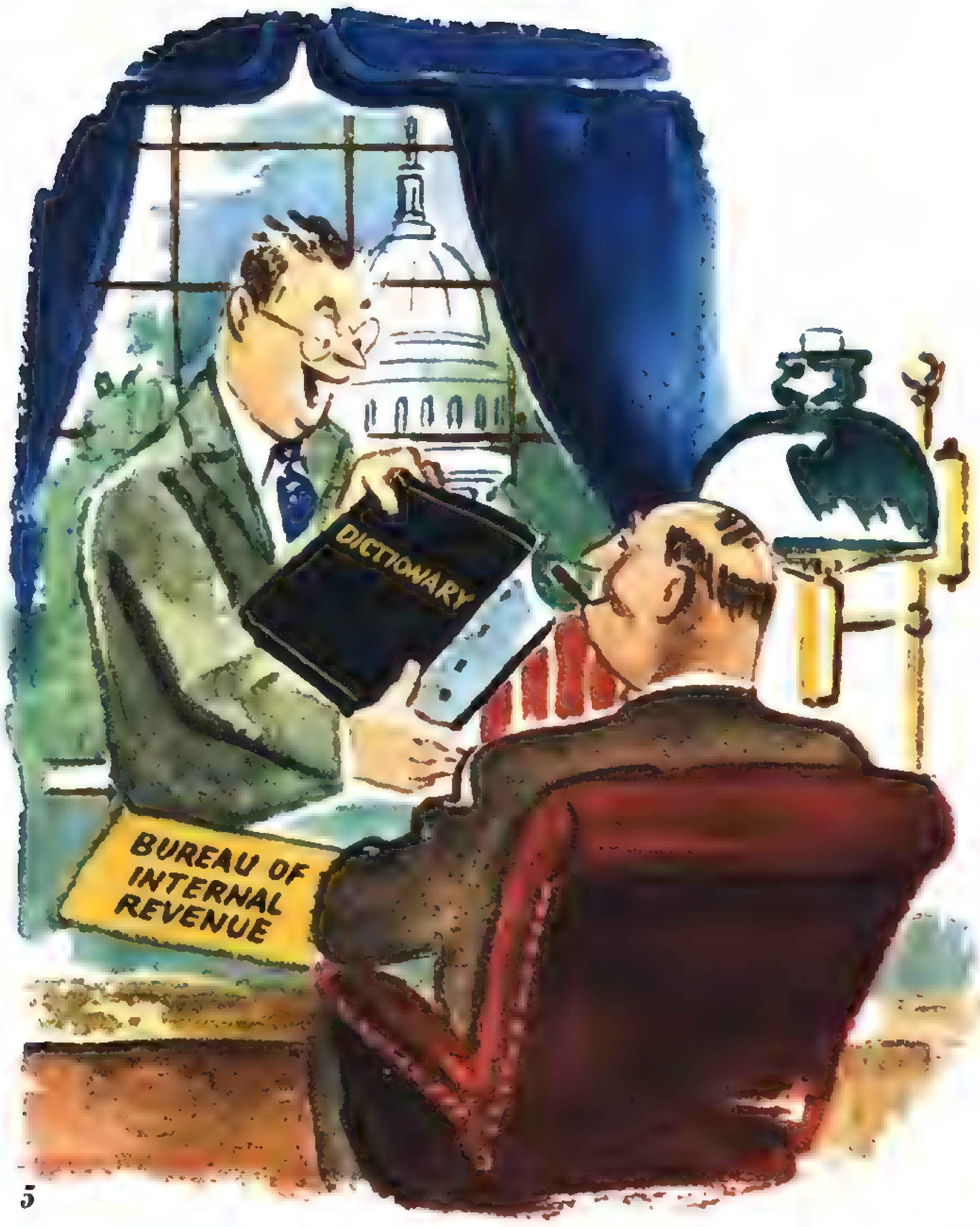
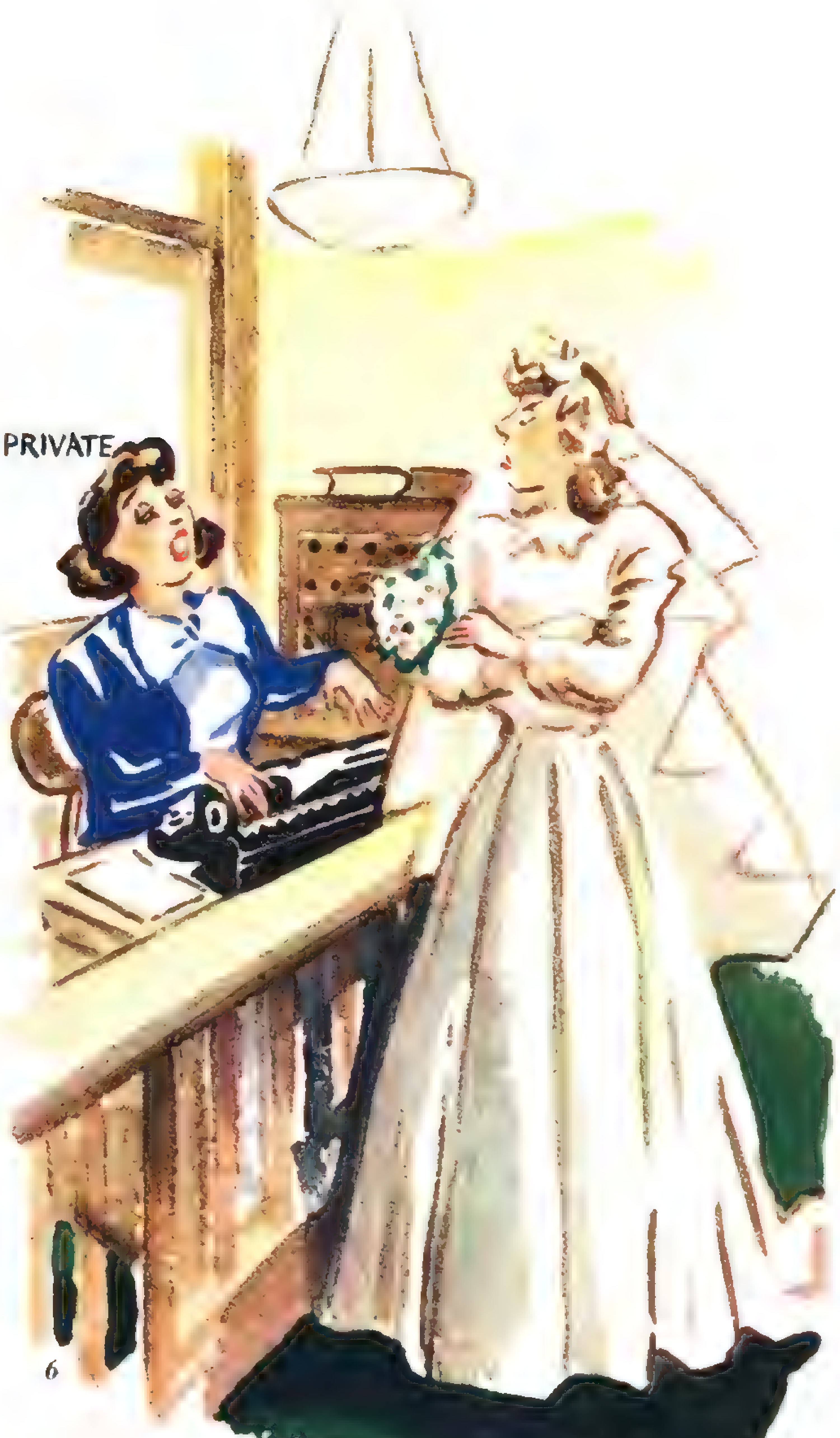

DICTIONARY
BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE

5

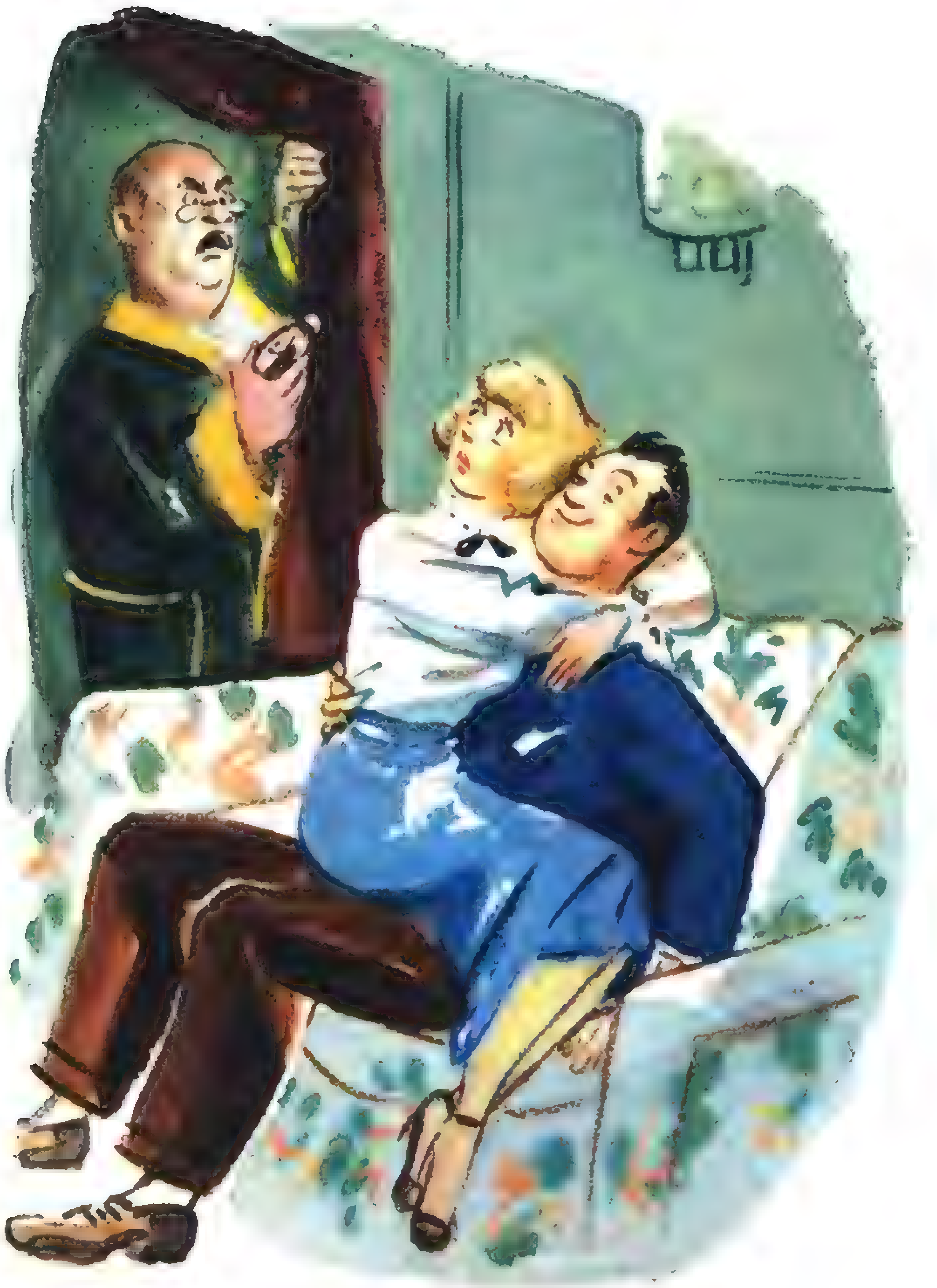


6

Score yourself from the key below, counting one point for each correct selection. The mark that you make will give you your humor rating such as 6–8 Wit, 4–6 Clown, 2–4 Practical Joker, 0–2 Punster.

KEY

A. (6), B. (5), C. (2), D. (3),
E. (4), F. (8), G. (1), H. (7).



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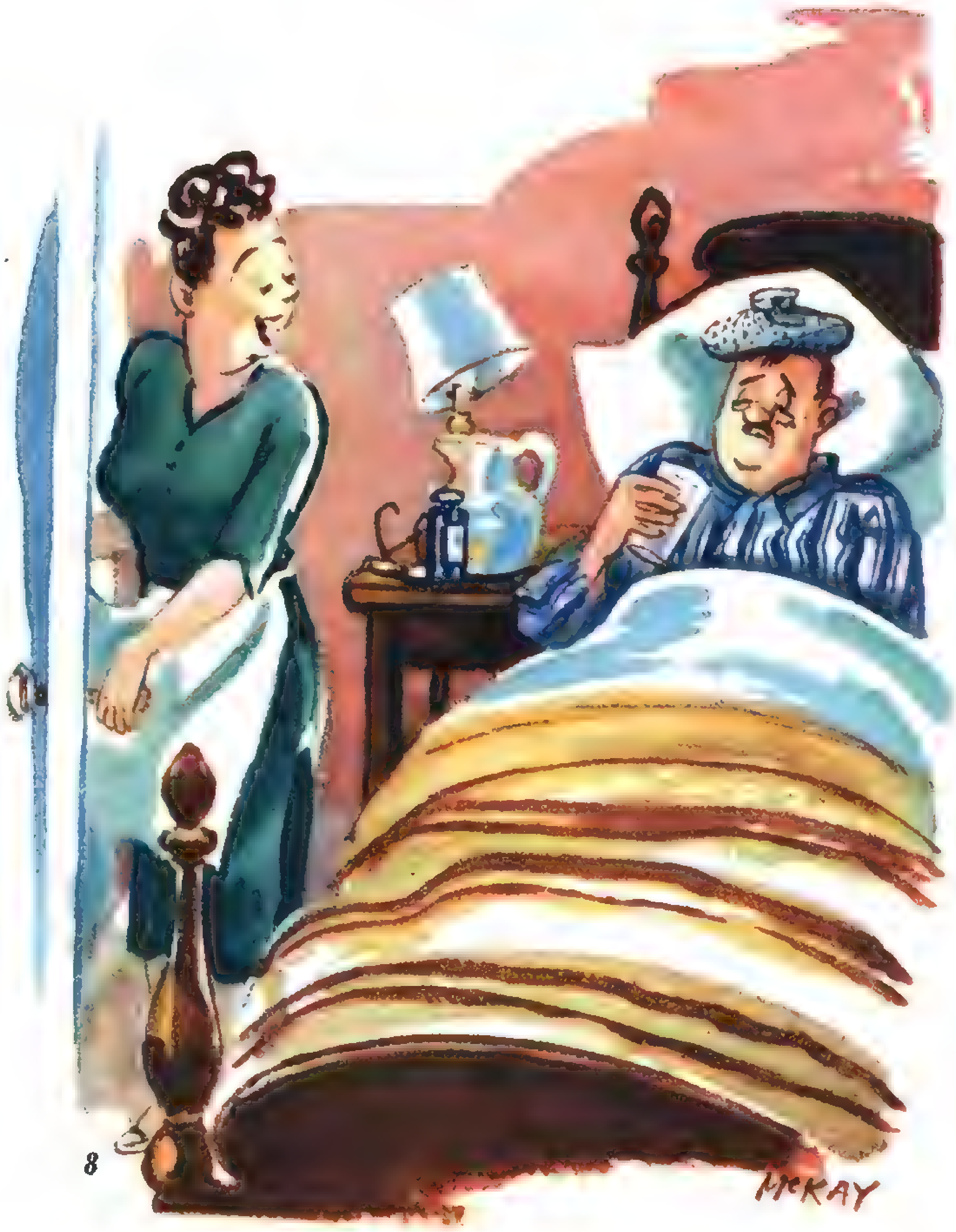


8

Nation's No. 1 Football Fan

By train, plane, automobile and the most colossal determination, insurance man George Edmondson has traveled 615,000 miles for football, still likes it

A Sports Article by

JAMES A. CLENDINEN

FOOTBALL games to George Edmondson are like fires to the late Fiorello LaGuardia or blondes to Tommy You-know-who. He can't resist 'em. Any time between now and January this big breezy man is likely to bob up at any stadium in the United States, yell his head off for a team in which he holds no sentimental or financial interest, then start a 1000-mile trip back to his Florida home, hoarse but happy.

For nine months of the year Edmondson is a hard-driving insurance executive, but for the other three months business is all but forgotten as he becomes the nation's No. 1 football fan.

A football bug for thirty-six years, he's dashed 615,000 miles by train, plane and automobile and has seen about 775 college and pro games. The title of top fan was officially bestowed on him in 1941 at a dinner of football fans in Minneapolis, and nobody has ever disputed it.

Looking at George's 180 pounds, honestly gained as he pushes 54, you'd guess he had played a pretty tough guard in his college days. But he never played football in college or professionally in his life. Some folks attribute his enthusiasm to a sure-fire betting system, but those who know of his economic struggle while attending night classes at Atlanta Law School and Georgia Tech realize he had no time then to play football, and say that now he is satisfying a frustrated desire. His own explanation is less involved.

"I just like football," he grins.

Betting doesn't enter into it, although he's always ready to wager a couple of bucks with a friend. A gambler once offered to finance him if he would place bets on the same game in different localities against varying odds. But George refused, saying, "With important money riding on a game, I couldn't enjoy it."

Spectators watching him bounce up and down, cheering in a voice that a top sergeant would envy, might assume he belongs to the who's-got-the-ball-let's-have-another-drink school. But while George enjoys a drink, no soberer man could be found between the kickoff and final whistle. He says, "Wouldn't I be a sap to spend $100 and a week end just to see a game through the bottom of a bottle?"

Nobody who knows George Edmondson ever called him a sap. Certainly not anyone in the insurance business in which he has worked his way up from a $3 per week job to a general agent who pays an income tax in the five-figure bracket. Even his football expenditures are sometimes part of a broad plan involving his home-office colleagues, or the affairs of the two clubs in which he is vitally interested, Rotary and the Honorable Order of the Blue Goose, International.

Edmondson started his travels in 1916 with a 72-mile trip from Atlanta to Athens to watch the Georgia-Georgia Tech game. Since then he has twice crossed the continent to see sixty minutes' worth of football. In 1935 he went by train to the Alabama-Stanford meeting. Now he is a plane-wise commuter, and his log of travels displays the Edmondson idea of how to spend a pleasant week end.

Friday: Flew from Tampa to Chicago, then to Milwaukee for a night game between Iowa State and Marquette. Back to Chicago on a tail wind after the game.

Saturday: Hopped to South Bend, Indiana, for a Notre Dame-Georgia Tech game. Returned to Chicago in time to catch a night game between Tuskegee and Wilberforce.

Sunday: Saw the Chicago Bears-Detroit Lions pro game in Chicago, then enplaned for home.

Monday: Back to the insurance business.

Mrs. Edmondson went along with her husband on most of his gridiron pilgrimages in their early married years. When their son was born it was difficult for a while to keep up the schedule. However the baby soon was cutting his teeth on football programs and gurgling happily amid the stadium crowds. George Jr., who was a Navy pilot during the war, is now in the insurance business in Alabama and is as enthusiastic a football fan as is his father.

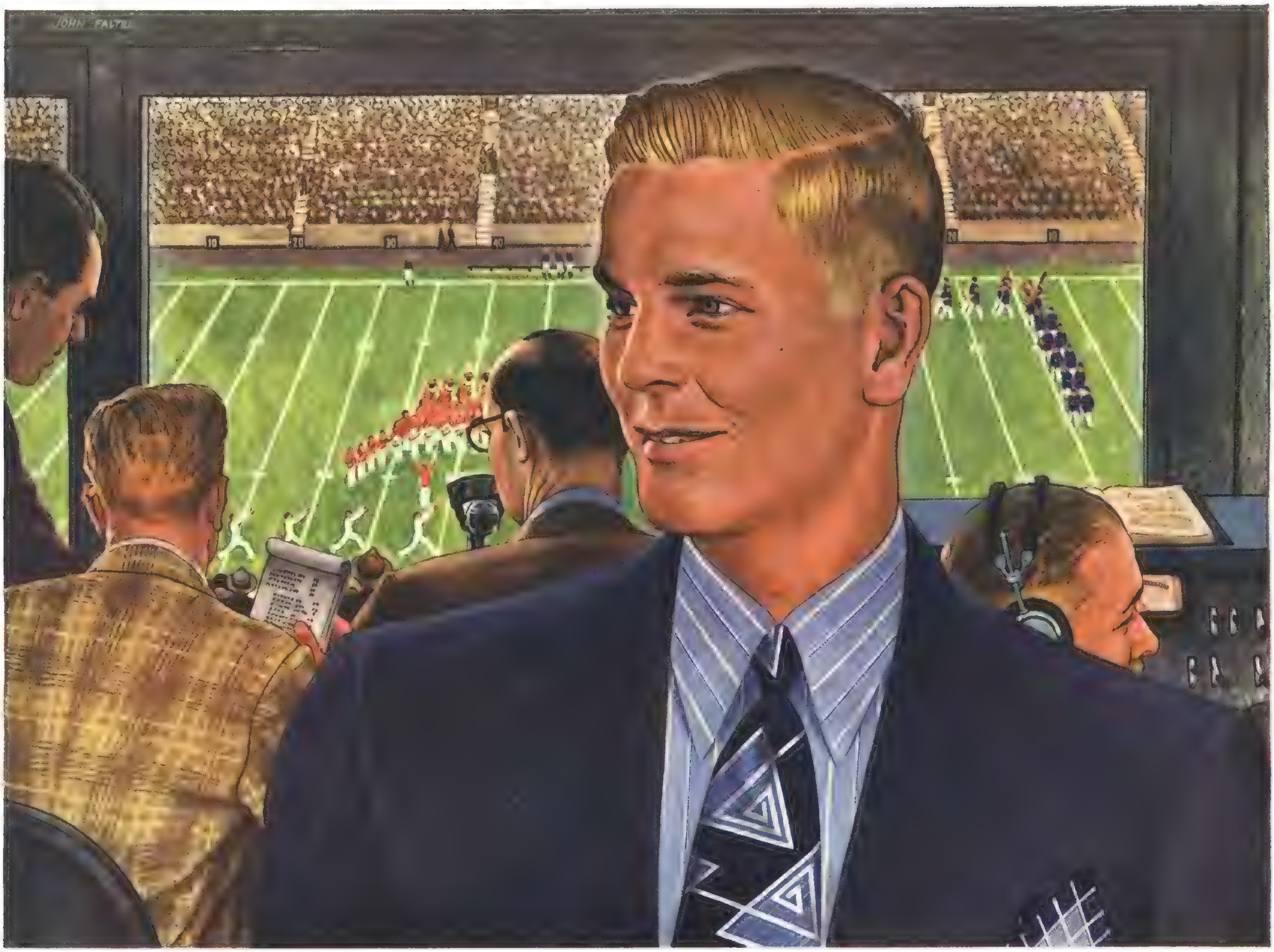
Impartial as a mosquito at a picnic, Edmondson doesn't care which side wins as long as there's plenty of action. He picks the Ohio State-Notre Dame game of 1935 as the most exciting he's seen. Ohio State was a four-to-one favorite and started like it, pushing across two quick touchdowns. The desperate Irish fought back to score twice but missed both extra points and were trailing 13-12 in the closing minutes of the last quarter. Then an Ohio back fumbled and Notre Dame recovered. The Irish tossed a beautiful pass over the goal line just before the final whistle blew. "I believe I got my voice back the next Tuesday," George said.

Edmondson's choice for greatest all-around player is a back you probably never heard of—Joe Guyon, an Indian from Carlisle who later played for Georgia Tech. "When Guyon's legs started pumping," says Edmondson, "nobody could tackle him. He could punt consistently three-quarters of the length of the field and sling passes like a rifle shot." Also in George's hall of fame are Eric Tipton, of Duke; Frankie Sinkwich, the Georgia All-American, and Bo McMillin of Centre College.

To his fellow citizens of Tampa, one of the most amazing things about George Edmondson is the fact that he's vice-president of the Orange Bowl game in Miami. For Miami to call on a Tampan to help run this civic event is as if the C.I.O. had hired Westbrook Pegler as press agent. In his travels to all the games Edmondson keeps an eye out for the team most likely to draw the best crowd to the Florida game, and the backstage maneuverings would make quite a story if he would talk.

When this football season's over, George Edmondson will relax at basketball tourneys, watching a dozen games daily without leaving his seat. But watch out for Edmondson when rocket ships are perfected. He's likely to pull some stunt like attending the Orange Bowl game in the early afternoon, then whipping out to California for the second half of the Rosebowl tourney and home for supper. The country's No. 1 football fan is overlooking no possibilities. #

"And you regulate your light by raising or lowering the shade"



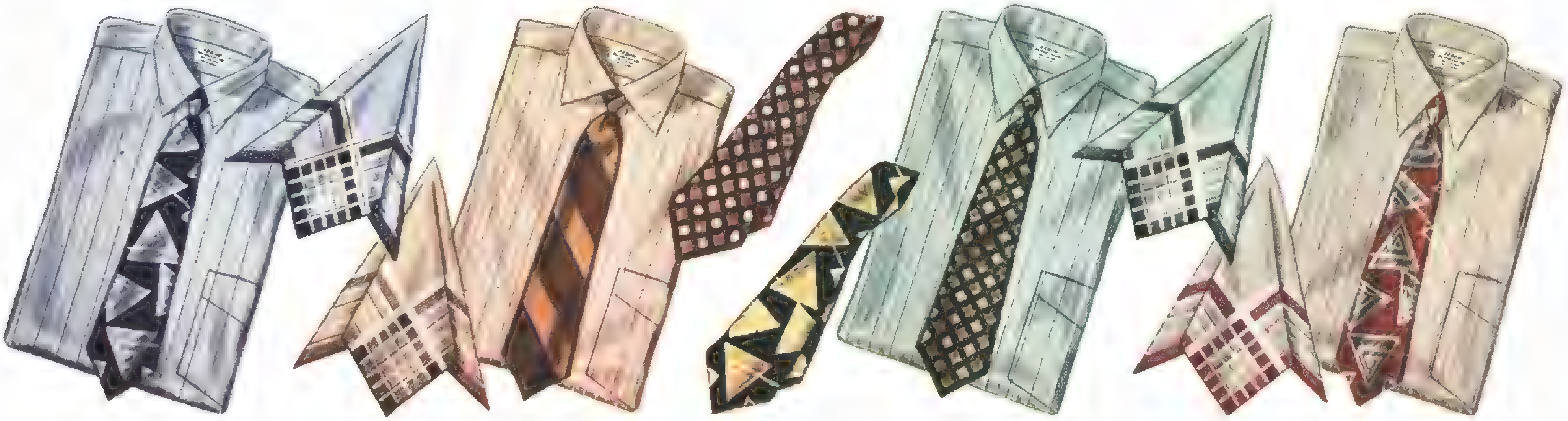
Arrow's Style of the Month

"The Kickoff"

College men (and other smart dressers) will catch their share of post-game cheers when they step out in this new Arrow "Kickoff" ensemble!

Shirts, ties, and handkerchiefs are *specially teamed to go together.*

Shirts boast the famous, can't-be-imitated Arrow Collar; MITOGA—the body tapered fit; and the *Sanforized* trade-mark (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!).



"KICKOFF" Shirts—distinguished by corded stripes (in soft shades of *contrasting* colors) on blue, tan, green, and gray broadcloth! $3.65

"KICKOFF" Ties—three lively groups designed to highlight the shirts. Two are quality rayon in geometrics, and the third is a popular broad stripe. $1.50

"KICKOFF" Handkerchiefs—They pick up the shirt patterns... look *swell* nosing out of your pocket! Cut BIG (men *hate* little dinky handkerchiefs)! 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark
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ARROW *"The Kickoff" SHIRTS*
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

Select your personal greetings from Christmas Cards especially for men

—by famous painters of the great outdoors!

Reproduced exclusively—and exquisitely—by the makers of Hallmark Cards, these beautiful sporting scenes are part of that new treasury of priceless art—the Hallmark Gallery Artists Collection

HERE ARE beautifully realistic sporting scenes that extend your Christmas greeting in a man's own language.

And you have your choice of three different sets of subjects—"Gunning in America," by J. Lassell Ripley; "Game Birds of America," by Lynn Bogue Hunt and "Gun Dogs at Work," by Edwin Megargee.

Each artist is a master in his field. Each card is as masculine and friendly as all outdoors—ideal to send to any man, for every man to send.

So *this* year, send your greetings "man-to-man"—send distinguished sporting scenes by famous painters of the great outdoors as your personal Christmas Cards.

Or select—in the Hallmark Gallery Artists Collection—from the works of 47 other great painters.

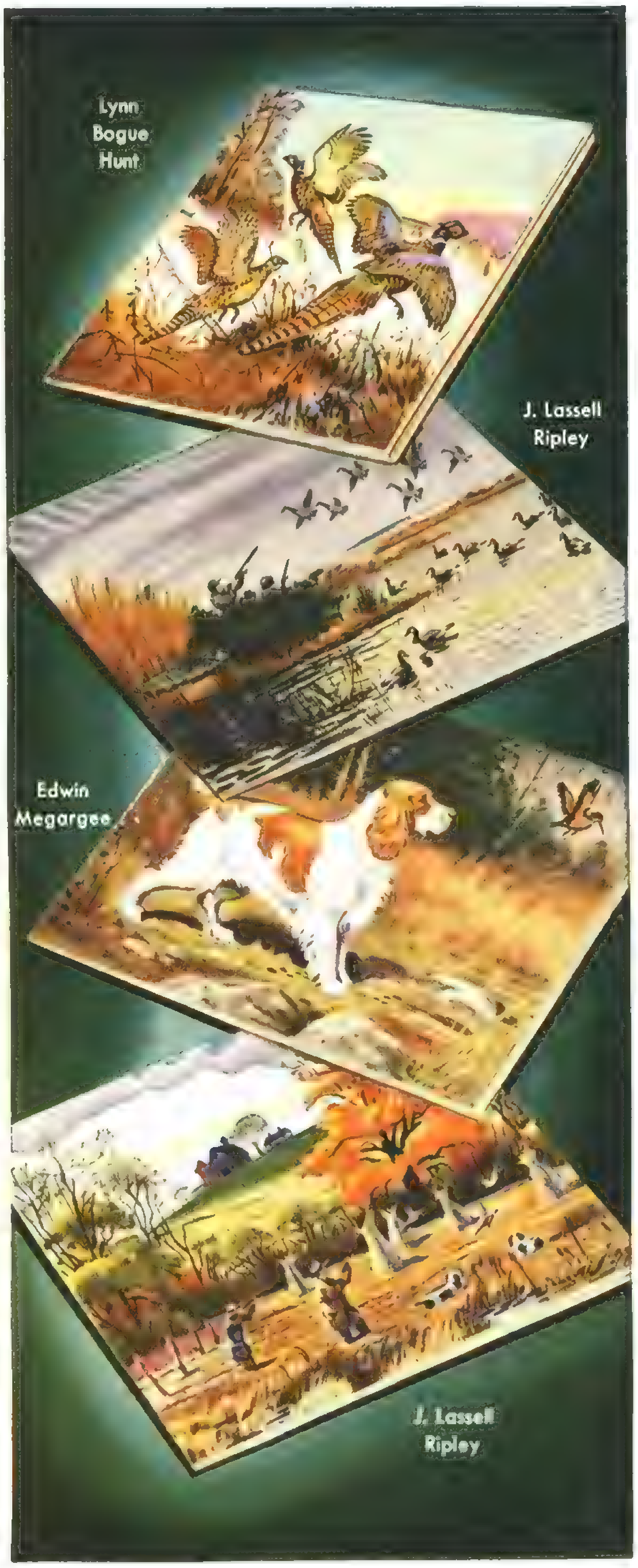
The original canvases of many of these art treasures have been exhibited in the world's great art galleries. Others have been painted especially—and exclusively—for this unique collection.

And each painting has been reproduced by Hallmark craftsmen with the excellence and elegance it merits.

Ask to see the Hallmark Gallery Artists Album at leading stores in your community. Also, all the *other* lines of Hallmark Cards. They are widely varied in design—in appeal—in price. There are Hallmark Cards especially for men, Hallmark Cards for sophisticated tastes—or conservative tastes.

There is, in short, a Hallmark Card that will appeal *particularly to you . . . when you care enough to send the very best!*

Hallmark
Gallery Artists Christmas Cards
"When you care enough to send the very best"



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MERVIN JULES
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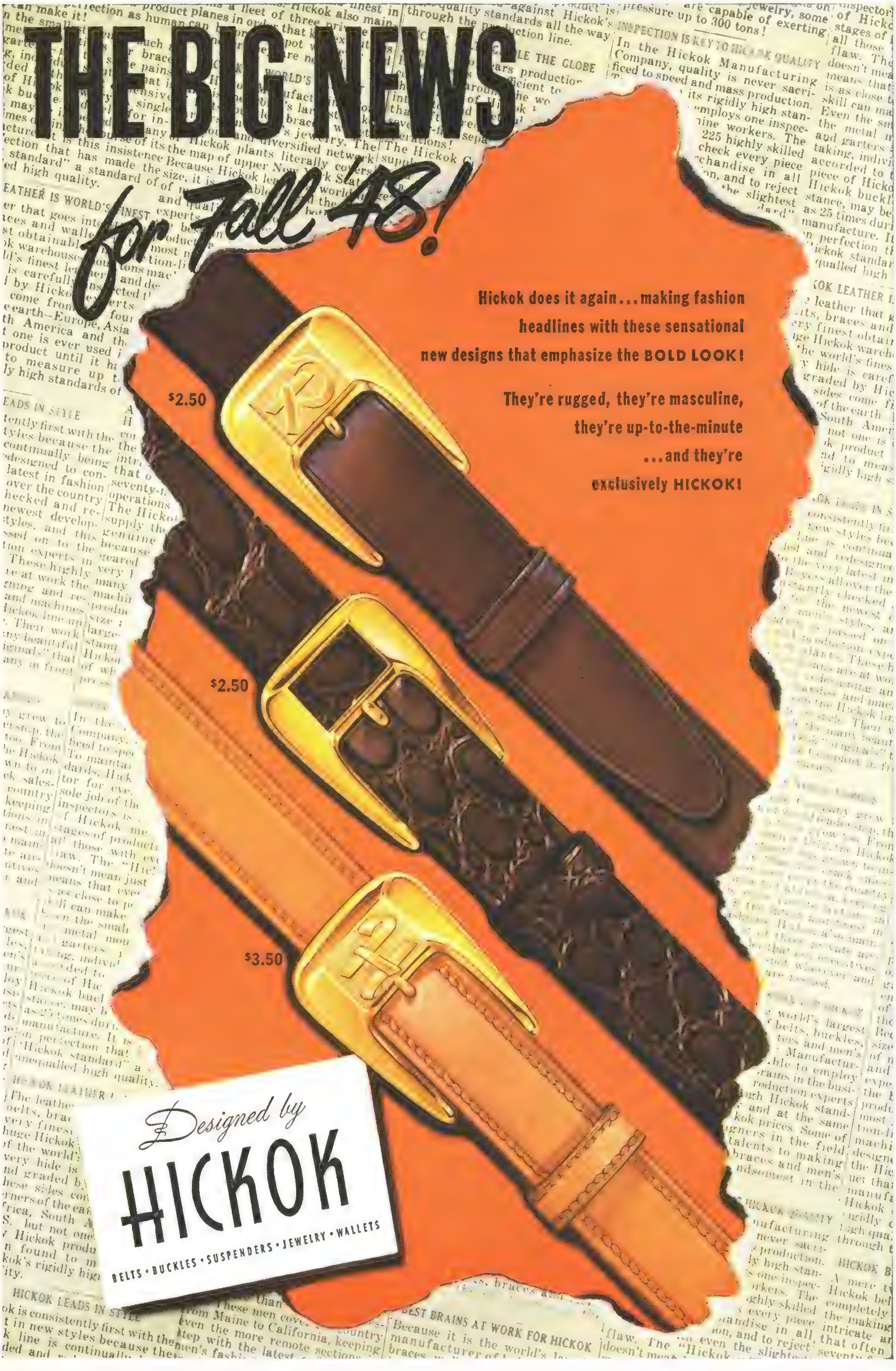

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Big-League Nicknames

Some of the names they fastened onto the National and American League baseball teams and how they got them

National League

CHICAGO CUBS: So called for first time in 1901 by George Rice and Fred Hayner, Chicago sports writers. Earlier the Cubs were known as the White Stockings, Colts, Bronchos, Rainmakers and Cowboys.

BOSTON BRAVES: Once called Doves, Bean-eaters, then Braves, Bees and back to Braves.

BROOKLYN DODGERS: First known as Superbas, Kings, Bridegrooms, then Dodgers, then Robins, in honor of Wilbert Robinson (while he was their manager), to become Dodgers again. The New Yorkers usually refer to Brooklynites as the "Trolley Dodgers."

PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES: Once called Quakers, but Phillies was the most popular nickname, it being sort of an abbreviation of Philadelphia.

NEW YORK GIANTS: Earliest teams in National League made up of very tall players.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS: They were originally known as the Maroons. When the Cleveland franchise was transferred to St. Louis, the uniforms were touched up with Cardinal trimming. They are sometimes called the Redbirds, since a cardinal is a bird with a brilliant red coat.

CINCINNATI REDS: They were so called in honor of the first professional team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings.

PITTSBURGH PIRATES: Also known as the Buccaneers. They were called Pirates when they signed up the infielder Louis Bierbauer, who was considered the property of the Philadelphia Club, of the American Association. This pirating occurred in the rule-waiving era of baseball—in 1891.

American League

CHICAGO WHITE SOX: They were originally called Invaders. Later this was changed to White Stockings because of the hose they wore, which was shortened to White Sox by Carl Green and I. E. Sanborn, Chicago sports writers.

WASHINGTON SENATORS: Also called Nationals since Washington is the National Capital.

ST. LOUIS BROWNS: Teams in the old American Association were called Browns because of the color of hose they wore, and the name was adopted by the present club when it gained an American League franchise.

CLEVELAND INDIANS: Formerly the Blues, the Naps, in honor of manager Napoleon Lajoie, the Blues, Forest Citys and Mollie McGuires. Indians decided upon by popular decision of fans. Were known as "Spiders" when in National League, prior 1900.

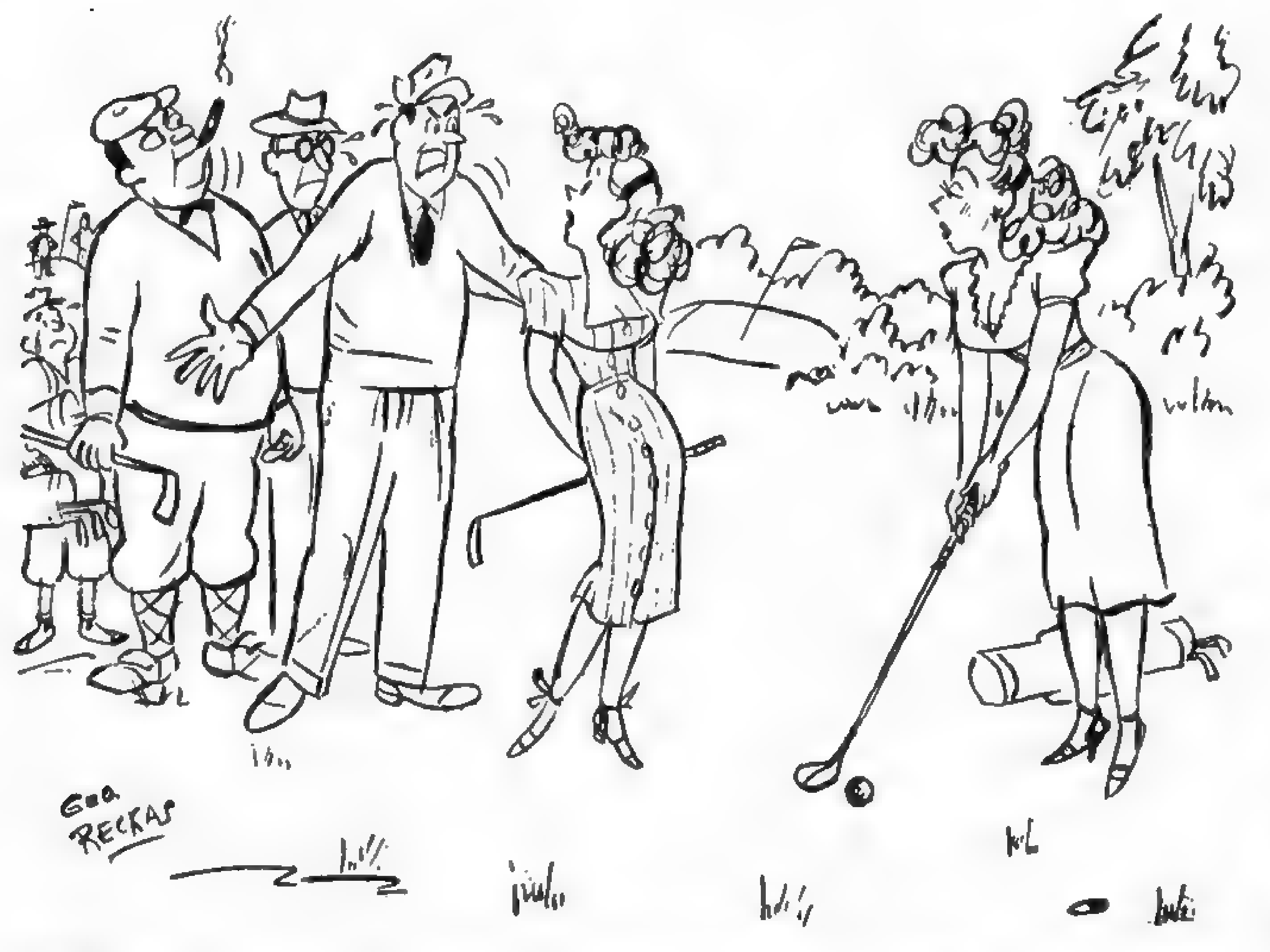
BOSTON RED SOX: They wore red hose when franchise was granted in American League and have had no other nickname.

NEW YORK YANKEES: Were called Highlanders at first, because their park was located on Washington Heights. Later Mark Roth, then a sports writer, continued to call them Yankees, and the name was accepted.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS: Connie Mack called his first team the "Athletics" and the name stuck. They are sometimes referred to merely as the "A's."

DETROIT TIGERS: Philip J. Reid, city editor in Detroit, so named them, because their original colors, yellow and black, were similar to those of Princeton. ⧻

From The New Encyclopedia of Sports, *by Frank G. Menke, copyright 1944, 1947, A. S. Barnes & Co., Inc.*



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Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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A Bachelor's Confession

Continued from page 47

homes than adultery.

Naturally, the solution for such a problem is to buy two radio sets and even the smallest income can stand this kick in the pocketbook. But two sets turned on full blast in a small apartment or the dream cottage at the end of the lane must create a bedlam which no one can stand for long. It is all right if a man can afford to live in an apartment and escape into the sanctuary of his den to be alone with his private machine. But what of the multitudes who live in two-room apartments in the big cities and those who dwell in the thin-walled modern shacks which are being sold as houses since the war? Suppose it is possible for the husband and wife to be able to split out and put enough distance between them to smother the sounds of the other's programs. It is what the bachelor does without any planning and this separation is a rap at marriage which disproves the contention that a man takes a wife to be forever by his side. Unless they can manage this isolation the husband is bothered by soap operas, style hints, household suggestions and the other trash which I have barred from my radio. I would rather throw my radio out the window than listen to such nonsense. But because I am not a wealthy man I would hate to accept this as a penalty for supporting a wife. I say the hell with it.

* * *

I am strongly opposed to home cooking. I have fled from it all my life. I've never eaten a meal in a private house which compares to the fodder I lap up in such restaurants as The Stork Club, Toots Shor's, Lindy's, the 21 Club, Frankie and Johnnie's, Sardi's, Gallagher's, Luchow's in New York; The Pump Room, Henrici's, Teddy Mack's and the Red Star in Chicago; Jimmy Shevlin's in Cincinnati; the dining room of the Schenley Hotel in Pittsburgh; any fish joint on the wharf in San Francisco; Bookbinder's, and Curly Perry's and Lew Tendler's place in Philadelphia; The Occidental and Harvey's in Washington, D.C., the roadhouse outside of St. Louis where you eat in chicken coops in the summertime; the oyster houses of Boston and Ruby Foo's chop-suey joint in the same town; The Book-Cadillac in Detroit. My gluttony in such establishments is partially responsible for my poverty but there never was a wife who was able to duplicate the variety and the excellence of these inns.

I am a man who is easily touted off what I believe would appease my enormous appetite and even when a considerate hostess asks me to suggest a menu before she cooks it I find I desire another dish by the time the meal is served. I am not an exception. It is rarely that I see a man who makes up his mind when he takes a peek at a score card in a public place. They change their minds and shop around before they make their final selection. It is a freedom I revere. The boss of the home may telephone her man in the afternoon and suggest that he explain to her what he desires. But by the time dinnertime strikes what has happened since he did the picking may have worked on his gastric juices. One slap of whiskey will rearrange the appetites of a guy and make him hungry for special nourishment. A cocktail can improve the appetite. It can also abolish it. There is no room for this in the blueprint of home cooking as it is now practiced.

I must expose some of the habits which make waiters despise me and increase my hatred of home cooking. I do not relish oysters. The sight of them makes my stomach writhe. But I frequently decide that a change of pace would improve my health. On such occasions I tell the waiter to bring me a half-dozen blue points on the half shell. It is unique when I let him leave my side with this order. But there have been instances when I re-

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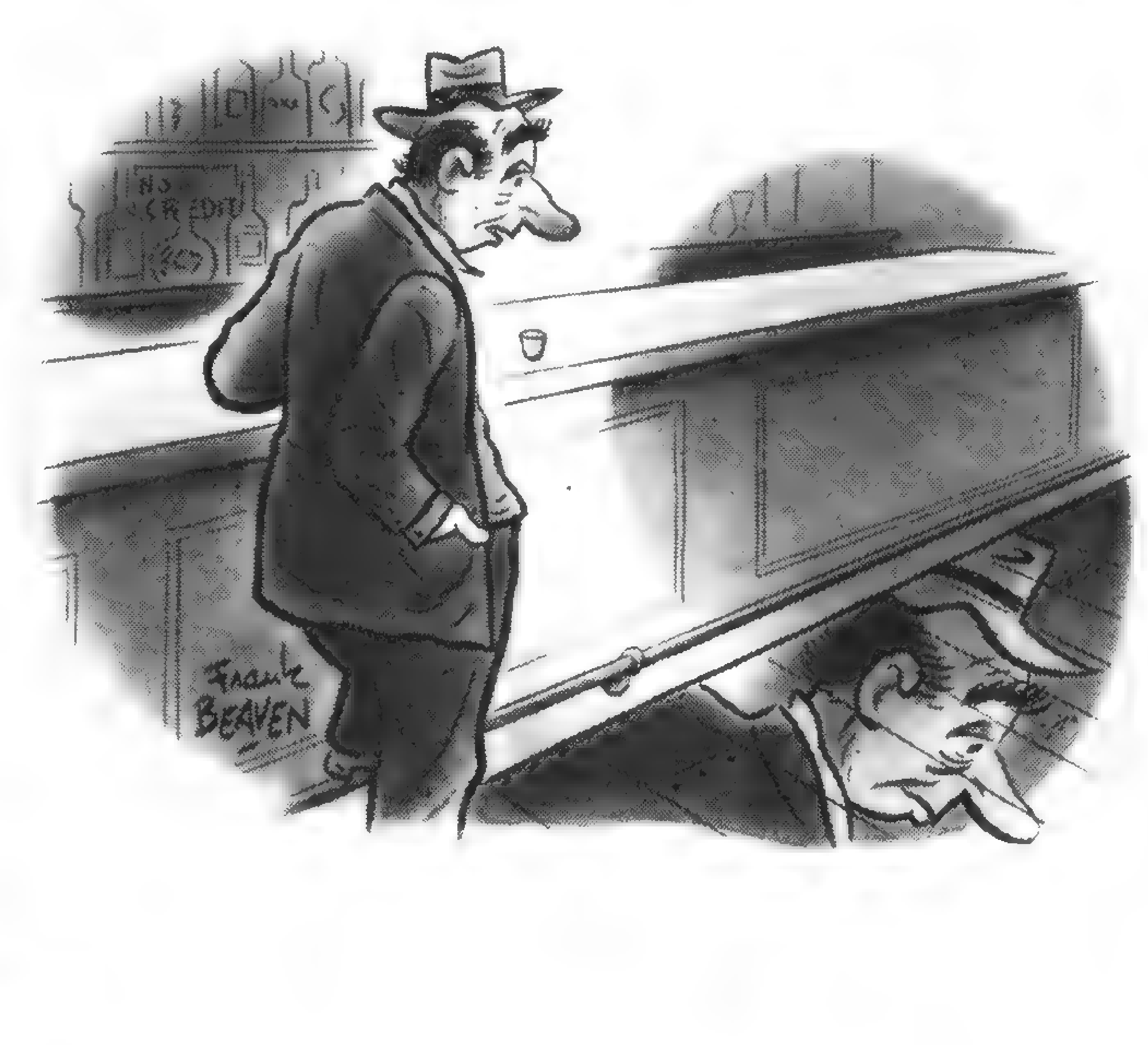

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It's a FREEMAN shoe

A Bachelor's Confession

Continued from page 104

fused to correct this mistake until the oysters are put under my outraged nose. As soon as the oysters are put on the table I insist that the waiter snatch them away and substitute shrimps, which is the only sea food I can handle. I am the same way at the races and no matter how much faith I have in the favorite it is my custom to switch to the long-priced horse in the race. It is the pattern of my personality and there isn't anything I can do about it. But I do not consider this to be unusual because a lifetime squandered in restaurants has convinced me the average male does the same thing. Such indecision of appetite is reason enough why I am suspicious of matrimony and consider it a realm where all the freedoms of the bachelor are revoked. If a man tries to switch orders after the old lady has sizzled up the meat in the frying pan you can bet that the main course will hit him in the head, skillet and all. Insisting that a man eat whatever is put before him is too much to ask. This is not the least important reason why I never considered re-enlisting in the army. Only the slop stewed up by mess sergeants is worse than the refuse which good food becomes when it is cooked at home by the average American wife. Home cooking is one of the vicious pranks the modern wife plays on her defenseless spouse. If you believe this is an untruth observe the people you work with and watch those who dose themselves with stomach medicine. My experience teaches me that the married men outnumber the single ones at least four to one.

* * *

I have never been rebuked by a room-service waiter for ordering up a double punch of Scotch or a pot of coffee when the occasion insisted that this would get me through a rough day. The bellhop who fetches my cigarettes never protests I am overdoing it. I've squired several girls around town during my life and unless I fell down fainting drunk they believed it was all right for me to jab myself with a moderate amount of spirits. Since I have decided coffee is the liquid I handle best my fair companions dedicate some part of their time to examinations of this brew to make sure it has not cooled off. They do not beef when I light one cigarette off the other or harass me with prophecies that I will finish up gasping and sick from this small vice. But these are women who are not tied to me by the marriage contract.

Wives are violent foes of nicotine and caffeine and among my acquaintances a lot of time is used up by the female end of the sketch measuring these small and delightful pleasures as crimes against society. I am not a pipe man nor do I attempt to demolish many cigars in a year's time. But the guy who goes against these virile forms of smoking must either give it up or be prepared to be tortured as long as he remains within the frontiers of marriage. Many of the wry and insulting anecdotes told by wives in company deal with the husbands who stink up the house with pipe and cheroot. They whimper about the extra toil caused by the distribution of ashes and the favorite gag of these wives is the one where they're going to put carpet on the tables and the arms of chairs and cover the floor with trays because the old guy confuses the functions of rug and ash dishes. I have lived in apartments and hotels for most of my years. Never once have I been bawled out by a maid because I sprinkled some ashes on the floor. I smoke as though inhaling the fumes of a cigarette were as normal as breathing. I admit that occasionally I litter up my place with butts, but the maid accepts the policing up as part of her job. If she makes any mention of it she does it with directness and admits that only the manual labor involved causes her to resent it. But the wives I know conceal this truth by crusading for the old

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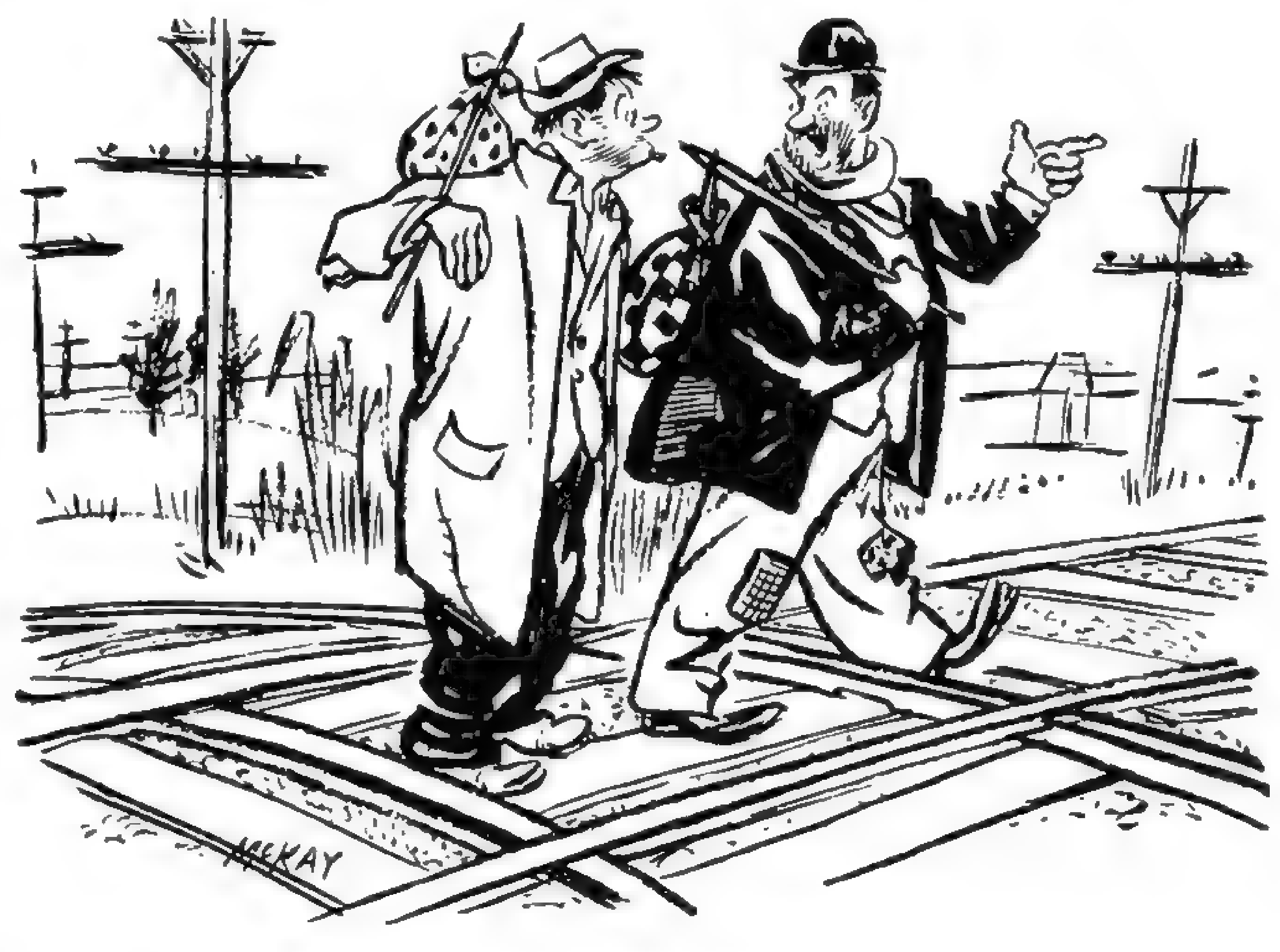

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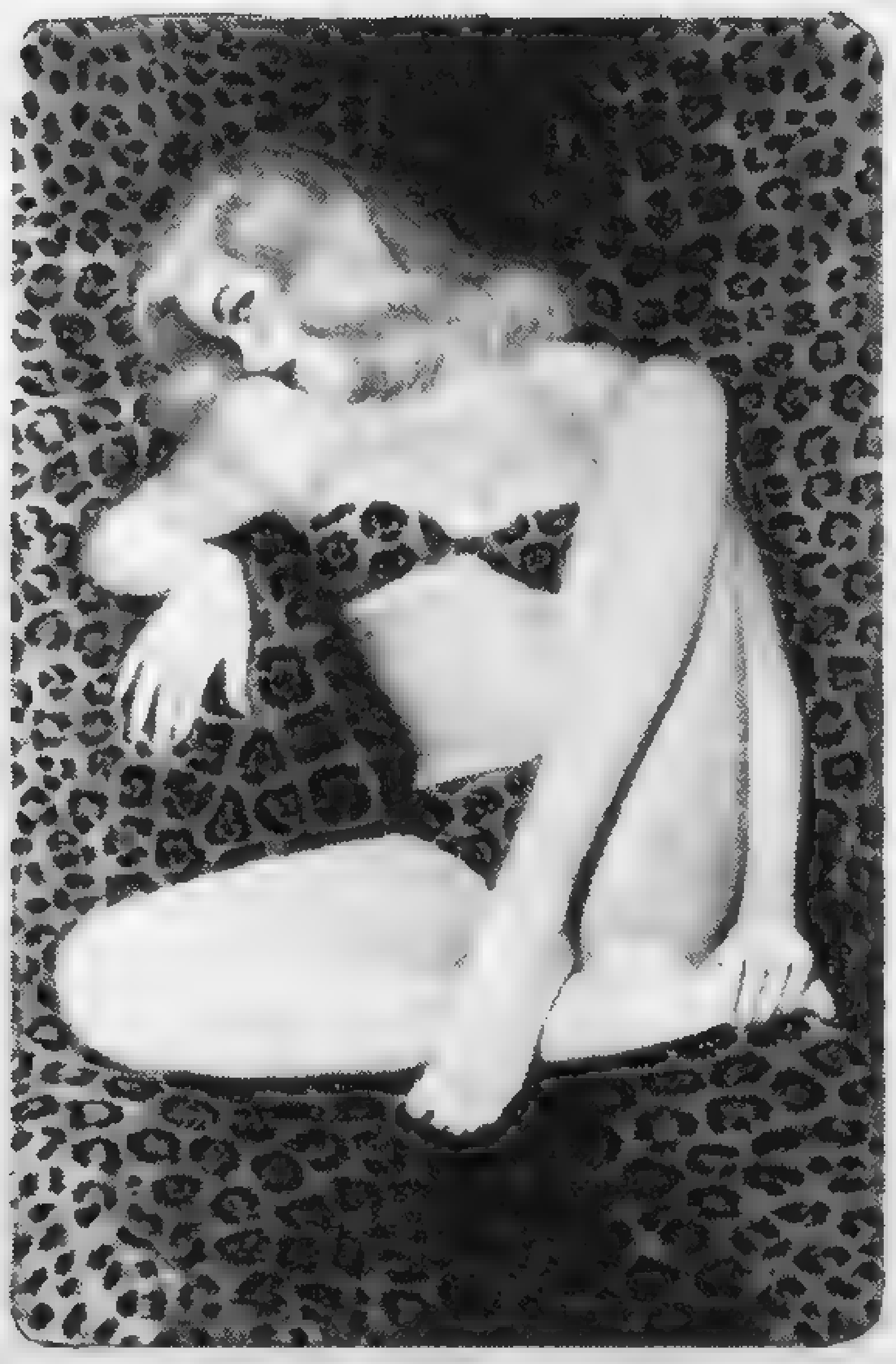
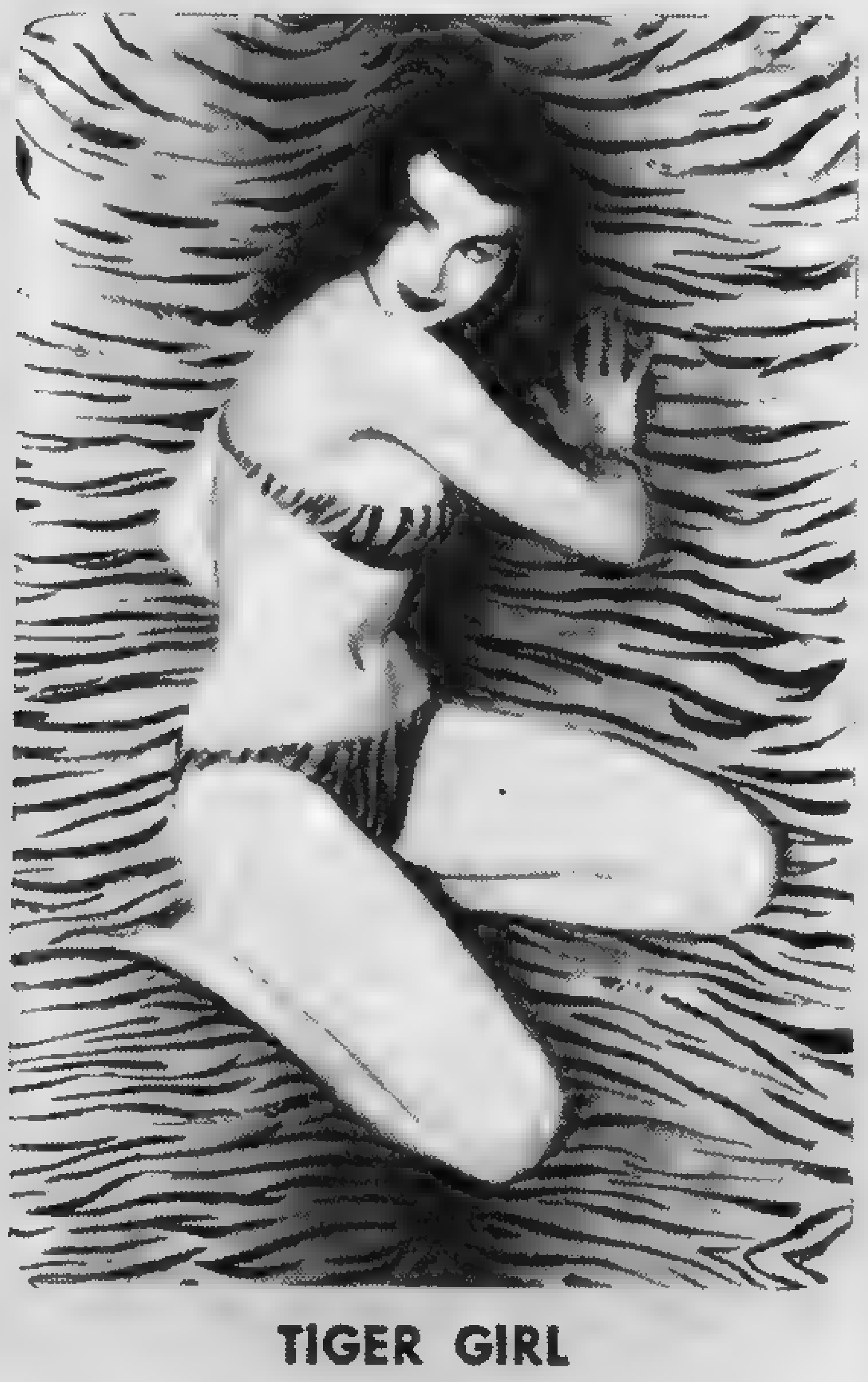


PANTHER GIRL



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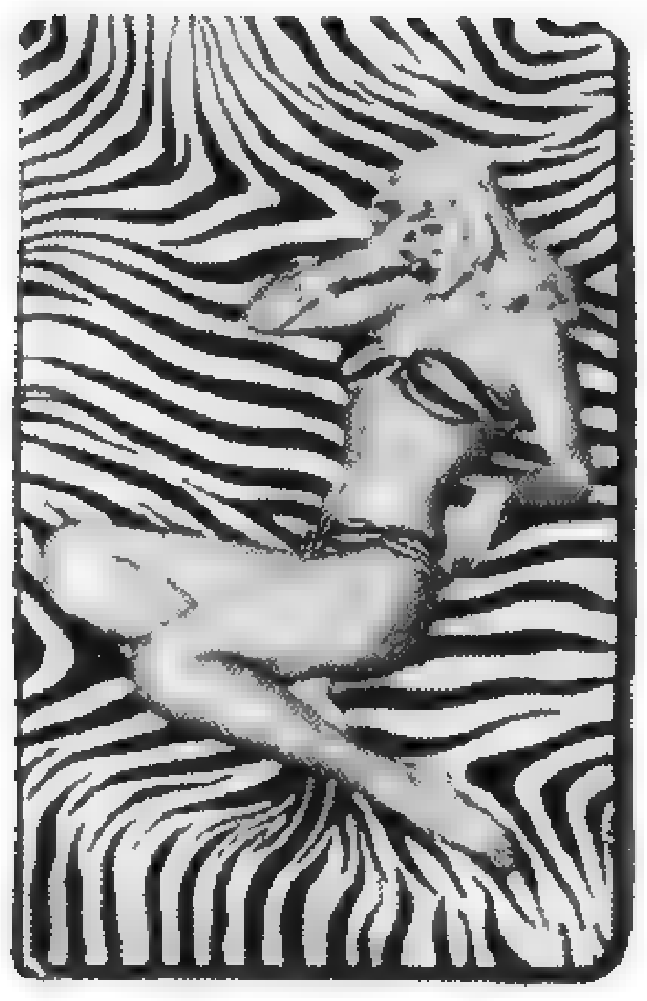
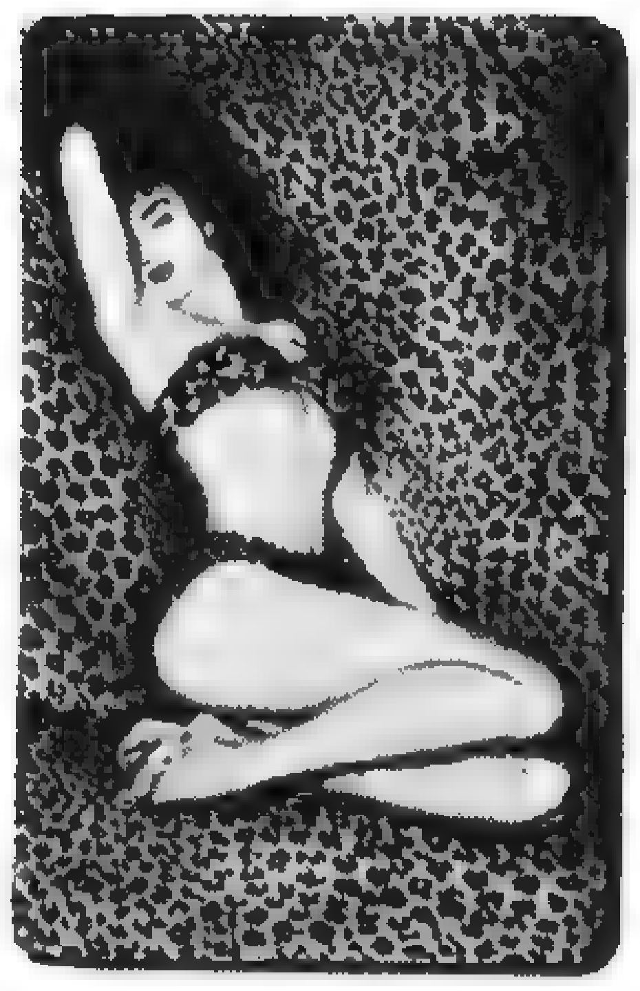


ZEBRA GIRL



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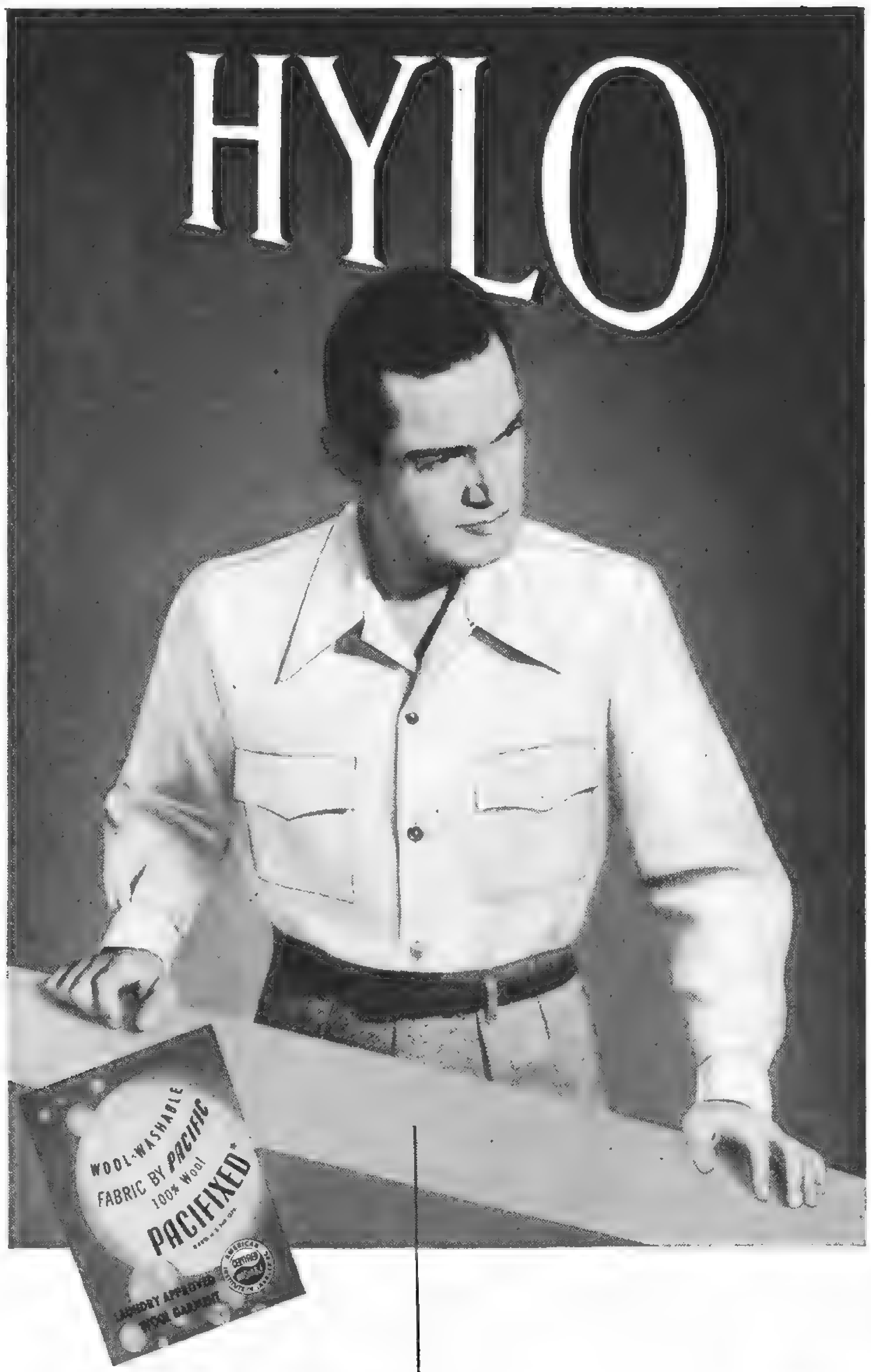

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A Bachelor's Confession

Continued from page 106

man to stop smoking because it will impair his health when they really want to duck the job of cleaning up after him. The same goes for coffee drinking. Wives believe that coffee should be served in a small cup at the end of each meal. They consider it an imposition when the old man asks them to steam up a fresh batch. Such little irritations scare me. I'll pay the maid, tip the bellhop and call room service when the coffee and cigarette question comes up. It's cheaper and the service is better.

* * *

I was a child once myself, but I am not proud of it. I would break down in a week if I were confined with kids in any structure smaller than the Empire State Building. It is part of the ritual to the home of a child-brightened marriage to be guided into the nursery by the parents just before the tots are about to take off into slumber. It is agony for me when this happens and freedom from this torture must be counted among the blessings of a bachelor's lot.

My voyages into the sleep are quickened by a pill which knocks me unconscious twenty minutes after I swallow it. But the little ones I know are never escorted into insensibility by drugs. But they do not seem to be able to close their eyes unless a story is made up for them. They usually address me as Uncle Jimmy which infuriates me as I have an image of my own uncles whom I remember as cranky old men.

I am a guy who is slow with copy. It takes me at least an hour to get off a ten-word telegram, including love, and I waste half a dozen post cards with meaningless salutations before I am satisfied with the literature I have composed. Such an admission must astound the readers of these pieces because the quality of my stuff, as many have hinted, suggests that I write with a rapidity that conquers thought. But the sires and dames of children believe it is the duty of every casual caller to ad lib novelettes for their children.

My efforts at fiction have had little success and it is work I abhor. My plots shamble crookedly and I always have a few characters left over when I come to the end of any story I try. Long ago I abandoned this medium and adopted the gentler mediums of the newspaper column. My lack of creative ability is obvious even to the most stupid child and my dislike of children is founded in the insults my stammering mythology dredges up out of the purest heart of the most innocent babe. They contradict my plots and they improvise endings of their own which make me believe they should be doing the narration because their fictional talents surpass mine by as many lengths as Citation won The Belmont. As critics they are savage and without mercy. They disgrace me with insinuations that my construction is ramshackle and they anticipate the finish of all the tongue-tied fables I tell. Such nursery chats send me back into the living room swearing that I shall never have a child of my own. Right now I am convinced we are raising a generation of editors which makes the future blacker than an undertaker's business suit. As a bachelor I give up many an evening to reading and I only write to make a living. It is only natural to suppose that the old man must do the storytelling on nights when the likes of me fail to call. I can't think of any form of abuse which matches that which I have suffered in the nurseries of my friends. I am positive I would give any wife reasons to jug me for abandonment if I had a child who stayed up every night until I told them a bedtime story. I wonder why the scientists don't make sleeping pills for minors?

I thoroughly approve of my bachelorhood. But up to now no girl has committed suicide because I refused to stake her to my name and the life insurance that goes with it. I am forty. If I don't lay off the French fries and the

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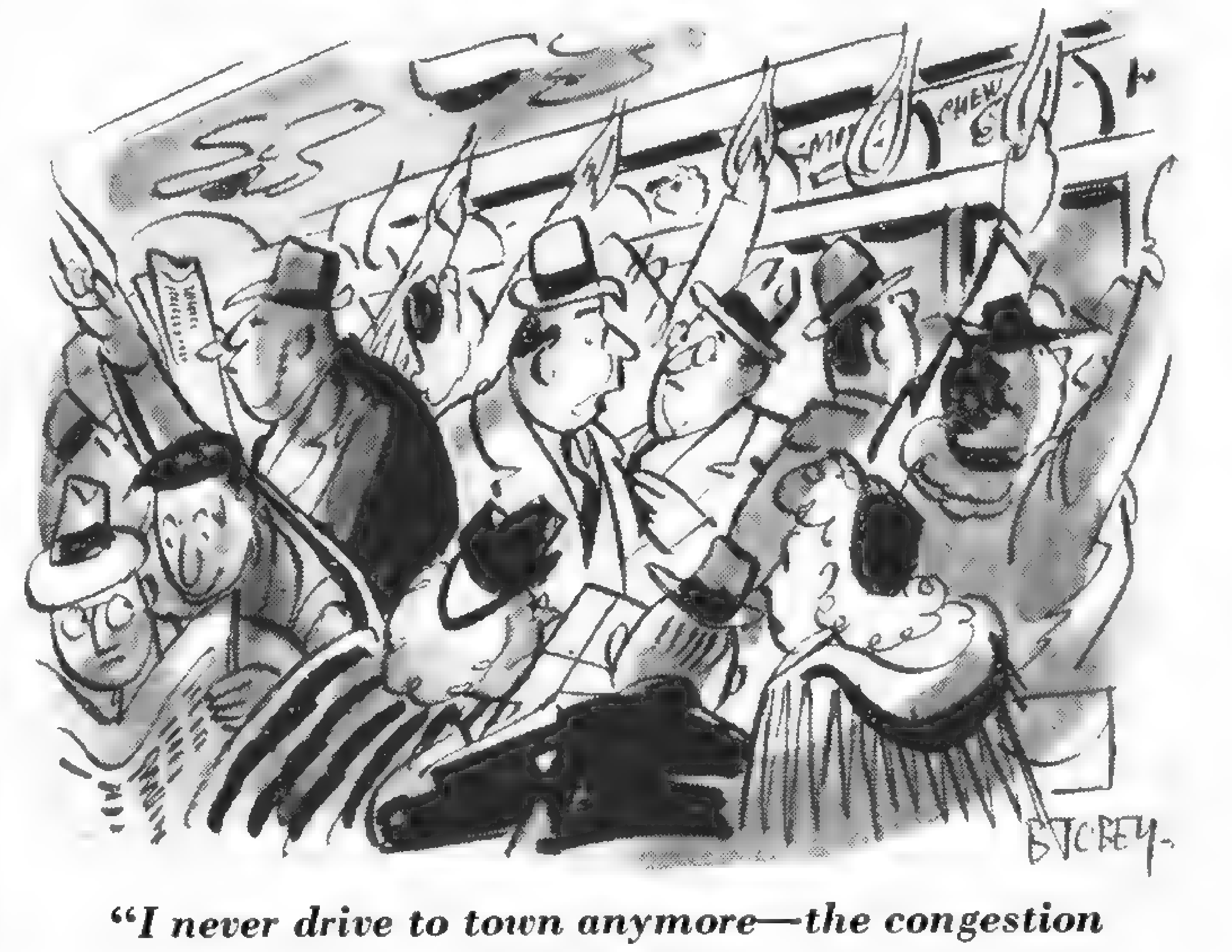
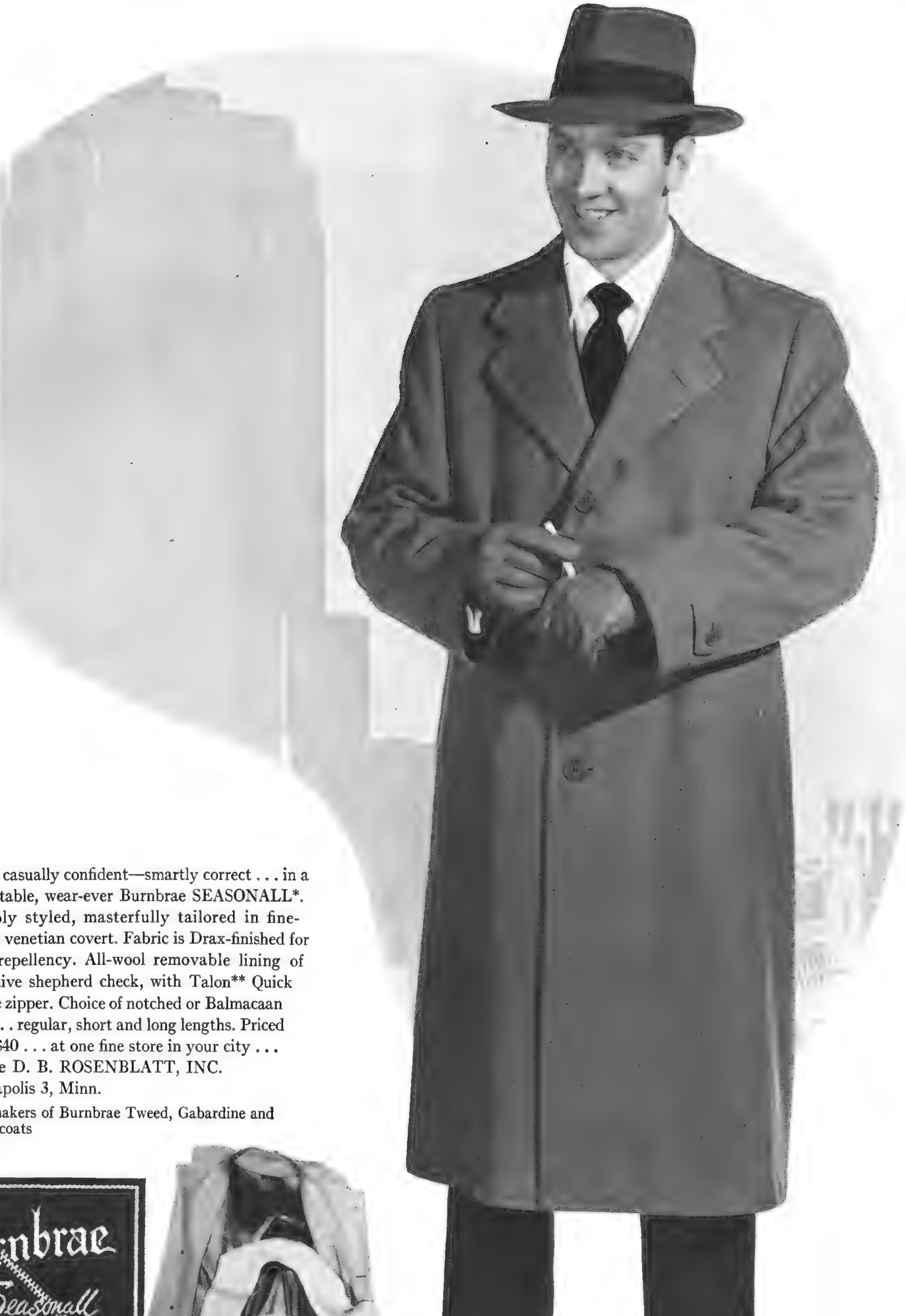


"I never drive to town anymore—the congestion is terrific!"



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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

A Bachelor's Confession

Continued from page 108

apple pie à la mode I swell up. My belly drips over my belt and if I don't control the demands of my appetite I wind up with more chins than I have use for. I am a short man and when I am called stocky I feel I am getting the best of it. Plump is an adjective which does not slander me. But I have been involved in a few skirmishes where I thought the girl would have held still for a proposition of matrimony.

Among them was a lady who had me sailing. I found myself stopping to examine the show windows of jewelers although I must admit I did not make any purchases. It is alien to my nature to buy trinkets for the girls of my fancy as I think that when a man permits them to free load on food, drink and theatre tickets he is doing more than his share. I considered this girl to be beautiful and intelligent. She passed all the tests. She was considerate and loyal and a gifted listener, which is a big asset in a woman when she mixes up with a windy guy. I was on the verge of asking her to be legally mine. I even considered moving out of my apartment to accommodate her notion that children should not be brought up in the city but turned out to pasture in a suburb. It occurred to me that she would not impose her neatness on me. If we had children she would hit them over the head with a baseball bat if they asked the old man to do recitations after dark. I even conceded that she would be able to run a kitchen which would appease my wandering appetite. I didn't think it would be possible for her to corrupt conversation with the chitchat of the block where we would live the rest of our beautiful lives. I was certain she would not object to any radio program I wanted to hear. Cigarettes and coffee were part of her routine of life and she held these aids to living in high esteem. I was ready.

But it was a libelous dream. It went bad one night. It turned sour with a suddenness that I still can't believe. We were strolling up Broadway after dinner. We were on our way to a night club to hear Joe E. Lewis, a comedian we both value as the best in the trade. But there was an hour to kill and we bickered gaily over the way we should spend it. I suggested we go to a newsreel. It would consume the hour. It was a summer night. The theatre was air cooled. There was a prize-fighting short on the bill I wanted to see.

"No," she said, her voice flat with contempt.

The brutality of her refusal astonished me.

"Why don't you want to go to a newsreel?" I asked her.

The young lady's big eyes narrowed with scorn.

"I think they're silly," she replied with prim determination.

"What's silly about a newsreel?" I asked in horror as my mirage faded.

"They're just silly," she said. "That's all."

Go into that remark. Give it a little time. I admit the young lady was good to see, patient and erected to incite whistles when she passed a poolroom. But nothing could triumph over that remark. I escaped as soon as it was possible for me to holler up a taxi.

My lost love is not as skilled in deceit as most of her sisters. But I find the wives of most of my friends attack the newsreels as tedious and unnecessary. I am a man who has to drop into a newsreel theatre every time they make up a new program. It is hard to find a woman who will resign herself to regular visits to these small bazaars of the cinema. Look around the next time you go into a newsreel theatre and you will find the likes of me sitting there and we are rarely accompanied by a wife. Wives, my eavesdropping has taught me, drag you to those pictures in which Joan Crawford is always being embarrassed by a grown daughter who makes a hobby of murdering the guys her mother gets stuck on. They are not for me and if remaining a bachelor the rest of my life is the only way I can avoid such epics I am prepared to go the full distance alone.

I have not vilified marriage but only stated the truths of bachelorhood. I now come to the clincher. I hang out in bars and restaurants. Many of my companions are married men. They swear they love their wives and give you a pledge of honor their home is happy and their woman is ideal. But I notice that despite these statements they linger in the joints as long as their wives do not catch up with them. They do everything to avoid going home and these evasions are not always inspired by alcohol. They refuse to answer telephones and they instruct bartenders and waiters to advise their wives they haven't been seen in the joint for a week. Wives tell me I loaf in such joints because I am a bum. All bachelors have the habits of tramps. We avoid our living quarters because they are a bare counterfeit for a home and subconsciously we postpone returning to the place we live in as long as we can.

If this is the truth then I ask this question: Why in every saloon and poolroom in this country is there at least one call a night from a wife whose husband refuses to talk to her?

If I could figure this one out I have a hunch I might admit that the life of a bachelor isn't the best there is. But this happens too often to be exceptional.

Marriage is for suckers. I'll take the freedoms of a bachelor. Any objections? ⌗

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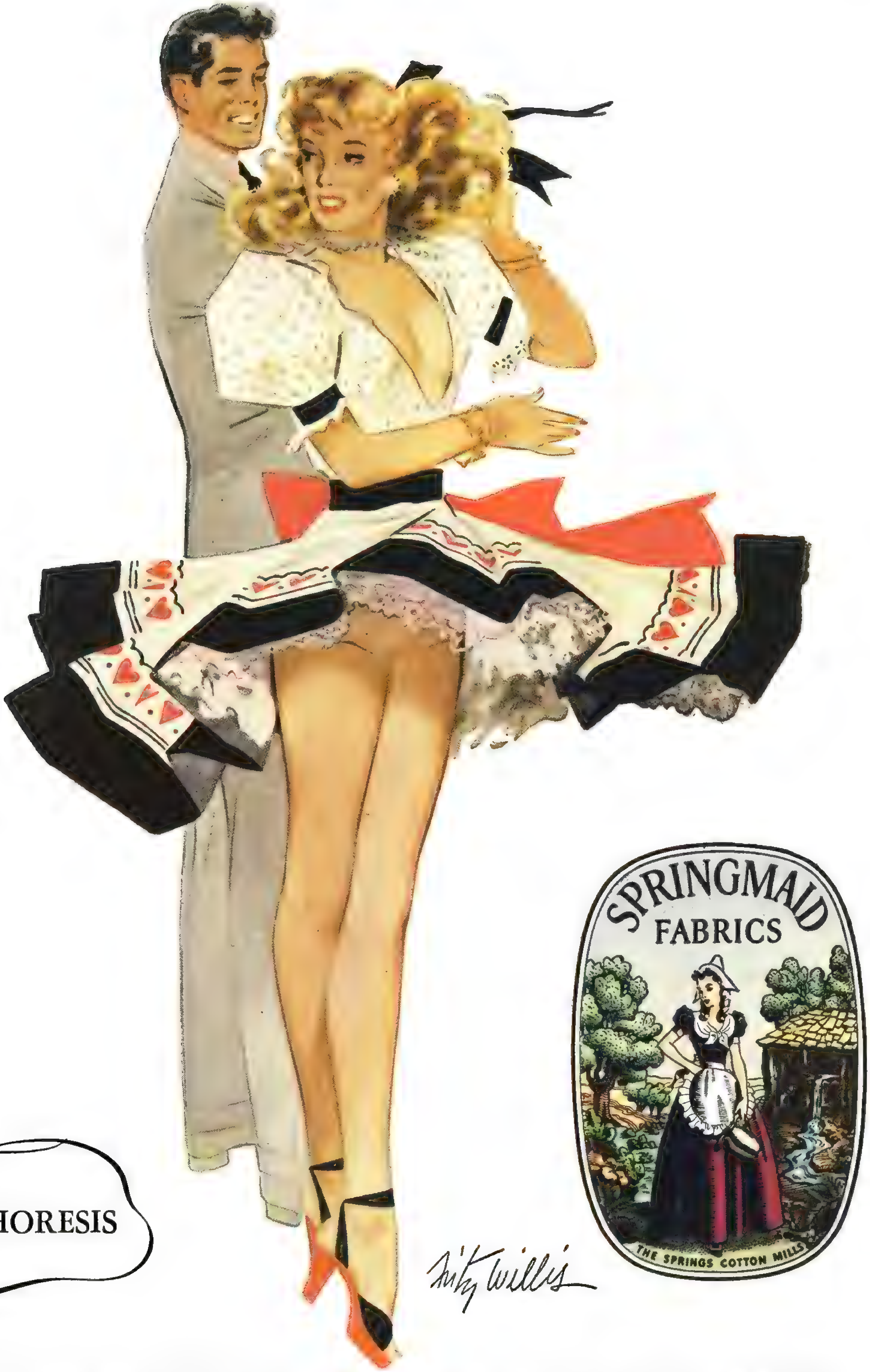

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Lost Epilogue

Continued from page 45

gentleman smoked his cigar. "The Commissioner said to tell you."

* * *

Rocky opened the door for him. "Sure," Rocky said, looking at him. "What did you expect?" He went back to his stool.

Healey locked the door, slanted against it. "No purse, guys."

"Sure," Rocky said.

Healey said, "Take your shower, Champ. Let's call it a night."

"He's resting," Rocky said. "He worked hard."

"You ought to rub him down."

"Not me. I won't touch him."

The fighter turned his head to Rocky. The lids of his eyes were narrow against the unshaded light from the ceiling. "I don't blame you, Rock. You're a clean man. You and Healey, but you've got me wrong, all wrong." His head came back, full profile, and his eyes were closed. "You too, Healey."

Healey said, "Sure, kid. Sure we got you wrong. This kind of talk is nothing talk. It doesn't get you anywhere."

Wearily the fighter said, "Healey, I wouldn't double on you. Can't you understand that?"

"You didn't double," Rocky said. "Pally, you tripled. Kid, you should have your head examined."

"Healey, why should I? Figure it. You picked me up the first bounce out of college. You practically raised me. You're the best, squarest man I know. Why would I double on you. *Why?*"

Healey was slender and straight, a small neat man in a blue serge suit and a white shirt and a blue knit tie. He came near to the fighter and looked down at him. "Kid, this game has got a lot of angles. Too many angles. Sometimes a guy gets on a merry-go-round. I've seen a lot of guys in my time."

"We got into an argument about what constituted a love tap!"

"But, Healey, why . . . "

"I wouldn't know why. I can't look into a guy's skull."

Rocky squirmed on the stool. "Sure. First you get the offer of all that dough . . . "

"But I told you . . . "

"You told us, all right."

The fighter made fists of his hands, beat them together once. "Listen, please. *Please.* My weight, there's no real money in fighting. But I'm a cockeyed wonder, I'm a crowd pleaser, there's betting action when I fight. So he makes me this proposition, this fabulous proposition, and for a while I walk around bowlegged. I'm all out of proportion. One fight, and I'm fixed. For life. I held out on you, both of you; but it cleared up, it got straightened away. I told you all about it."

Healey said, "Champ, let's not go into it. Let's forget it. This I would like to state, and then let's skip it. We thought this guy was made to order for you, a push-over. You lost the fight. We didn't figure you'd lose it. So I'm broke, and Rocky's broke, and maybe they'll hold up that purse indefinite. Plus I lose a fighter, because you and I are washed, kid. Now go take your shower."

Stubbornly the fighter said, "But I squared it. I told you . . ."

"Sure," Rocky said, "you told everybody. You told the boss, you told me, you told your girl friend. But she's got class. She talked you out of it. She wouldn't marry a turn-around guy, a tanker. So the deal is off. So you call up Buttons, and you tell him. One week before the fight, the deal is off. So your friends reverse the field. So what then? You dive."

"I didn't dive."

Healey said, "Forget it."

"No. The first round, right away, I got the point of his elbow square in back of my head, and hard. You saw that, didn't you?"

"I saw it."

"That's all. The rest of the time I was in a fog. I told you when I came back to the corner, didn't I? Didn't I?"

"You told me."

"The rest of the time I didn't know what it was all about. That's all there was to it. I don't care what it looked like."

"It looked like a dive," Rocky said.

Healey said, "Look, forget it. It's a crazy game. It's got angles. It's got enough angles to confuse a man, especially a young man. Let's skip it."

"You just won't believe me, will you?"

"Kid, I can't help what I believe. I believe what you set me up to believe, and what I saw. What everybody saw."

Rocky stood up, pacing. "Maybe you meant it when you said it about reversing the field. Maybe you meant it then. But who stops you from changing your mind? Right there, when you're climbing in. Because the guy didn't leave you much out, did he?"

The fighter sat up on the table. Healey stood near him. Rocky stopped. The shower hissed. "He didn't leave me *any* out. He said it was too late. He said he had all his bets staked out. He said I'd either lose the fight, or I'd get killed. But I don't scare that easily, you guys ought to know

Continued on page 114

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Lost Epilogue

Continued from page 113

that. The girl talked me out of it, and the girl was right. I went in there to win."

Healey said, "Go take your shower, Champ."

The knock came at the door, a sharp, persistent knocking.

"Who is it?" Healey said.

"Buttons."

Healey looked at the fighter. The fighter looked at the ceiling. Rocky said, "What are you looking at him for? You know you're going to open the door, boss. For guys like Buttons, everybody opens the door, boss, except guys like me, because we don't care, we don't have a door to open."

Healey opened the door.

Two square-shouldered men came through, a short one and a tall one, two men of similar expression and biscuit pallor, and behind them, Buttons, small and erect and fastidious, hat in hand, black hair shining in tone with the quick gleam of his black eyes.

"Out," the tall man said. "Out. You two guys, out. Hurry up. Go have a beer. Go talk to the reporters."

"I don't drink beer," Rocky said. "I don't talk to reporters."

"Oh, one of them guys." The tall man reached out an arm and bunched Rocky's sweater in his fist. He dragged him to him and he kicked at his shin. Rocky grunted and the tall man caught the sound on the back of his hand. Blood showed on Rocky's mouth.

The fighter moved off the table. "Why, you big . . . "

Buttons' voice held him. "That's all. What's the matter with you? That's *all.*"

Healey went to Rocky.

Buttons said, "Get the old guy out of here. What's the matter with people?"

Healey held Rocky's arm.

The tall man closed the door behind them.

The fighter's legs hung off the table. He sat, hunched like that, his elbows on his thighs. He was young and his face was bony and his eyes were large and deep and blue, his nose unspoiled.

Buttons walked around the table, twice, looking at the fighter. Then Buttons stopped, smiling. "For a college boy, Champ, you got a lot of brains. A lot of brains."

The fighter pushed fingers through his bright blond hair, backing it away from his eyes.

"For a college boy," Buttons said, "you're going to do all right." He took a package of money from his breast pocket. "Two hundred thousand dollars worth of all right. That's plenty all right."

"I don't want it."

"You don't sound like you mean it, Champ."

I don't know if I mean it, the fighter thought. *Two hundred thousand dollars. I won't be fighting any more, not after all this breaks wide open. Here it is. For life. Forever. And for right now, Healey won't be broke and Rocky won't be broke; and me—I lost the fight anyway.*

"I don't want it," the fighter said.

Buttons moved his face close to his. "Champ, nobody never says Buttons don't pay off on a contract. Right, boys?"

The boys were silent.

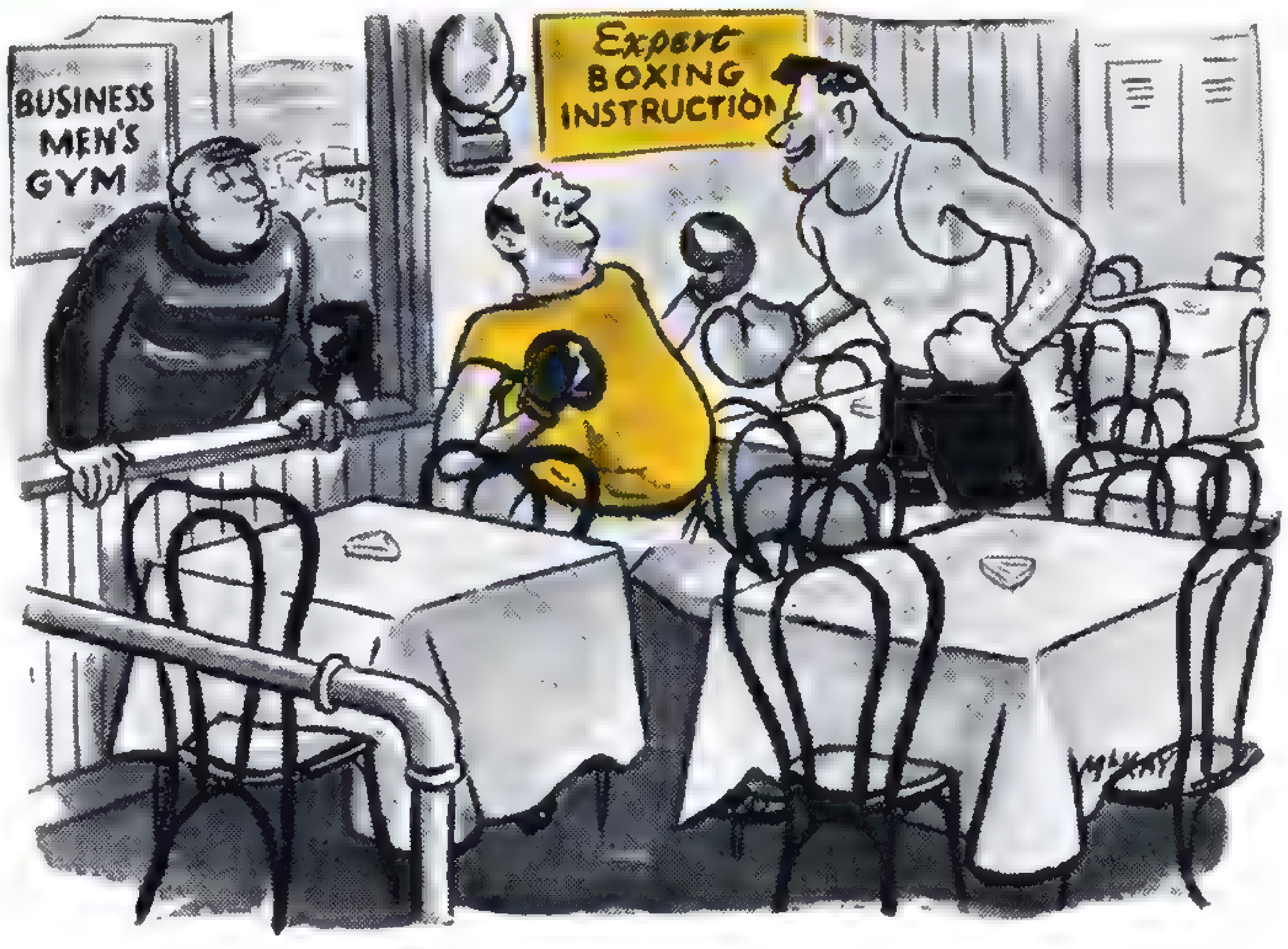
Buttons looked past the fighter. He went to the green locker and he rattled open a door. The fighter's chalk-stripe brown suit was carefully hung on a hanger. Buttons tucked the sheaf of money beside the neat points of the handkerchief in the show-pocket of the jacket. He spread some of the bills in a green design above the handkerchief and he came away from the locker.

"You're a rich man, Champ. Say thanks to Buttons."

The fighter pushed hair off his forehead.

Buttons looked at his colleagues. "That's the way it is, guys. A college guy is nuts. Always. Okay, we blow this chicken coop. One thing, remember. Buttons pays off, on the line, and nobody never can say that Buttons don't. You know what I mean, kids?"

One man said, "Sure, boss,"



"When I'm finished with you, Mr. Willis, you'll be able to handle yourself in any night club"

and the other opened the door.

Buttons said, "Oo my, see the pretty lady."

The girl looked at him.

Buttons said, "Madame, if you please," and he bowed and the girl went past him. The two men went out into the corridor, and Buttons held the knob of the door and looked straight at the fighter. "Kid, with a girl like that, and the way you're fixed, you ain't got a thing in the world to worry about."

He closed the door.

The girl said, "What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing."

"What was he talking about?"

"Nothing."

She was tall and slender in a light green coat with a swirl on bottom and tight on top. She wore no hat and her hair was long in back, almost to her shoulders, red-brown with lights. She sat on the stool that Rocky had sat on, and it was different. It wasn't a rickety stool in a fighter's dressing room; it had grace, like the girl had grace.

She put her hands to her ears. "Why don't you turn that shower off? It's enough to . . . "

He eased off the rubbing table and he turned it off.

The room was still. The girl watched him go back to the table and hoist himself on it. "You're bad, aren't you? You just can't help yourself. I was sure, so very sure . . ."

She was crying.

The fighter said, "You're wrong. My God, won't anybody believe me."

"I did believe you. I did, did, did. I was positive . . . "

"Stop it. Please stop it."

Her eyes were brown and wide and frightened. "That was the man, wasn't it?"

"Who?"

"The little man who just went out."

"Yes."

"That poor little perfumed man. He could do that to you . . . and to me. That little man. He could make of you, you . . . a contemptuous . . . "

His legs moved slowly, dangling. "Wrong, wrong, wrong. I didn't throw that fight. I got an elbow down by the bottom of my head, and it did something. Look. You know me. I think you know me; I'm sure, you know, in a way, in a sense . . . I'm a proud kind of guy. You never heard me beg, did you?"

"No."

"I'm begging now. *I beg you to believe me. You.* Healey and Rocky, that hurts. But you. I'll go nuts. I did not throw that fight. I told you I wouldn't; and I didn't." He pushed fists against his cheeks, the skin of his face wrinkling.

She folded her hands in her lap, composed. Her voice was prim and final. "You were going to, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was going to. *Was* going to."

"We sat up, all night, over coffee, talking about it. You presented reasons, good reasons, cogent reasons; and then, I thought, you finally came to your senses."

"Yes. All right. I did . . . "

"You're weak, aren't you?" she interrupted.

"No. It isn't . . . "

"Weak. You wanted to be a fighter, and I couldn't be old-fashioned. I let you. I could have stopped you, but I honestly thought that nothing could change you."

"Weak," he said, "all right, weak. Everybody can't be the same. Everybody can't be strong. But I hurdled it, you know that . . . "

"No, I don't know that."

"But you just said . . . "

"I watched you fight tonight," she reminded him.

"Don't start that again."

"I watched, and as I watched, I remembered all your reasons, and I thought about *my* arguments, my poor arguments: honor in a rotten business; integrity in a game where integrity is a joke—I don't know . . . "

"You believe me? Please, you believe me?"

"I don't know."

"But why?"

"I would never have believed that you would have accepted that sort of thing in the first place. You; you'd walk away from it."

"But I did, didn't I? It had me for a while, it got me, but then, between us, you cured me. I rejected it."

"I saw you fight tonight."

"My God," he said.

She stood up and she walked the little room. "It's crazy, isn't it? You and me. We never thought we'd bring it up short in a smelly little room with boxing gloves. We had big brave dreams, you and I . . . we conquered many worlds under a warm sun on a green campus . . . "

"Let's get out of here," he said. "I'll take my shower and get dressed, and we'll get out of here . . . "

She went for his suit by the green locker, and she saw the money, the stiff stack of money, and she brought it to him in her tight white fist and she stood in front of him like that, trembling, her eyes accusing.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Wait a minute . . . "

She laughed screamingly. She laughed and she threw it in the air and it came down in a wide fluttering shower and she went close to him and she beat her hands against his chest and his face, laughing . . .

Healey came then, and old Rocky, and Healey said, "Oh, excuse me . . . "

Then he went to her and turned her around and slapped her. She put her head on his chest and he held her, sobbing. She tore at her finger and she put the ring in his hand and she ran sobbing out of the room.

Rocky kicked at the money.

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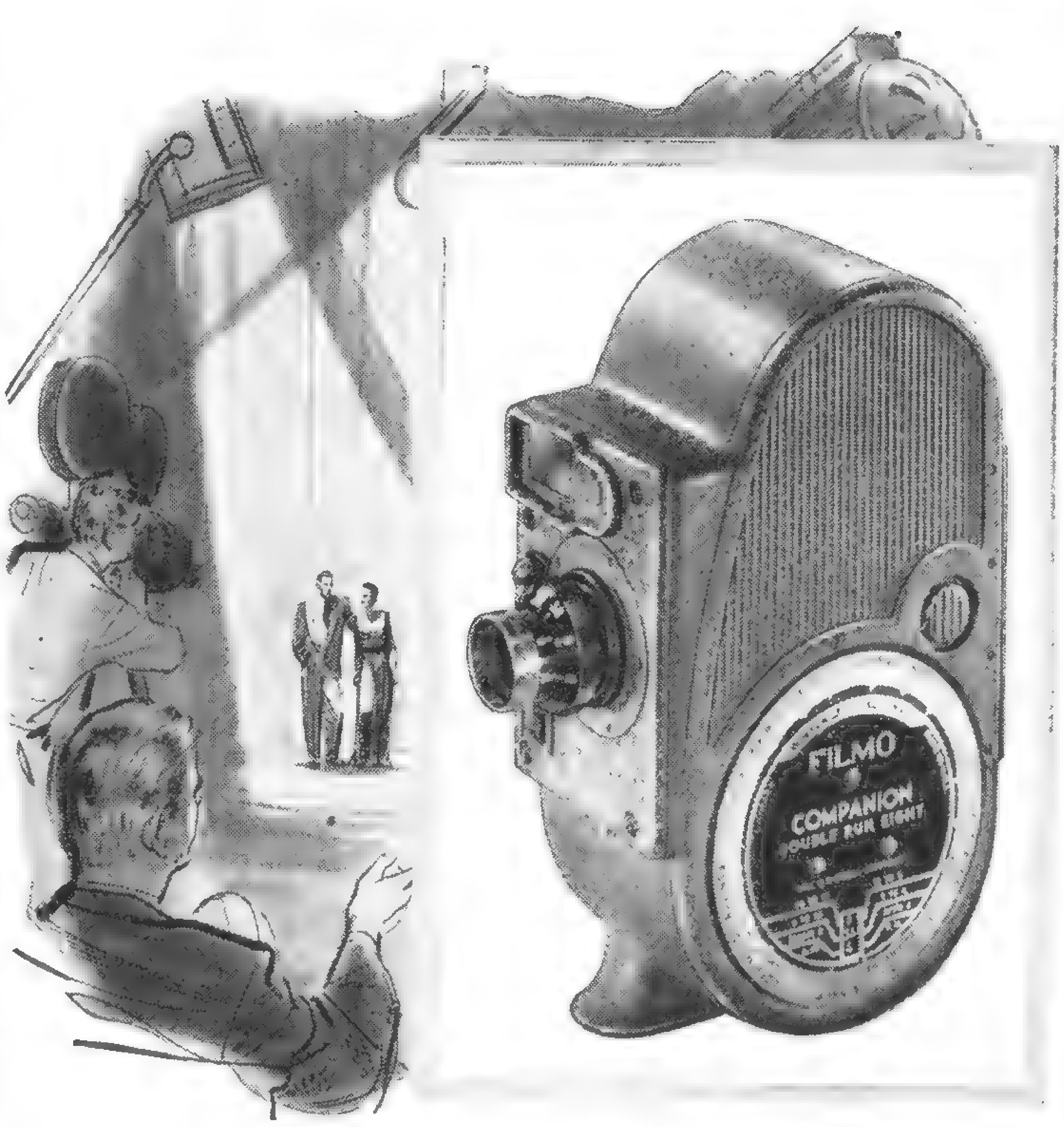

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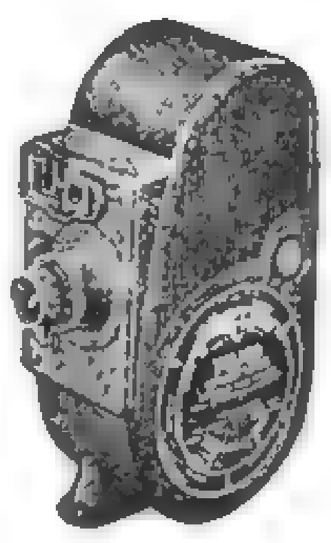

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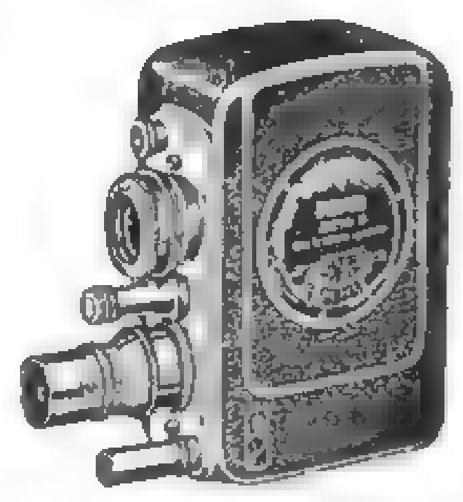

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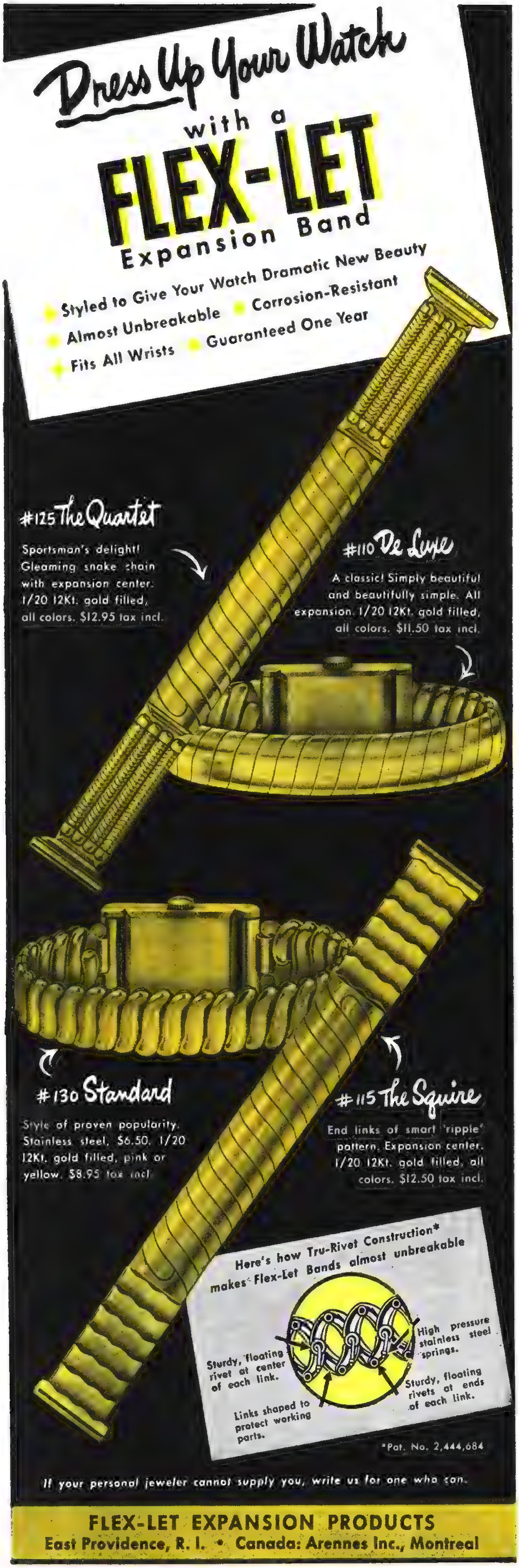

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Lost Epilogue

Continued from page 115

"No dive. Not him. He wouldn't double on you, boss, a kid you got a real kick out of; he wouldn't double on old Rocky who held him like a son . . . what kind of a guy *is* this?"

Healey said, "Take your shower, Champ. Go home. You're having a rough night."

He gave him the ring that the girl had put in his hand. The fighter took it and pushed it on his forefinger. It came up to the first knuckle. He held it away from him and he looked at the gleam. Then he dropped his hand.

"He brought the money. Buttons. He brought the money."

"Guys like Buttons," Rocky said. "They always bring the money."

"I told him I didn't want it."

"Go take your shower, Champ," Healey said. "There's a batch of angry reporters waiting around somewhere."

"I told him I didn't want it, Healey."

"Sure you did, Champ."

Rocky said, "That's how it winds up here in this room. Because he didn't want it."

"I didn't want it."

"Sure you didn't want it."

"I told him."

"Sure you told him. You told him good."

"You can check on that. You can call him up. Ask him."

Rocky lifted his sage grey head. "Maybe you're finally leveling. Right here, right at the last minute, maybe you did tell him, maybe you did. Sure. Maybe right here in the last minute, you got religion. Sure. You got two friends in the world, me and Healey. And you got one girl. And it shapes up for you suddenly, you're going to lose all of them. So suddenly you don't want dough, you don't want nothing. You want it clean. You want it erased. Kid, you're a no-good guy. Period."

The fighter slid off the table. "I can't win," he said. "All right, pick up my money."

"Pick it up yourself," Rocky said.

Healey said, "I'll pick it up for you. Go take your shower, Champ."

"Just can't win . . ." the fighter said.

Then his eyes rolled up.

He came down on the floor, heavily.

Healey jumped to him, touched him. "Hurry up, Rocky. Quick. Get the doc. Quick."

Rocky went. Healey tried to lift him to the table, but the fighter was too heavy for him. He spread him on the floor. He tried ammonia under his nose. He brought a wet, cold towel and put it on his head. He rubbed him, he kept rubbing him.

Rocky came back with a short bald man with a thick mustache and a dull black bag. The doc saw the engagement ring, stub on the fighter's forefinger. "What's this?" he said. "A new fad among the box fighters?"

He bent over him, without his stethoscope. Then he put his ear down to his chest. He looked up at Healey, quickly. "How's he been acting?"

"All right."

"Where'd he get hit? Hard? You know?"

"Back of his head, I think."

The doctor's fingers explored. He lay against the fighter, prone on the floor. "No good," he said, muffled, close down. "Trauma, concussion, probably hemorrhaging, reaction delayed. It happens all the time." He stood up on his knees, his face pleading. "We've got to get him out of here. Fast. We can't wait for an ambulance. My car's outside. Hurry."

They carried him, his friends.

Rocky held him beneath his arms and Healey held his feet, and Rocky bent to him, his face wet against the cold sweat of his cheek, and Rocky whispered, sing-song, as in prayer, "I'm sorry, Champ, sorry, Champ, deep down dirty sorry, Champ; you're my boy, you're my boy, you're my Champ." But the Champ didn't hear him. They carried him, like that, through the doorway, in victory, and in death. ⵌ

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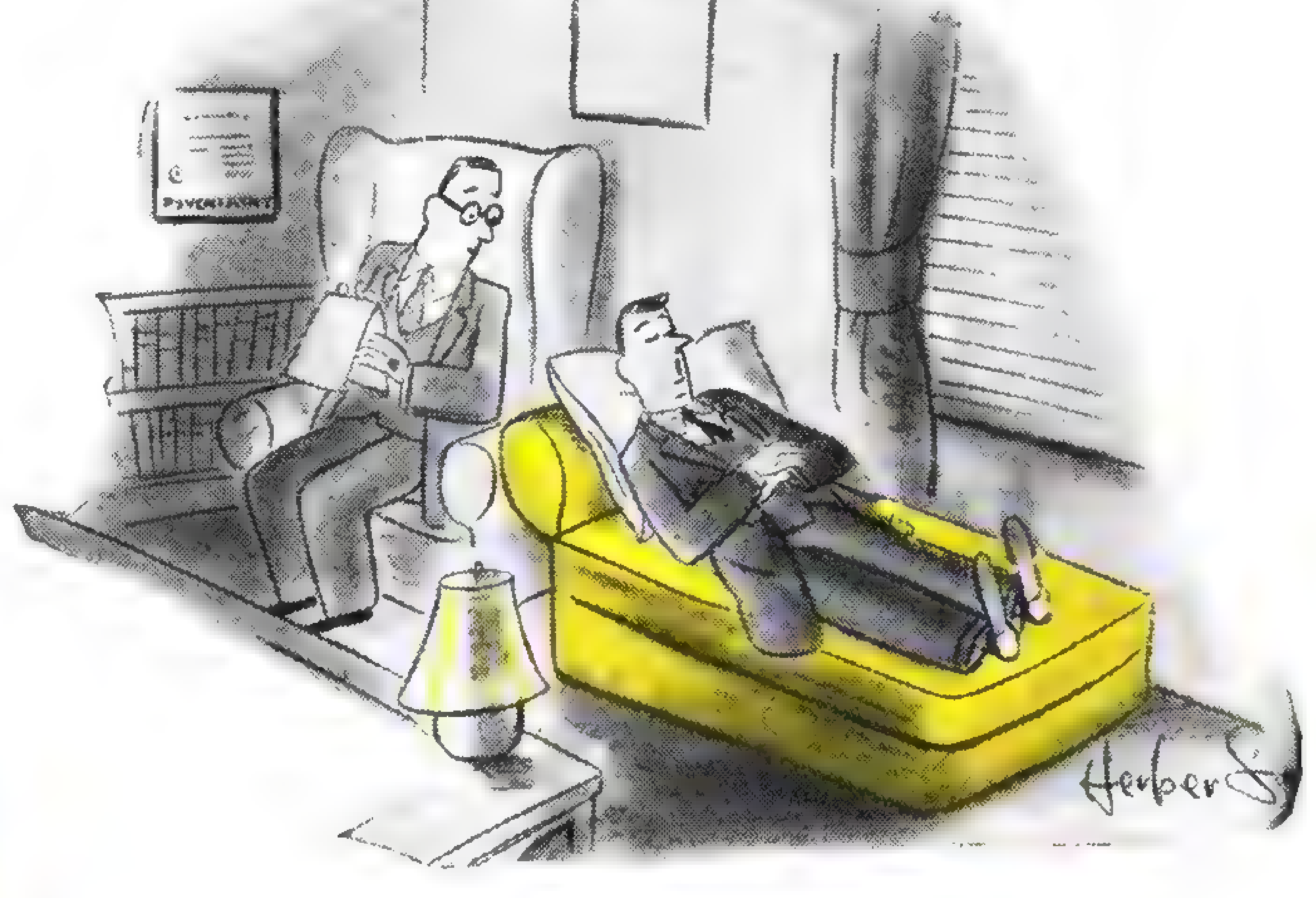

"I dream of Jeannie with the light-brown hair"

The Sûreté Hunts Again

Continued from page 59

told the Sûreté. The court, frankly puzzled because there was no law against ghouls, sentenced him to one year for disturbing graves.

In the years since, France has hatched endless other ghouls. There was the classical Affaire Landru. In January, 1919, a woman wrote the mayor of Gambais that her sister had gone to live in that city with a man named Cuchet two years before, and she had never been heard from again. Could the mayor investigate? Since the mayor had received a request about another missing woman two months earlier, he reported the matter to the Sûreté. Inspectors Dautel and Voison, assigned to the case, got on the trail of one Henri Landru, a short, bald, beady-eyed man with a long beard. They found Landru was inserting matrimonial ads in the papers and, figuring Landru was trying to put women into brothels, arrested him on a minor charge. But when the inspectors went through Landru's villa in Gambais they discovered cinders containing pieces of human teeth and bone fragments. Evidence indicated that Landru met strange women through his ads, and liquidated eleven of them for their property. The method was cozy: he would enter Madame's bedroom, embrace her passionately, and draw a silk cord around her throat. After M. Landru's head was separated from his person, his brain was pickled for posterity.

More recently one Dr. Marcel Petiot destroyed twenty-seven men, women and children by luring them to his Paris home with the promise of escape from the Nazis. Like Landru, Dr. Petiot carelessly left human bones in his cellar furnace, was caught by the Sûreté, and was guillotined.

Probably the oldest major crime-detection outfit in the world, the Sûreté was started by Napoleon Bonaparte. Its first chief was the fabulous François Vidocq. From his time forward, the Sûreté has accented the efforts of the individual lone-wolf detective. The idea is—he travels fastest who travels alone.

The sleuth works with complete authority. He can question the Premier at lunch or take over a red-light district or charter a special train or have the dust on a single human hair placed under the spectroscope or call out a regiment of the French Foreign Legion.

While on the trail the Sûreté sleuth does not have to answer questions put to him by his immediate superior or by meddling politicians or by sensation-hungry newspapers. Behind him, backing him up, he has, if not the most modern, certainly one of the most painstaking and thorough identity departments and research laboratories in the world. These technicians take not only a criminal's fingerprints, but skull measurements, ear photos and the length of his middle finger. They analyze not only parasites and bloodstains, but soil specimens, lipsticks and tobacco ashes.

The Sûreté sleuth still melodramatically wears disguises. One detective, operating in Paris, always wears two suits. Starting out, he wears an oversized business suit. If the suspect becomes suspicious, the detective steps into a doorway, peels off his suit to a laborer's soiled set of overalls. He stuffs his suit, shoes and hat into a gunny sack, pulls rope-soled footwear and a battered cap out of his pockets, assumes a grimace, a stoop, and resumes the chase.

As a result of this system of individuality, the exploits of these gents make Sam Spade and Nero Wolfe look like suckers. Gustave Macé, the Sûreté's most legendary bloodhound, solved France's greatest case because of the way the rope around a package holding a portion of human leg was knotted. Dr. Bertillon caught an absconding bank teller (who had changed himself from a fat, bushy-haired, popeyed businessman to a skinny, bald, rheumy-eyed bum) by the unchanged appearance of his ears. Edmond Bayle broke a series of hotel robberies after deducing that the fingerprints left behind were those of the monkey family (and thus arrested a vaudevillian who had two chimpanzees trained to steal by night). Today there is Dr. Edmond Locard, who once solved a murder near Tours by the pattern of a cord jacket smeared on a dust-covered marble slab.

Several months ago I visited the Sûreté headquarters on the Isle de la Cité, near the Palais de Justice, and met the fabulous laboratory team upon which the detectives can call for anything they require. This team is led by small, neat, mustached Professor Charles Sannie, who has written four books on the human face.

In this laboratory nothing is left to chance. Recently a man entered a rich home, committed a murder, ransacked the library, threw papers on the floor, and escaped. But the killer had stepped on one of the sheets of paper thrown on the floor. The paper revealed that he wore a rubber heel with a thumbtack in it. This intelligence was filed away in the laboratory. A year later a man was arrested for some minor offense. There was a thumbtack in his rubber heel, and it matched that of the wanted killer's. The man confessed and was guillotined. On another occasion five Frenchmen were suspected of penning anonymous blackmail letters. The Sûreté laboratories prepared five sets of special stationery, each set differently marked. A detective posing as a stationery salesman visited the five suspects. He offered the expensive stationery so cheaply that all the

Continued on page 118

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The Sûreté Hunts Again

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suspects bought quantities. When two new letters showed up written on the stationery, the Sûreté knew which of the five to arrest.

The laboratory's Identity Department contains ten million classified files, including two million sets of fingerprints. A first offender is seated on a small revolving chair and photographed, then led into the measurement bureau where fat, smiling M. Soin takes prints of his ten fingers and measures his middle finger, left forearm, skull, feet and ears. The offender's record is kept on file for ninety years. If he ever shows up for a second offense, he's a dead duck.

Gradually, the Sûreté is letting fingerprints replace its other complicated measurements. No two sets of prints are alike; and human fingers always perspire lightly, so they cannot touch a smooth surface without leaving behind a telltale mark.

The whiskered Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, whose crusading for identification paved the way for Sûreté's efficiency, was one of their most brilliant detectives. Once a thief was jailed with only slight evidence against him. Bertillon privately reconstructed the crime with actors. Then he went to the burglar's cell and, with pencil and pad in hand, sat beside the sleeping man. When he woke and saw Bertillon making notes beside him the man was aghast. "What do you want?" he shrieked. Bertillon smiled. "I have been taking down your confession, Monsieur. You talked in your sleep, and told me every detail of the crime." Bertillon pretended to read from the notebook describing the crime. The criminal admitted the robbery.

Another time a prominent man, Baron Zeidler, was found dead in his stables, beside his unruly young hunting horse. Hoof marks appeared on his face and skull. Bertillon studied the hoof marks and announced, "This was not an accident, but a murder. The horseshoe marks are from the wrong angle. He would have had to have been standing on his head when the horse kicked him to receive these marks." The murderer was found. He had battered the baron to death with a club to which a pair of horseshoes were tied.

In the analysis laboratories of the Sûreté I talked to an attractive, serious chemist, Mademoiselle S. Pougheou. She said X-ray lamps are used to detect traces of paint on a jimmy bar (and, from the paint, the finish of the door or window can be determined), and to detect forged checks and passports. An ultraviolet-ray lamp distinguishes blood spots from fruit stains and skin defects. Under this lamp a criminal who swore he'd never worn a watch was shown the revealing circle around his wrist.

"Hair is the most difficult clue of all," said Mlle. Pougheou. However, the Sûreté has a collection of thousands of types of animal and human hairs. By studying the marrow and cuticle of a hair the Sûreté can tell from what part of the body it comes, its owner's health and approximate age.

If a Sûreté sleuth finds a pocket knife at the scene of a murder, he extracts all the dust accumulated inside. From this dust, lab researchists can tell the killer's occupation and the part of the country in which he lives. A speck of dust from peat country will be black or grey; if it comes from the seashore, it will contain particles of quartz and silex (and these particles even differ as to seashore); if it comes from farm regions, it will contain decomposed organic materials like straw. Flour dust shows a man works in a mill. Wood sawdust shows he is a carpenter. Particles of copper and steel in the dust make it clear the man is a lathe operator.

The Sûreté thinks the poisoner is the easiest of all criminals to catch. "Unless he has special means of getting it," said one technician, "he must buy his poison from a drugstore or buy arsenic in the form of rat poison or fruit spray. He leaves himself open to suspicion." According to the Sûreté, arsenic can be detected in a corpse years later.

The Sûreté has, besides its individual stars, specialist squads that go after pickpockets, opium traffic, and white slavers. A squad of fifteen women detectives (all must have sex appeal, and be under twenty-five), receive a special allowance for dressing in the latest fashion. A man need not be a French citizen to belong to the Sûreté. Before the war, Alfred Morain, head of the Sûreté, learned that Dort Ulrichsson was the best manhunter in Stockholm. Morain hired him away from Sweden, and Ulrichsson promptly tracked down a gang of bank-note forgers.

The Sûreté trains its new sleuths (bright boys, usually taken from the army) in Paris. They read the mystery stories of Emile Gaboriau and A. Conan Doyle.

Besides learning to tell how tall a man is, and how old, from the length of his stride, they recall the advice of Bertillon: "Ask yourself two questions about every premeditated murder. Who profits by this crime? Where is the woman?" They also heed Bertillon's remark, "I distrust a man who always smiles." They learn criminals rarely use gloves because they need the touch of their fingers in the dark, women are usually the killers of little children, men are almost always the forgers and women the blackmailers, many criminals remove their shoes, but their sock marks can be traced. They hope one day to land a tricky crime, solve it in an ingenious way, and have the deed honored in the Sûreté museum.

This museum is quite a sight. There are plaster hands of a notorious strangler, a Japanese fan which opens into a knife, an incense burner that is actually a bomb. On every wall there are hundred-year-old prints of a short, chubby man with flowing hair. Usually he is shown, attired in top hat and long coat, at scenes of violence. He is the most improbable character the Sûreté ever housed, its first boss, François Eugene Vidocq.

Caught thieving, Vidocq was sentenced to hard labor in a seaport prison. He escaped, but rather than spend his life as a fugitive he made a deal with the Paris police. If they would let him alone, he would turn stool pigeon, putting his wit, courage and knowledge of the criminal underworld at their disposal. M. Henry, head of the Safety Division of the Paris police, agreed on the condition that the informer would turn in a minimum quota of crooks a month. Thereafter Vidocq supplied his quota. His record was so impressive that French authorities granted him a full pardon, and made him the highest law-enforcing agent in the land. With four assistants, he was made head of the new Sûreté. In his career, he placed 20,000 criminals behind bars or in the galleys. He remained a crook and a grafter, arranging phony robberies so that he could break them, and always retaining a percentage of hot goods found on captured criminals. In his initial murder case he found a pair of men's bloody white silk gloves near an old French woman who had been strangled. Vidocq rounded up all the ex-convicts noted for their abilities to asphyxiate, and tried the gloves on each. They were a perfect fit on one towering sailor. He confessed and was guillotined. Vidocq confiscated the man's possessions as part payment for his labors.

Finally, under pressure for double dealing, Vidocq resigned from the Sûreté and opened a paper mill at Saint-Mandé, hiring ex-convicts and their families. When this failed he opened the world's first private-detective agency. At fifty-two he had written his memoirs, from which Poe, Hugo, Dickens, Dumas, Doyle and Gaboriau all lifted. He died at eighty-two.

If Vidocq was the Sûreté's greatest character, young Gustave Macé was surely its greatest brain. At thirty-four Macé pulled off a brilliant deductive feat and won himself the highest job in the Sûreté. It began one morning, in the Rue Princesse in Paris, when a restaurant proprietor lowered his bucket into the backyard well for water and pulled up a mutilated package containing a human leg. In minutes, Gustave Macé was on the scene. He fished about the well and came up with a second package. This contained the other leg, carefully wrapped in black calico which was curiously knotted at each end, the middle section sewn together with black cotton thread.

Dr. Tardieu, France's leading physician, announced, "These remains are those of a man advanced in years." Macé studied the second package he had pulled from the well. The black calico wrapping and the peculiar knots were trade-marks of the Paris tailoring profession. And the leg inside was encased in a brown double-length stocking stitched with the letter B.

Macé searched the Rue Princesse for a tailor familiar with the well in which the packages were found. At last he stumbled upon a pretty seamstress, turned singer, who used to sew for tailors. One of these often drew water from the well. He was Pierre Voirbo, a lazy gambler, who had recently married and moved. She had last seen him two months ago, in the Café Beulgant. He was with his friend, the old man Désiré Bodasse, and his friend's aunt, Madame Bodasse. Macé rushed to see the aunt. She verified that her nephew, an eccentric retired miser, was friendly with young Voirbo. She accompanied Macé to the morgue. She stared at the double stocking with the initial B. She had made it for her nephew, double length for warmth,

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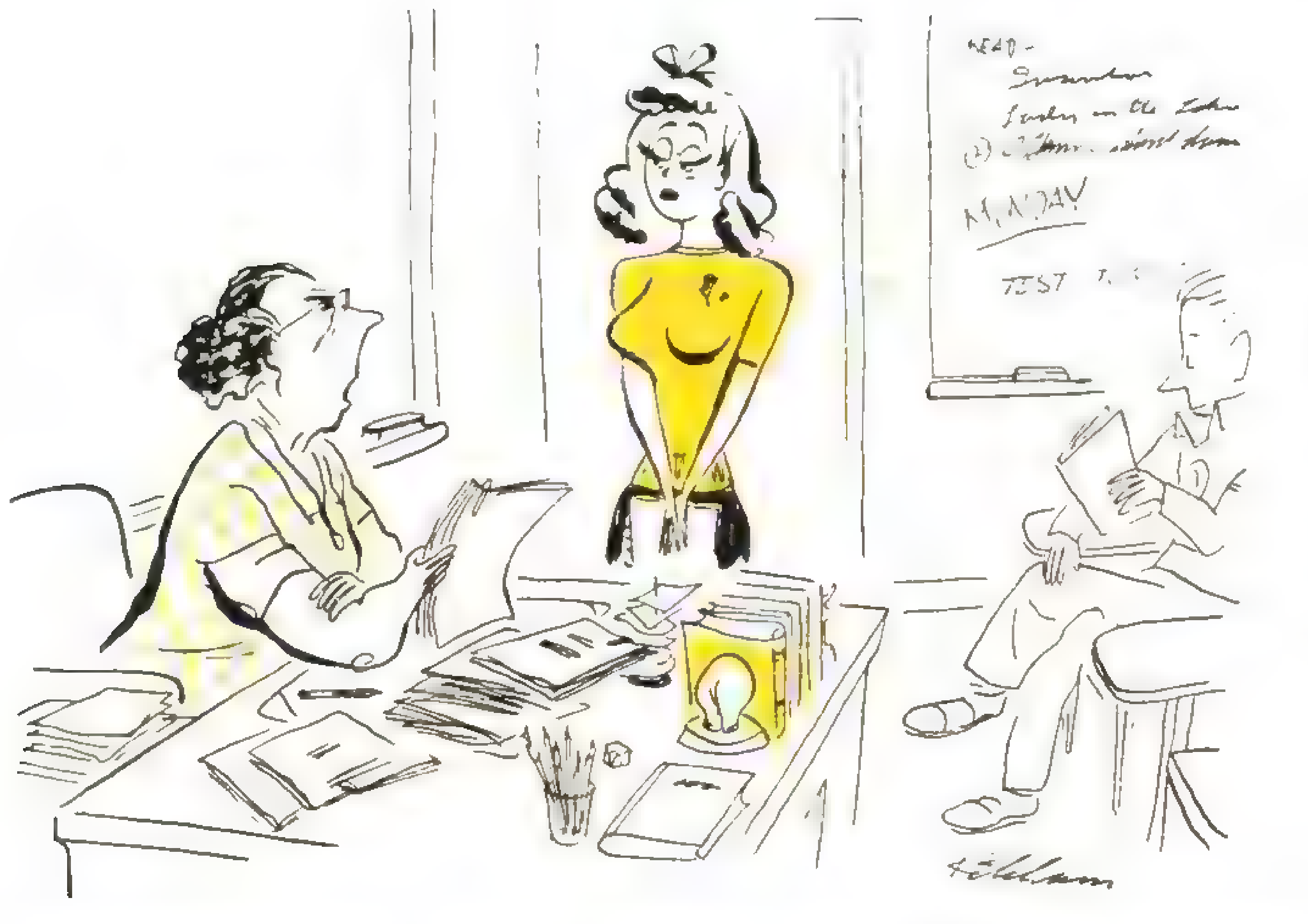

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The Sûreté Hunts Again

Continued from page 119

and had sewn on his initial.

Macé hurried to old Bodasse's apartment. There was no answer at the door. The landlady said Bodasse was certainly in. There'd been a light in his living room every night for the last sixteen nights. Macé entered the room. It was empty, cloaked in dust. There were sixteen candlesticks. A clock in the corner was ticking. The old man's strongbox was empty of his Italian securities.

Macé visited Voirbo's former room in the Rue Mazarin, the one from which he had moved before marrying. The maid said Voirbo was untidy and a late sleeper, but remembered one morning when she found him up early with his room cleaned. He had even scrubbed the floor. Macé learned Voirbo had paid his last rent with an Italian security.

Macé summoned Voirbo to his office, questioned him. During the conversation Voirbo reached into his pocket for a card. The receipt of a steamship passage, for that evening, fell to the floor. Macé placed Voirbo under arrest for murder, but he needed a clincher. And then, he had it.

He led the handcuffed Voirbo back to his former room in the Rue Mazarin. He had the maid rearrange the four-poster bed, the wardrobe, the table, the way they had been when Voirbo lived in the room.

"Now then, Monsieur Voirbo," said Macé, walking slowly around the table, "after killing the old man, you laid him on this table. It was the only piece large and strong enough for your purposes. With a butcher knife you hacked the body to pieces. Now if you cut a warm body, there must be blood. The blood would spill off the table, splash on the floor. As there is a slope in this floor it would stream down the surface to the place here beside the bed. Now let us see if this is actually what occurred."

Macé tilted a pitcher of water. The water splashed on the floor, streamed down its sloping surface until it made a pool near the bed.

"Let us follow the water," continued Macé. "Where it drops down between the floor boards, we should find dried particles of human blood. Gentlemen, lift the floor boards, take up the particles, have them examined in the laboratories. Monsieur Voirbo, this is your death sentence."

There were indeed particles, and the Sûreté laboratories proved them human blood. The sullen Voirbo cracked. He had wanted money for his marriage, he admitted, and begged the old man for a loan of ten thousand francs. The old man refused. Voirbo had invited him to his room, struck him from behind with a flatiron, then dismembered his body. The head, weighted with lead, was in the Seine River.

In recent years there have been several crimes to match those staged in former days. For a period a dozen wealthy tourists were found unconscious and robbed in Paris. A Sûreté detective, Lepoutre, covered the same ground as the tourists, was picked up by a pretty girl. She took him for a taxi ride. He began to feel faint, asked the driver to stop. The driver refused. The detective smashed the window, blew his whistle. The pair were arrested. They were part of a gang operating especially built taxis fitted with "asphyxiating-gas containers which it was possible for the driver to turn on, the tonneau being airtight, and the girl decoy slipping into a small gas mask."

In 1937 there was the case of Jean De Koven, the pretty dancer from Brooklyn, who went out on a date in Paris with a handsome German. She was strangled for her travelers' checks, and buried under the front porch of the man's villa. Later several others were murdered for money by the same man. Mons. Primborgne, of the Sûreté, found a bloody visiting card near one body. He found leaves on the soles of another corpse's shoes. He found a man with several names. These clues added up to the man's right name—Eugene Weidmann. He had served five years at Saarbrücken for robbery. He was sorry only about killing the pretty Brooklyn girl. "She was gentle and unsuspecting," he said. "I enjoyed speaking English to her, which I learned in Canada. When I reached out for her throat, she went down like a doll." He was the last killer to have his head taken off in public in France.

While almost-perfect crimes continue to crop up in France, Sûreté detectives continue to solve them. The foremost is Dr. Edmond Locard, who carries on in the tradition of Bertillon. Locard works out of Lyons. He is a medical man, chemist, psychologist, and forgery expert.

Locard thinks the tiny pores of a single finger are as good as the entire fingerprint. For years his Sûreté colleagues kidded him about this theory. One evening recently a thief used a candle instead of a flashlight while committing a big robbery. He left no fingerprints, and the Sûreté was stumped. Dr. Locard was called in. "So what if there are no fingerprints?" he asked. "We will still get our man. Let us see what he has left behind." And sure enough, Locard found that a drop of wax from the thief's burning candle, had bounced against the burglar's finger, and fallen to the floor. Under a microscope, Locard found in the wax drop the pore pattern of the criminal's finger. It was as individual as a full print. He turned his finding over to the Sûreté. In a week they had their man.

No one laughs at Dr. Locard or the other trick-play artists on the French Sûreté any more. ⧺

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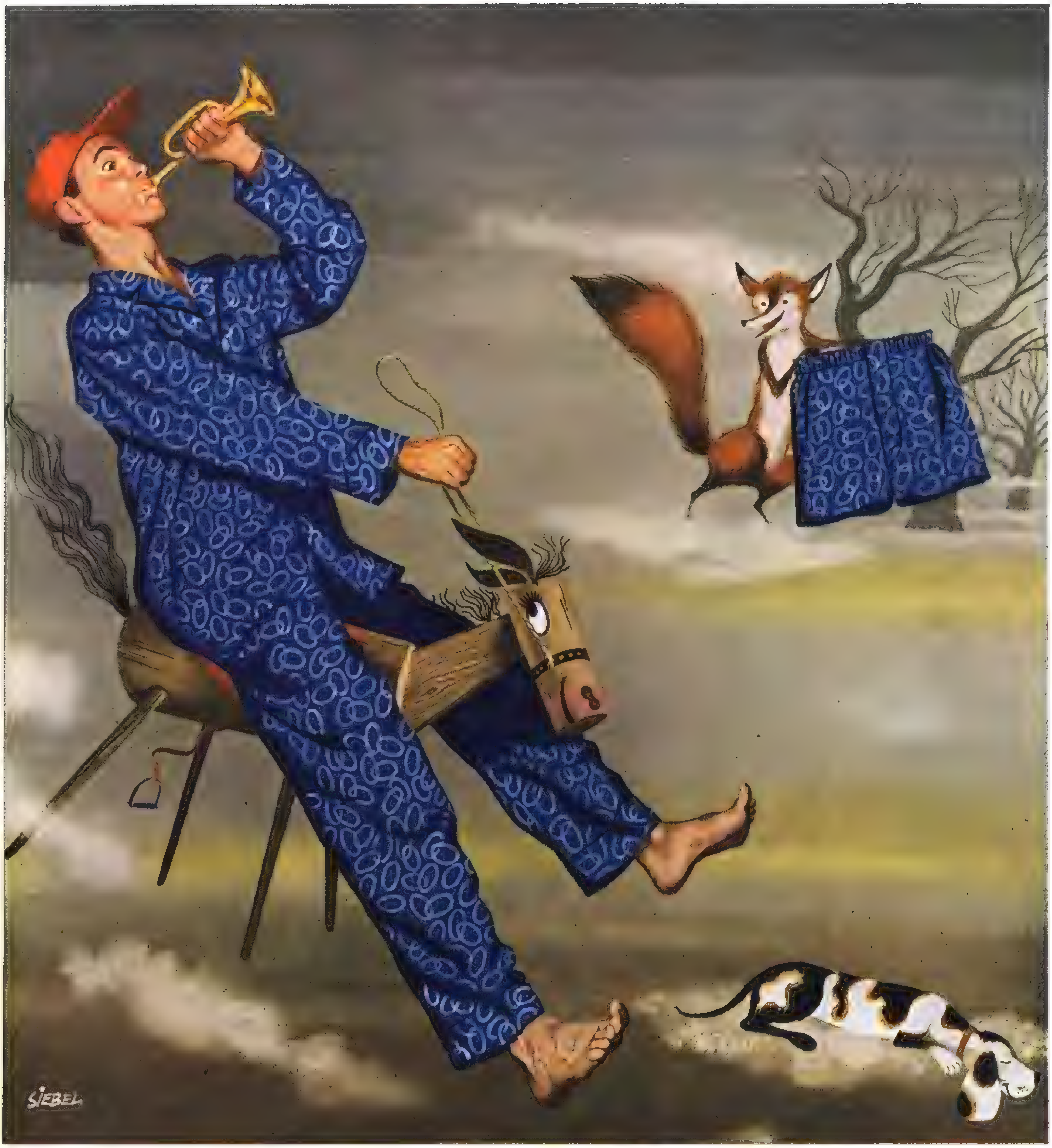

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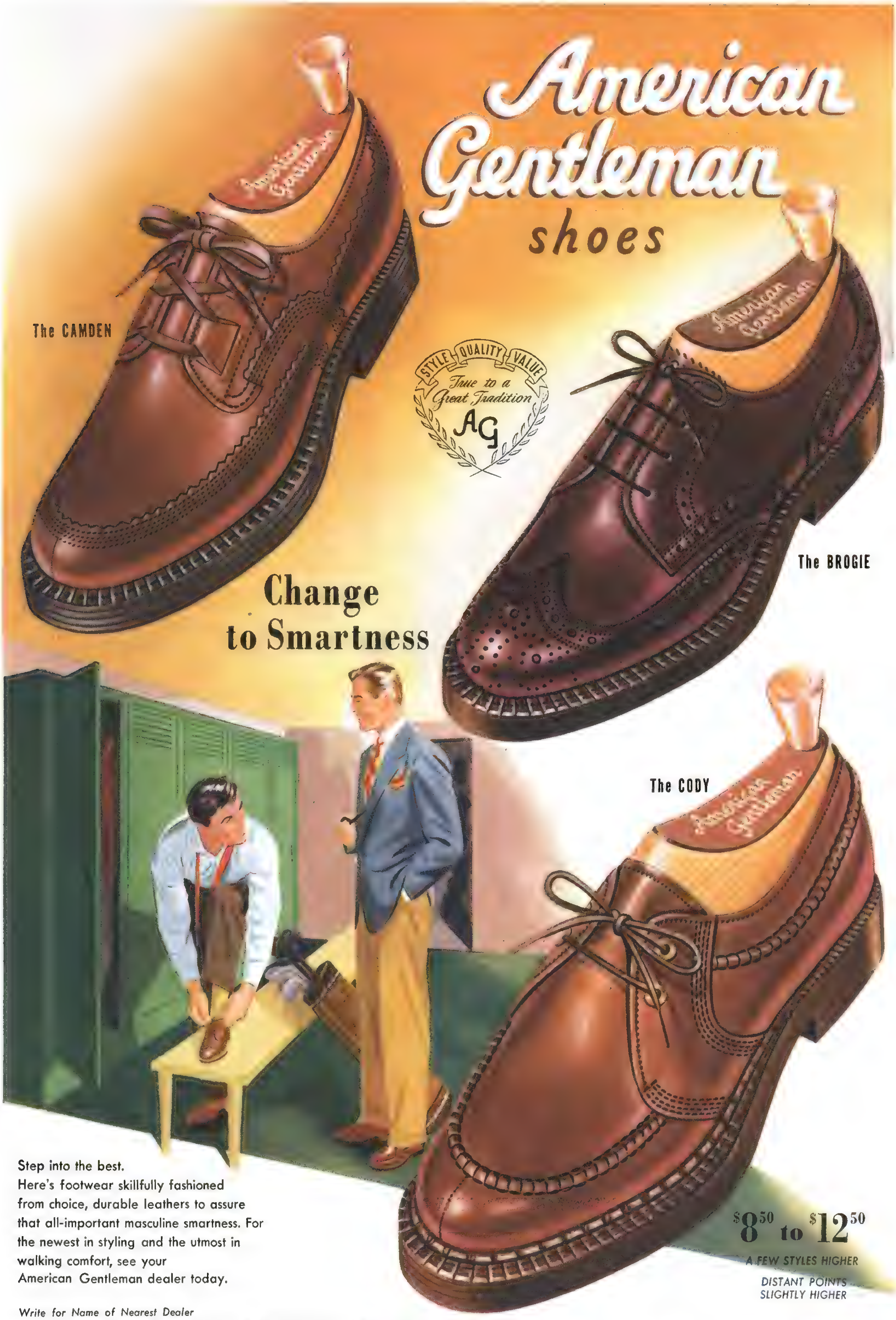
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Leopard Spots

Continued from page 66

the window and I heard her say, "A detective. His own sweet money will buy anything, won't it?"

"Don't let it impress you," I said. "He bought about a hundred bucks' worth of some grifter's time. And so what?"

"So what, to you," she said. "The whole damn Roman Empire to me." Then, after a moment, she went on. "Why did that man come here? Why didn't he get me alone?"

"He wanted the two of us together. He figured it would sock his bargain home."

"You sent him away."

"So what? And if you gave him money? First of all, it would be plenty. Too much to swing by yourself without making a big noise where it wouldn't do you any good. And then do you think you'd be buying something outright? You bet your sweet neck you wouldn't. It would pop up like Christmas cards and you'd be buying it over and over again."

"I'd worry about that when Christmas came. What good is an argument like that if I'm in trouble now?" And she was moving away from me. I followed. I said things too. But none of them shook the world. None of them shook her either, and the first thing I knew she had her coat on and was pointing herself at the door. As she got to it, I sank my fingers into her arms and spun her around so that we were facing each other.

"What's so tough about this?" I snapped in a hoarse voice. "I'm not starving to death and you've been back a lot further."

"What makes you think I owe you something?"

"You don't. But you're here and we're the way we are."

"Not good enough," she said.

We were pressed together, but nothing was happening. And I knew the next thing would be her walking through the door. It was. After she had left I argued some more. This time with myself.

One of the things I can mark the following day with is a chain of cigarettes you could have wrapped around the outside of a warehouse. The rest of that week was no picnic either. And then it happened. The thing that put me in hock to myself. It was about eight o'clock on a Friday night, four days after I'd seen her last. I was home and I'd had a couple of drinks. Suddenly the phone rang.

It was Ruby. "Don't think I'm crazy," she said tremulously.

The whiskey got dry inside of me. The dryness went to my throat. "I don't think anything."

"That's good, because I won't make sense."

"Nothing does. What is it?"

"Can I see you?" I waited. Then she said, "I shouldn't say that. Not if I want to keep my standing, should I?"

"You're right about not making sense," I answered her. "He's home. He came home last night."

"What are you calling me for?" I didn't say it kindly.

"I don't know." A pause. I could hear her breathing and it spiraled into my brain with a hollow, distant sound. It could have worked for her. I didn't let it. Not right then. Then she was saying, "I shouldn't have called." And right there was where she piled up points, because the next thing I heard was the receiver clicking. The earthquake lurking in her voice had found its way to the ground floor of my stomach. About twenty minutes later I was in the Bel-Air section, driving toward a large, new-looking house built on two things: a hill and about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It belonged to Scott Fabian.

I parked across the dark street, pulling in close to the curb, and cut my motor quickly. Then I lit a cigarette. I sat there, looking into the blue-grey of night, waiting. For what I did not know. I didn't have to wait long, though. Less than a half-smoked cigarette did it.

She came out half-running, half-walking; and when she reached the car, I started to open the door. Her hand rushed inside and fell on mine. Her face was chalk-white. Her eyes were wide and opaque. She had a loose-fitting trench coat around her, and all I could see was her face. Her body was lost.

I got out of the car and her hand was clamped on mine as tight as a bank-vault lock. I didn't get a chance to talk. But I heard plenty.

"If they say I've done murder—would you still want me?"

Her mouth was open and mine joined it. We weren't laughing. And I thought we never would laugh again when she said, "I've killed him, Jack."

My name slipped on the icy terror that came up from her throat, and the sound of it floated horribly over our heads through the eucalyptus trees and toward the house. Let me put it this way: we followed it. We followed it across the street, and, as we reached the other side, the advance guard of headlight beams hit the middle of the road about a hundred yards up the block. And on its heels was the sound, quickly followed by the sight, of a car. It didn't stop, but I guess our hearts did. The car passed us by, disappearing from sight and sound and our hearts came back to us. Then we got to the house and went in. It must have been our feet that carried us, but I had that sick floating feeling like when you're coming out of ether. Her hand was very tight on mine.

He was upstairs. It was their bedroom, and he was as plain to see in the fuzzy light of a table lamp as Forest Lawn Cemetery:

Continued on page 124

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First in Elastic Supports

Leopard Spots

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and just as quiet. The lower half of him was posed in prayer, his knees on the floor alongside the bed. The rest of him was draped crazily over the side of the bed, his face buried in the turgid softness of the bedspread. Except that his feet had a funny oblique look, he looked as though he actually had been praying when he died. I would have known he was dead even if she hadn't said what she said. I would have known it even before I stuck my wet fingers between the bedspread and his shoulder, raising him slightly with my free hand acting as a fulcrum on his opposite shoulder. There wasn't much blood, but some of it had sifted through to the front of his lounging jacket from a hole I figured to be somewhere around his heart. She had got him good. It was permanent as hell.

I looked at her. She was staring. She didn't see a thing.

"There must have been an easier way than this," I said. My voice was a couple of rungs higher than it is when I'm in my right mind. I pinned her arms in close to her sides and shook her, and she started to sob. It was dry sobbing with no tears, but the real thing anyway. It was like that for a couple of minutes. Wild. Terrible and meaningless. At last I took a deep breath and pretended I was calm. Then I slapped her. A couple of times. She needed it. I needed something too. But there was no one around to give it to me.

I got both of us out of that room and closed the door behind us. I left plenty of sweat on the knob. Then we moved downstairs and into the living room. I turned on a small lamp. And it was funny—if you laugh easy—how we were afraid of light at that moment. "The servants?" I asked.

"They're all out tonight," she said. "There's a party somewhere."

"Lucky," I said. And that was all.

We sat huddled for a while on the edge of the divan. Then, at last, she gave it to me. It was a short story.

He had come home last night and had started digging at her today. Not early, but late in the afternoon after she got home from a shopping tour. So it would seem that something had happened between the morning hours and when she got home at five o'clock. Because she found herself on the floor a couple of times, with him standing over her. He really hit her, she said. But that didn't happen until just before she had phoned me. Up to that time things were in the name-calling stage. And I could tell you what some of the names he called her were, but I won't. As she told me all of this, it became clear that our stocky friend with the poor taste in clothes had collected his fee. Finally they picked the bedroom upstairs to play the big scene, and when it reached a tossup as to who would walk out and who would be carried, she did what she did. They were on opposite sides of the bed and she pulled the gun he kept in the table next to it. He started climbing across the bed as though she were holding a water pistol and that's when it happened.

That was the way she told it.

She lifted her face, pouring her eyes at me, and said, "What am I going to do, Jack?"

"Whatever it is, it will have to be good and it will have to be fast."

"Jack. Help me. Get me out of this and . . ." She hesitated.

"And what?" I said. "This changes things a bit, doesn't it? You're not as resolute as usual." Scornfully.

"Murder is something new to me."

"And it's something I do all the time," I said bitterly.

She got up from where we were sitting, standing erect with her chin tilted up, and threw the grey trench coat from her body. It fell at her feet. And something inside of me got down there with it. I wanted her, no matter what. "Listen to me," I began.

She shook my hands from her shoulders when I stood up and put them there. "Talk, talk, always talk," she said in an angry voice extravagant with contempt. "What else do you do?"

I pulled her to me with enough pressure to tip an icebox and put my face close to hers. I fired words at her. Rapidly, like machine-gun bursts. "Now you're sweet Ruby again. Almost forgot what it takes to get me—but you're remembering now, aren't you? Well—maybe I'm the prize chump of the decade. Because I wouldn't care if you were sitting with all the murder in the world right in your lap. I'd go with you. I'll go with you now—clear to the edge, and if you go over, I'll go over too. Not because I'll want to, but because I won't be able to do anything about it." I paused. I had to. I was talking fast, and you can go just so far on one deep breath. Then I said, "Now if you still want me to help you, say so."

She did, and so we went to work. And when we got finished fixing things up, I figured nobody would call it murder. Not even an eyewitness. It was that good.

The whole thing had to have logic. A logic that would put her in bad socially, but keep her out of Tehachapi at the same time. A suicide for love. The ill-fated kind. An unfaithful wife—the husband commits suicide. Maybe you think they don't. Maybe I don't think they do either. Not by the gross. But there's bound to be some who will. This guy was going to be one of them. He was going to tell everyone about it too, with a farewell note. Just a couple of words about how tough it was to go on with things the way they were. And where is she while he's writing it and afterward killing himself? She's with me, brother. She's with me, snug as a broken cork wedged in the neck of a wine bottle.

Of course the suicide gun, a .38 revolver, is found in his hand, with his prints smudged a little, because that's the way I fixed it. I had her put her prints on it too. But at random. As though she were carelessly handling it, as she might have done at one time or another. And then into his hand. Both of these steps only after wiping the thing clean to start with. Little touches. But all going toward turning a clumsy murder into a neat suicide. But the *tour de force* was the note. It was written on the desk typewriter from the study. And we took care of it before we did the gun. Because he had to write it himself. That may sound nuts, but it was so simple it was a joke. I brought the thing upstairs to him and worked the index finger of his right hand on the keys. She said he was no typist, so the print of one finger on the keys was okay. It was as clubby as a piano duet, but nobody applauded when we were through and I dropped his arm. We got our note. It was just enough. "Can't go on without the one thing I've always wanted." Trite, perhaps. But, for what I wanted, par for the course.

After that we worked the gun just the way I explained it before and then left him that way. I put the typewriter with the note in the roller and his fresh prints on the keys back in the study. Then, after a quick look around to make sure we hadn't left muddy footprints on the ceiling and pools of blood on the living-room floor, we left. Maybe I don't sound scared now. But, brother, I was then. And so was she. Plenty.

When we got back to my place we had a couple of drinks. Without ice, without soda, and without talk. They weren't social drinks. We really needed them.

Then I looked at her. She didn't look as sleek as usual and her lips were a little faded. But you couldn't fade the way she was looking at me right then. And suddenly I got the feeling of having acquired something. Like I had been saving up for a long time and finally had enough to buy it with. I liked the feeling. I liked it a lot. I got close to her. Then closer, till there was no room between us. "This ties us together," I said. "For good." I guess there was a shake in my voice. A dryness too.

She kissed me. I had made myself what they call an accessory after the fact. And this was why.

* * *

I guess I knew all along what she was figuring on. But we found later that she had figured wrong. She didn't get a nickel. And if something about Right of Dower or Community Property is going through your head, you might have something. Except that he got around that too. Not a nickel. It was as clean and final as the inside of a new coffin.

The next day the whole thing broke. Everybody and everybody's friend was in on it and it started to look like a community sing. To start with as we planned it, she stayed at my place that night and the following morning walked innocently into the middle of a pack of policemen, a coroner, photographers, and all the elements that stack up on the sight of a questionable death. And that was where her big scene had to shape up and get a halfway sympathetic audience. Not fully sympathetic, because by this time it was easy to see that she was playing her husband with a five-deuce deck. That gave logic to the picture. So she played it just the way we had planned and, even though I didn't see it, I know she did it justice. Not a bereaved wife with a hydrantful of tears, but at least contrite enough to pass close inspection. By the time I came forward, looking as abashed as I could, and established her whereabouts at the time it happened, she was pretty safe from a murder rap. They held the inquest on

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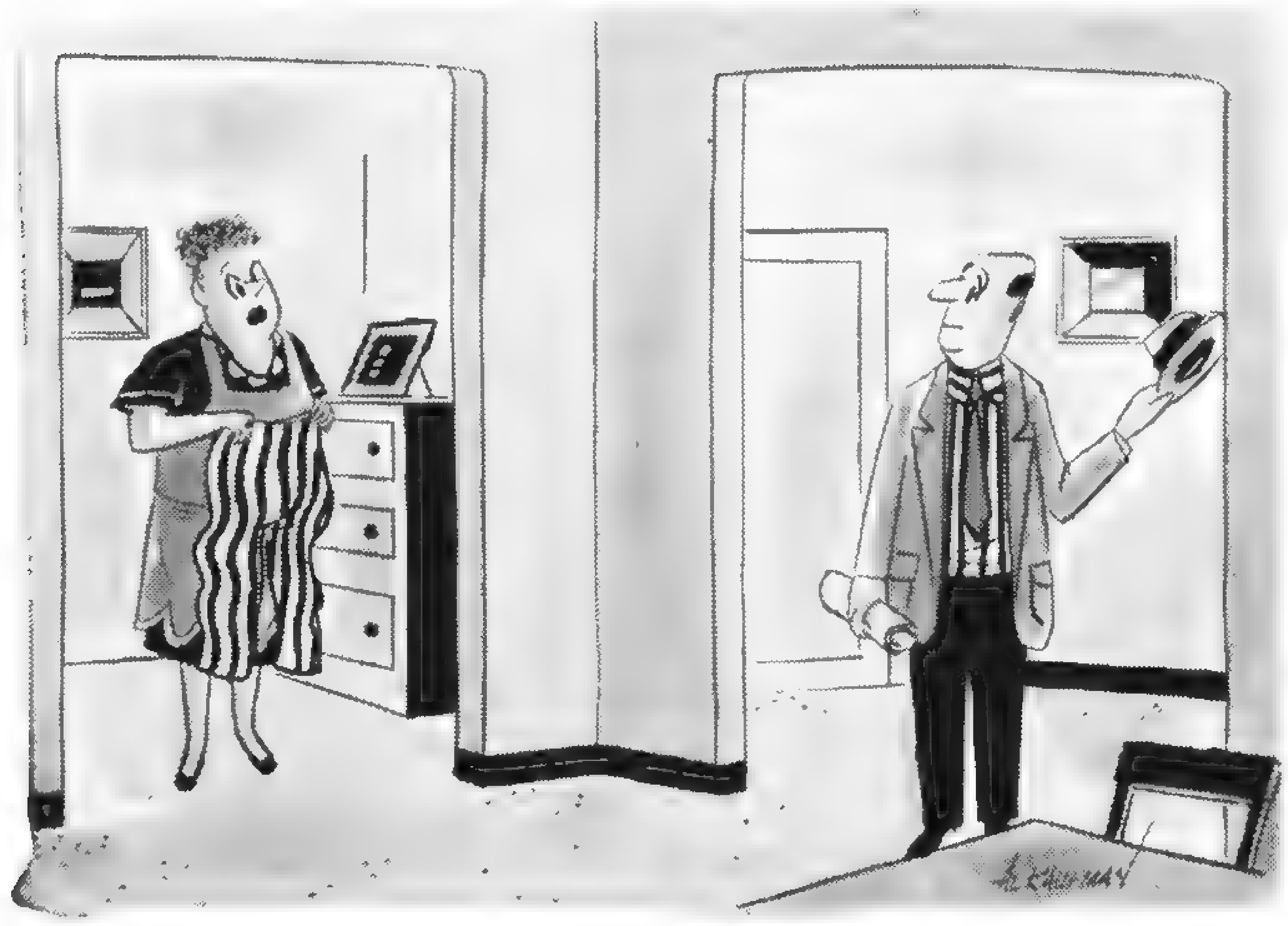

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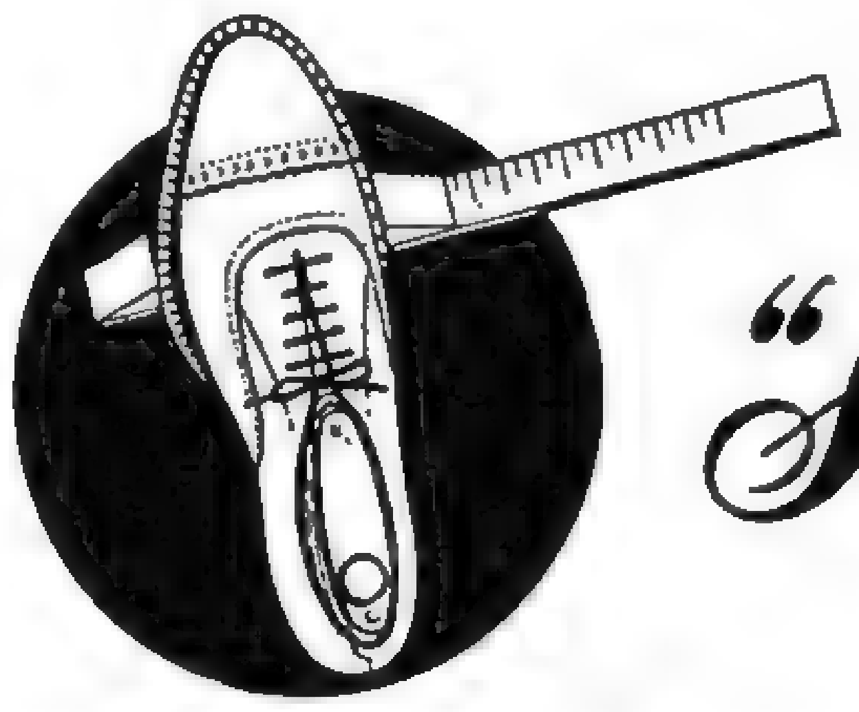

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Leopard Spots

Continued from page 125

Monday, and our hearts were in our throats all the way up to the coroner's official verdict. But it came out suicide. They held the inquest at the house and it was all done in something over an hour. I didn't speak to her then, and of all the people there I was one of the first to leave. The guy of the plaid suit was there too. And his story about Fabian hiring him to keep tabs on her did more for us than anything else. He told it wearing a subdued sharkskin suit and a laughing red tie. His name turned out to be Staufin. Claude Staufin. It was okay with me.

She called that afternoon while I was at the office. "I won't see you tonight," she said. It was half question.

"You won't see me for a couple of nights," I told her.

"The will is being read Friday."

"All right. Listen to it."

"Then what?"

"Then you'll get away for a couple of weeks."

A pause. Then she said, "Caliente."

"No good. Somewhere else," I said. Then quickly, "Don't call here any more. It might not look too hot."

We both hung up. And for a while we stayed apart. That's called being discreet. Something we'd had little to do with till then. The rest of that week I counted the ribs in my corduroy jacket at home to pass the time and, when that ran out, I threw cards at a hat. It wasn't much good, and it seemed as though time had stopped when it got to me and just stood there staring me in the face.

That Friday came, and the weight shifted suddenly. I didn't know at the time how good or bad it was. It started with me going to this guy Hoarky's house out around Pacific Palisades to do the job I'd made a deal on the week before. I knew that the will was being read that day too. Believe me, it meant nothing to me. I didn't give a damn. Somehow or other, though, the fact seemed to ease things a little. Maybe because I knew it would settle her one way or another. But when my thoughts got to how I had seen her picture at Hoarky's place the time I was out there, I lost some of that ease. Because that's the kind of thing that might make you wonder whether you had complete ownership or just the controlling interest.

So I drove out there. It was about one o'clock and the sun was shining like a couple of thousand dollars. I wasn't thinking in millions. Hoarky greeted me and not like a lodge brother. It was all strictly business, and that suited me fine. I didn't give him any secret handshake either. The place was full of people, and I got to work as soon as possible.

The kind of a job it was, I figured two per cent of the take wasn't too much to sock Hoarky with. So I came with roughly around twelve-fifty for my trouble. The whole job took about three hours with the purchases and straightening out the bills of sale. When we were alone in his somewhat depleted living room, Hoarky made out a check to me. I took it and stretched it in front of my face. Then I stuck it in my pocket. A slow smile that I'm sure he found hard to resist while shaving worked his lips. "It's covered," he said.

"So am I," I said, blandly.

"How about a drink?"

I picked my hat up from the wooden table I had worked on. "Thanks. But I've got to leave now."

"Forget it," he said, getting behind the built-in bar near the sun-porch doors. "Just a quick good-will nip." He was starting to bang bottles around and fish out ice cubes with a set of silver tongs. "What's your foible?"

"Anything," I said.

"Not very picky, are you?"

"Only about certain things."

His head was lowered as he went about the mechanics of producing two highballs. I could see a smile that said, *how-gauche-this-fellow-is* creasing his tanned face. Then he lifted his head, and the smile was still there. He handed me a glass with the ice clinking in it, and we sat down on a divan. "I plan to redecorate," he said. "That was the purpose of this sale."

I looked at my watch. It was five-thirty, and I was getting jumpy.

As though there had been no break in the thought pattern, he said, "*I'm* picky about most everything, Mr. Farrell. I'm picky about whiskey, about the food I eat—and the company I keep."

I shifted a little and took a sip of my drink. "Look, Hoarky, it's a little past my bedtime. I appreciate your hospitality but I've got to get going."

I got up and he did too. He faced me and there was less humor in his dark eyes. Then he shot it out at me, evenly, without emotion. "You never mentioned the fact that you knew Ruby Fabian," he said quietly.

"Why should I have?"

His smile was mirthless as he said, "You saw her picture."

"I was looking at the frame."

He shrugged. "I thought perhaps we had a common interest."

"Guys have been smacked in the nose for less."

He didn't drop off. "An interesting reaction. She must mean something to you."

"What's that to you?"

"Let's just say we were friends, Ruby and I, at one time."

I gave him a stare right from the deep-freeze unit. "Okay. We've said it." And I started for the front hall.

"Let's say we were even better

than friends," he said smoothly.

I stopped when I reached the long archway leading out of the room. He was standing where I'd left him, with a glass in his hand, relaxed and looking like all the guys who have ever swung a polo mallet. "What makes you want to talk so damn hard?" I said.

He pushed one hand casually into the pocket of his expensive imported tweed trousers. "Perhaps the same thing that makes you want to avoid it."

"All you bought was an auction," I told him. "Nothing else." I started for the front door. As I was walking through it, he said, "Give her my very best, won't you?" And there was something in his voice I wanted to go back and rub in his face. I didn't. I just shook the framework of the place with a slammed door.

I got into my car and drove back to the office. It was a little after six when I got there. A man with a physique like a large fist, whose name was Claude Staufin, had got there sometime before that.

He was in my chair, behind my desk, reading my newspaper. I wanted to put my foot in his stomach, but I just closed the door behind me and walked over to the desk and then around it. His hat was on, and he didn't look up from the newspaper until I got well into the office. Then he started to smile, but he never completed it. "Get up," I snapped. "I'm tired."

He put the paper carefully on the desk. "Not much of a host, brother," he said.

"I'm beside myself today. I won't ask you how you got in—just why."

He got up; I sat down and pitched my hat at the tree near the door. It was sailing through space when he said, "Fabian didn't really kill himself, did he now?" The hat missed the branch I was aiming at and dropped to the floor.

I ground my teeth together. "Show it to me in one piece and then get out."

He picked it up on the first bounce. "Just as I say—that guy didn't really commit suicide."

"You were at the inquest, weren't you?"

His shoulders rose and fell. "The inquest is nothing if someone turns up with new evidence. Don't even have to call a mistrial and they got someone in front of a grand jury in no time at all."

"Why bring it to me?"

"Look, brother, I know that man didn't kill himself no more than you or I killed ourselves." He waited, and I was going to light a cigarette, but I was afraid my hands might talk too loud, so I didn't. Then he said, "You and the woman knocked him off and made it look like suicide."

My sneer was insincere. "Keep trying."

"This is no shot in the dark. I got a case tight as a hangman's knot. I know where you and Mrs. Fabian were at the time her husband was leaving this unhappy world."

I couldn't keep away from that cigarette. I touched the flame of my lighter to it, and, while I filled my throat with smoke, he went on talking. "Look, brother. I'm a great believer in saving time. So I'll tell this story in one deep breath. The first thing that breaks up the world's tightest alibi is one eyewitness. Now I didn't see you kill anybody. But I saw you coming out of that house around the time he's supposed to have died. I don't know who killed him, if it was you or her or both of you. But I saw you both come out of there and drive away in a car."

"Just happened to be passing by, huh?"

"Not quite. I went out there to see the woman and I saw you both running away."

"Look, grifter, I was home all that night and I wasn't alone. And what would you be going to see anybody about?"

"I had something to say."

"What? You'd already spilled your nasty guts to Fabian."

"Sure. And that's what it hangs on, doesn't it? Except that I never spilled nothing to Fabian or anyone. I never did tell him about you two."

I guess I was a little surprised. And worse than that. I just sat

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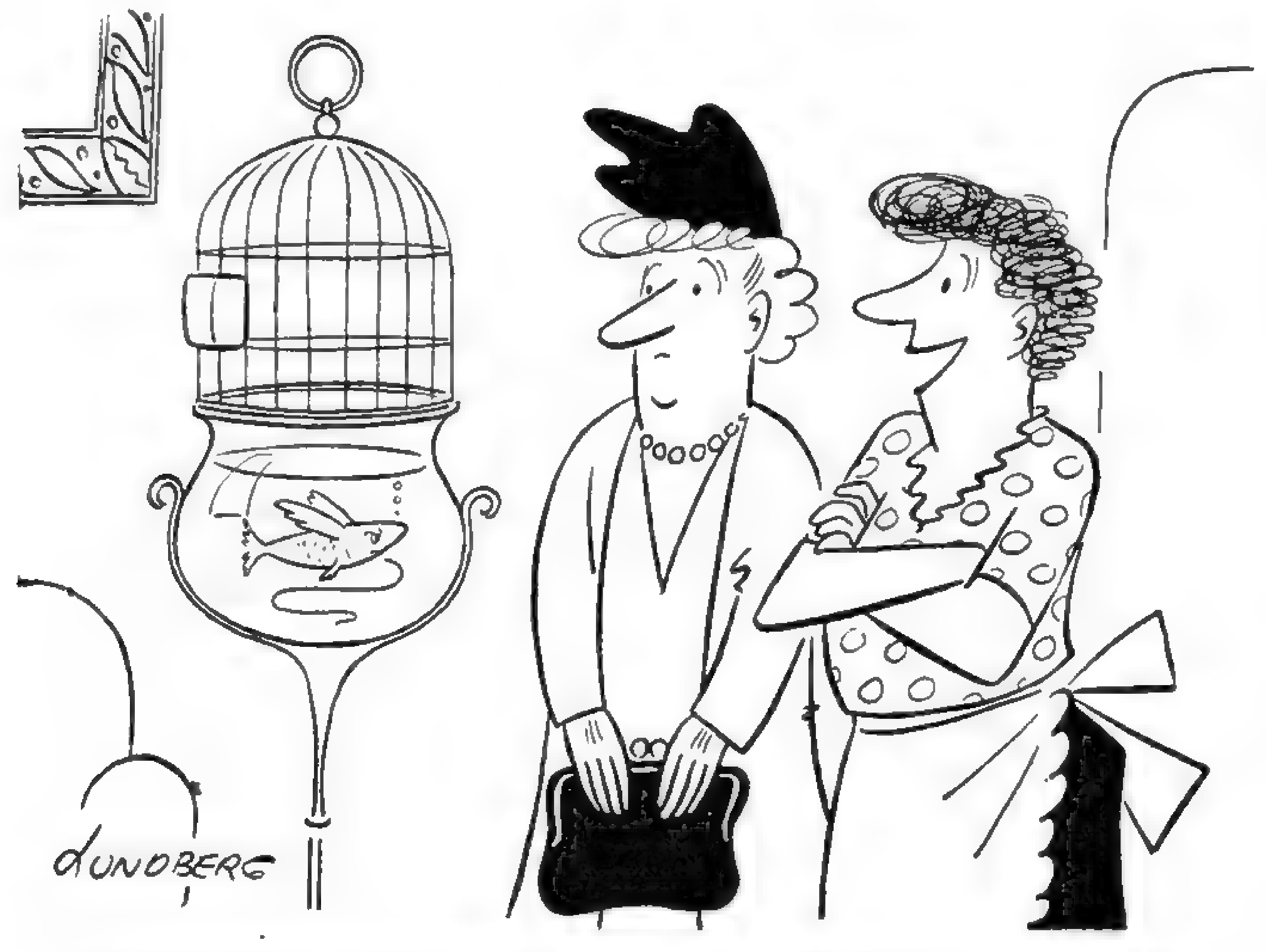

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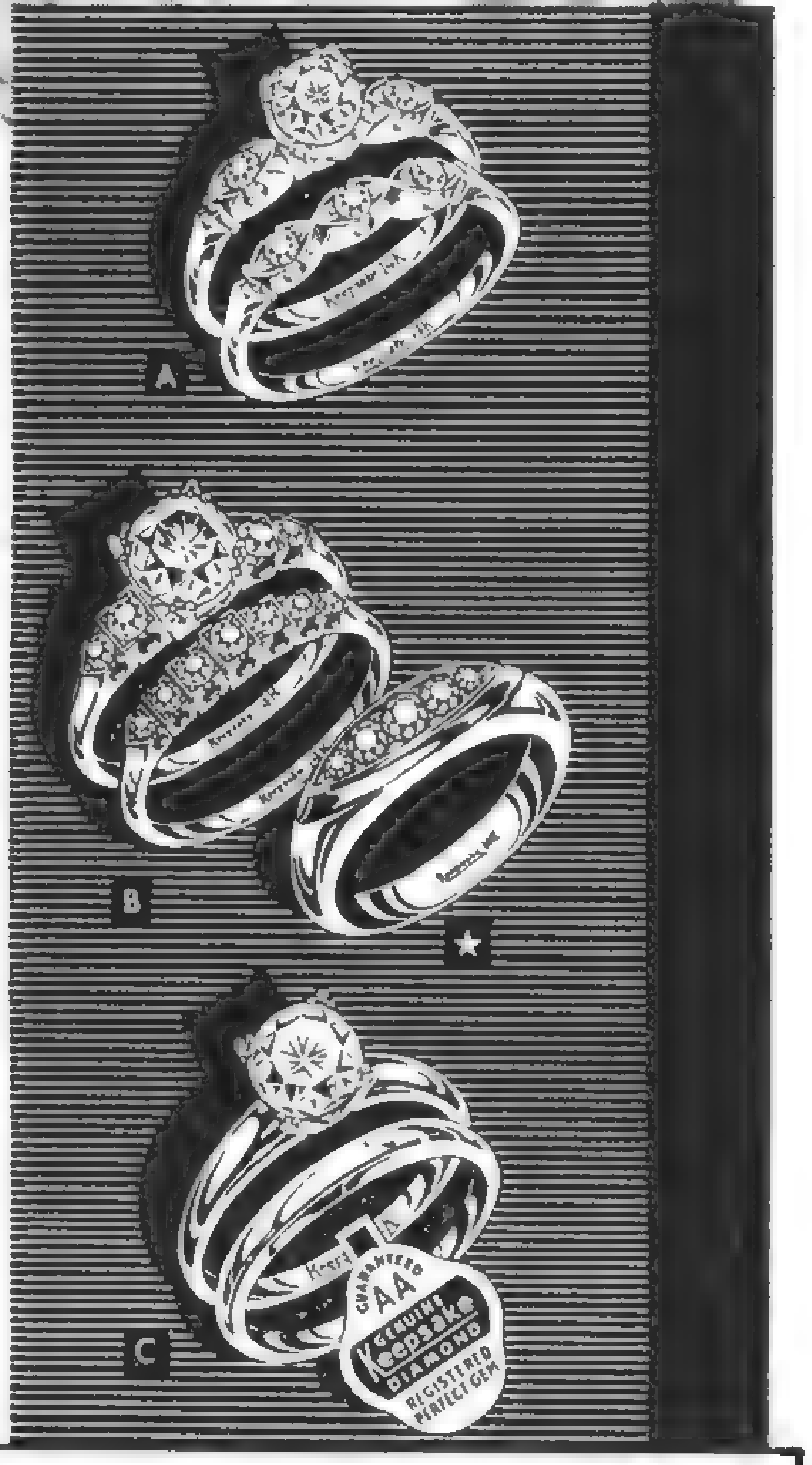

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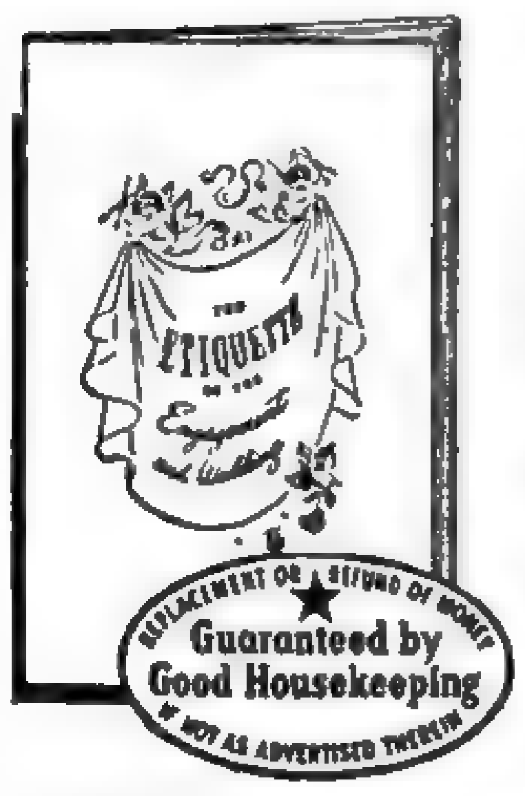

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Leopard Spots

Continued from page 127

there. He went on. "So what happens to the fancy story about the unhappy husband with all the proof in the world that his wife's a whore, so that he commits suicide about it?"

I let his choice of words go through. I might have blue-penciled them at some other time. But not now.

"I'll tell you what happens to it," he continued. "It doesn't hold up so good, now does it?" He paused. "But don't be too glum. We can all stay happy if we all try to understand each other."

"You're looking out for the whole world, huh?"

"I like to do the right thing. So I start with myself and work from there."

"Where do you wind up?"

"I don't know for sure yet. I thought maybe South America this time. Chile or Peru. They tell me it's nice country down there." Then, musingly, "How much do you figure a trip like that would take? I mean considering a man might stay there for ten years or longer. About a hundred thousand dollars?"

Something in my stomach jumped. Not for the money. But for how much this guy felt what he had was worth.

"No need to go into the details now," he said. "Think about things a little. Unless one of us gets run over by a streetcar, I guess I'll see you again. Tomorrow, to be exact. Your place at three o'clock. You can talk it over with her in the meantime. I need at least ten thousand before Monday." He was smiling and moving toward the door.

"What if I tell you to go chase yourself, that I don't think you've got a thing?"

He stopped smiling. He gestured vaguely to himself with his clublike thumb. "Me," he said. "Or the cops."

He stood there for a couple of seconds after he'd said it. I didn't speak. Just sat staring as his hand turned the doorknob. Then suddenly I was alone.

* * *

I went home a few minutes later. The phone was ringing when I got there as though putting my key in the lock had touched it off. I knew who it was before I picked it up.

"I've been calling since three," she said.

"I just got in, and I was out of the office all day."

"It's all over," she said. "I finished out of the money." As calm as the water in your kitchen sink.

"What do you mean?"

"He didn't leave me anything," she said, as though the guy had died of old age.

"You can file against it," I said. "You can contest."

"That's the sadness. There is nothing to contest."

"I don't get it," I said flatly.

"I'll explain it to you later. Can I see you?"

"Sure."

"Where?"

I waited, then said, "You still have a car?"

"Yes. It was in my name."

"Drive out to the foot of Topango Canyon. About eight o'clock."

"I'll flash my lights."

"You won't have to. Just park."

There were no more words. We hung up.

Topango Canyon is a two-car road, and where we met was unlit at night and seldom used. She got into my car beside me; and then, before we did or said anything besides an initial hello and a quick, starved embrace, I got the low-down on how a man beats the air-tightness of Dower Right and Community Property—the two things that protect a legal widow regardless of who she is or what she's done. Here's one way it can work. First, a man worth several million dollars, who loves his wife but doesn't trust her, discovers that he has a bell-ringing case of high blood pressure. Add a cardiac condition to this, and I don't think the chances of that guy filling out his life line are too good. He doesn't think so either. Pour that wife he doesn't trust in on top of what he's already got and the guy really has his quota, and better, of the kind of joy you couldn't give away with Fort Knox thrown in. He doesn't like the idea of said wife picking up all the marbles when he goes. So he gets around it. Enter two trusted brothers. His brothers. He liquidates his business and converts all assets into negotiable bonds which he divides between these two brothers. Legally, then, he has nothing. But the gimmick is that he draws as freely from what he has converted as if it were still his legally. So all he ever actually has for the better part of, say, the past five or six months is a checking account that never exceeds more than a few thousand dollars. Then the guy dies, and when the will is read the widow winds up with a grand total of something over fifteen hundred dollars, because that's all that happens to be in the checking account at the time of death. That and a very shocked look on her face. That's the way it can be done. That's the way Scott Fabian had done it.

"We got fooled, Jack," she said.

"You got fooled. And so what?"

"You don't want me to go away now," she said.

"No, not now," I said. "Now that there's no money nobody will care what the hell you do."

"And if they did?"

"The hell with them. The hell with everybody."

"It's still the same as before?"

"No. Not the same. I didn't like it the way it was before."

"But you still want me, Jack. Say it."

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't."

"It's not too late," she said. "I'll be everything you want me to be."

"It's not too late," I told her. "We'll be married."

"Yes. Yes, I want to."

"Soon. We'll take out a license Monday."

"Yes," she said with an almost childlike candor that I'd never seen in her before. "We're lucky. I know we are."

"Yes. We're lucky." I kissed her—long and with hunger . . .

* * *

Staufin was my department now. I didn't even want her to know about him. The next morning I found his office and residential addresses in the city directory. It was a few minutes to ten o'clock, and I phoned his office. There was no answer. I decided not to wait for him to come to me. I got dressed and went out to where he lived. It was an apartment house just before you get to downtown L.A. He had a one-and-a-half-room flat with a kitchenette on the fourth floor of a four-story building that had wood-frame porches half-circling each floor. They were all painted with a dirty green paint that was peeling like too much sunburn.

He was wearing a dismal ochre bathrobe with crummy-looking orange stripes. He had just got out of bed and hadn't expected company, but he was a perfect host. "How about some orange juice, neighbor?"

I didn't get social with him. "There's no pay-off. No pay-off in the world. I saved you a trip. The thing you were figuring on never happened."

He was standing with his back turned halfway to me. In his hand there was a pot that he was getting ready to put on the stove. He said, quietly, "What never happened?"

"There's no money. That's what never happened."

He turned. Slowly. "You mean Mrs. Fabian didn't get anything? Is that it?"

"Yeah," I snapped. "That's it." Then, briefly, I explained what Fabian had done. After I had, he went about pouring some orange juice into two narrow glasses that looked as though they'd first seen duty in some lunchroom. "Pretty tricky," he said. "How about some coffee?"

"So that closes it," I said. I didn't move. I waited.

"Listen, Farrell." He used my name for the first time. "You don't expect me to sit on a kegful of what I know for nothing, do you?" He answered his own question with a slowly shaking head and a smile I could see a cageful of snakes in.

"What do you want? Peach pits?"

"There's no market for them. Try something else."

"Maybe you don't understand . . ."

"Maybe I do understand. There's lots of ways and lots of places to get what I want."

"Where?" I said, almost shrilly. "Where does it come from?"

"Dig it up. Dig it up somewhere," he said with a relentless calm in his voice. "Don't think I'm a mean guy. It's just that you got me in a bad spot. I can't keep what I've got without some kind of exchange. It's too hot for me." He swallowed a half glass of orange juice and then went on, with his first few words sounding wet with it. "I couldn't share the same town with two people I know so much about."

"You don't know anything," I said. "It's all bluff."

"I've convinced myself. That's all we need."

The currents of air hung quietly in the room, undisturbed by sound as we stood looking at each other. Then he tossed his head back, with the remainder of the juice in the glass to his lips. "I'll give you another week," he said at last. "You can start me with twenty grand. That will make up for the ten I was expecting right now." I left him.

You don't know how it is until you have to. You don't know how blood can become water to you, and how you could cut a jugular the way you'd turn on a hot-water faucet, until you've got a

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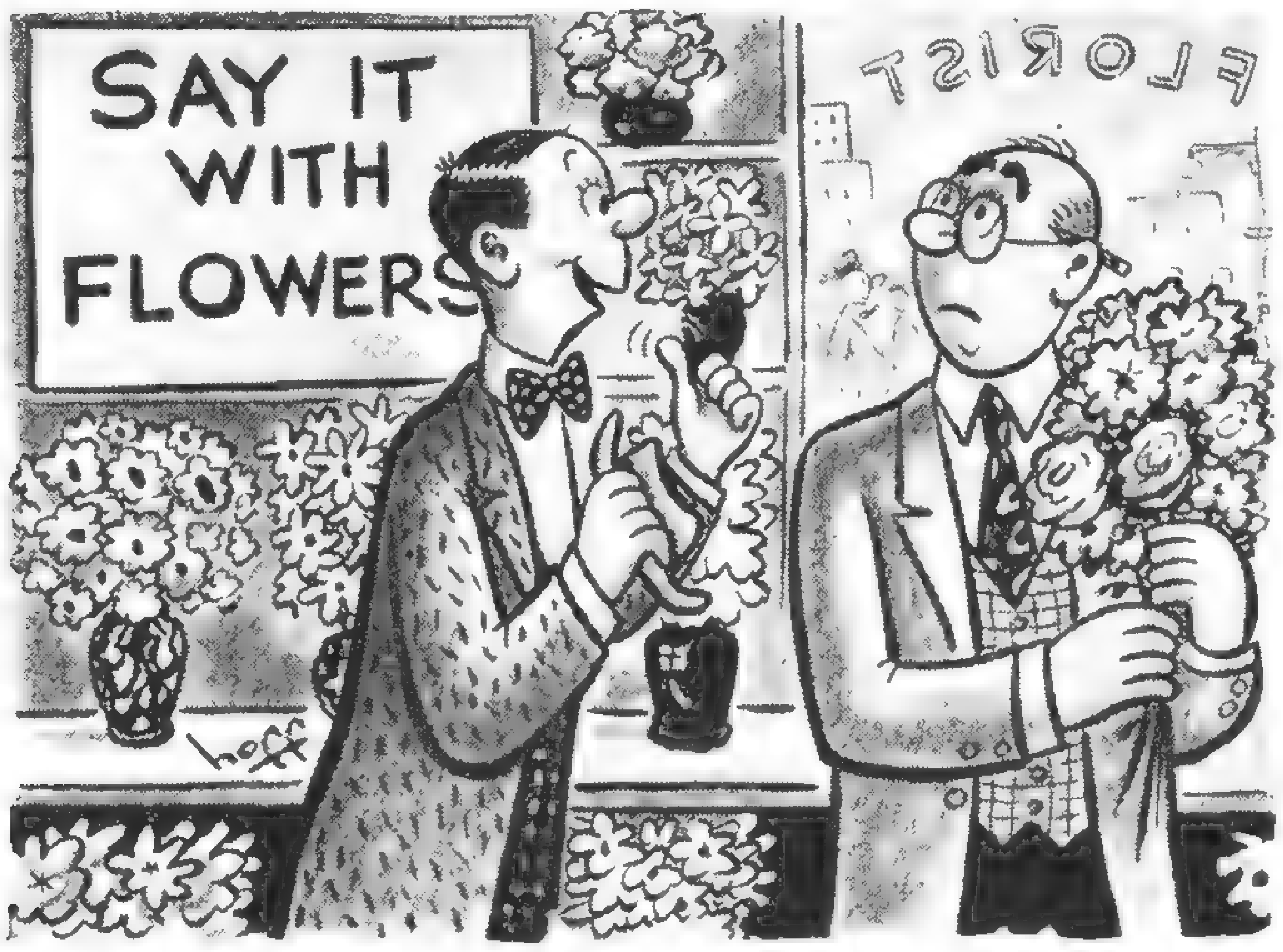
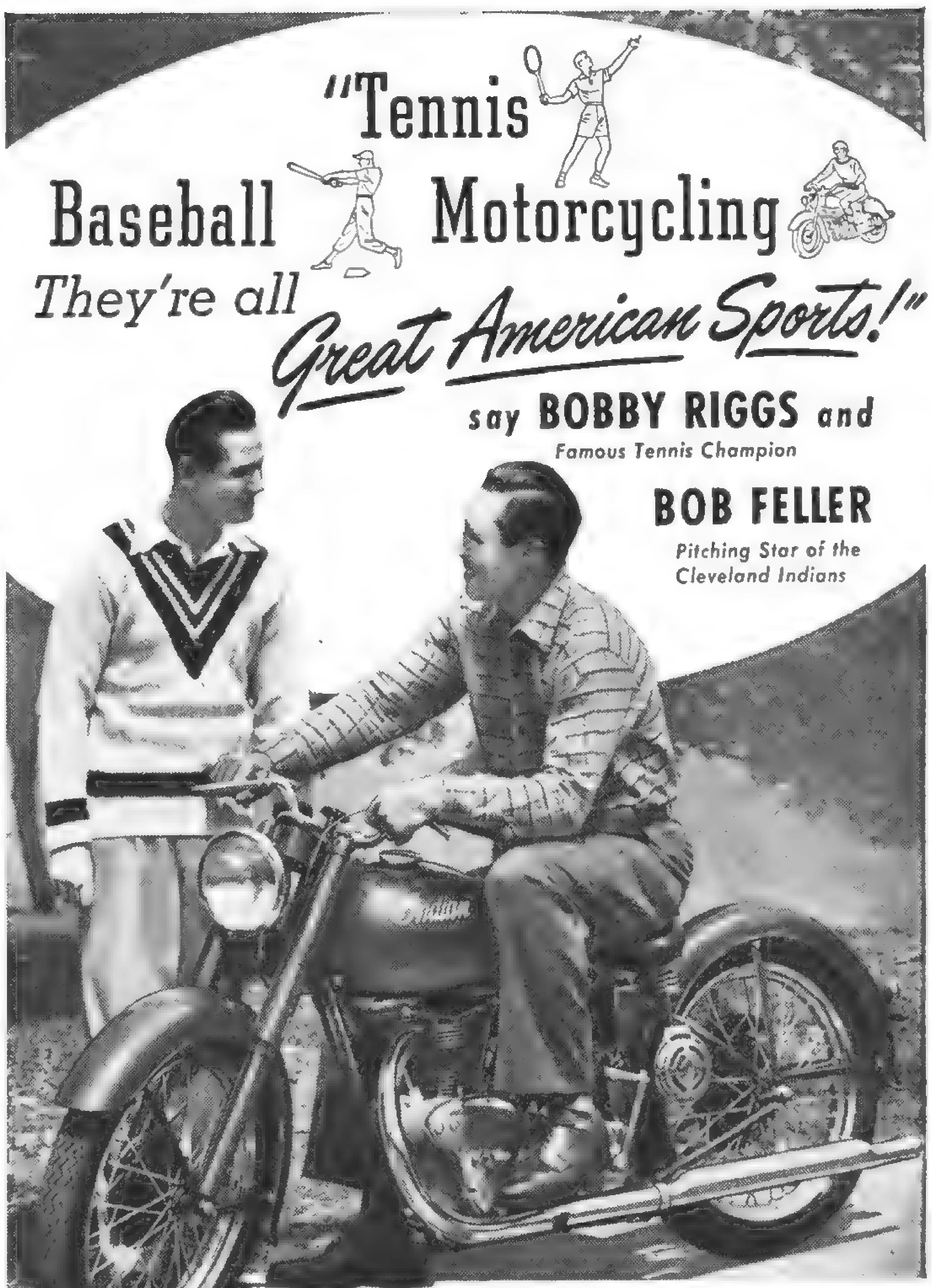


"Can you give me a wholesale rate? I have so much to tell her"



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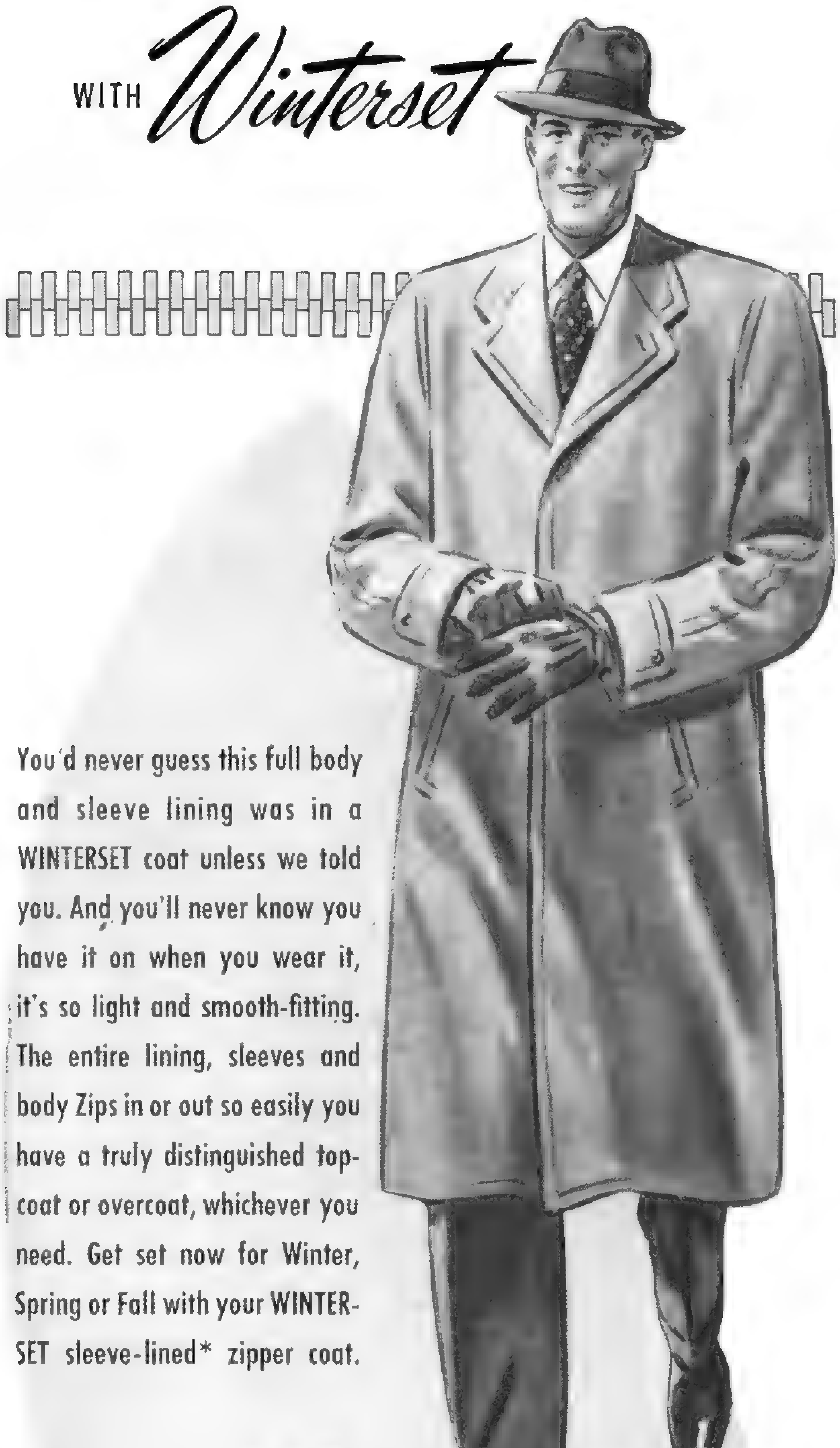

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Leopard Spots

Continued from page 129

guy you can hate that much. Then you know.

I went back to my place. I was there about an hour, holding a quiet discussion with myself and the tender tan of whiskey in a shot glass, when Ruby phoned. She had a key to the apartment and I told her I'd meet her there at about ten o'clock that night, that I had some business to take care of in Encino and that she should let herself in if I wasn't there and wait for me. She didn't ask questions; if she had, I wouldn't have been able to answer her. Not even if I'd wanted to. Because I didn't have an answer. Not then. About ten hours later I did.

Those porchlike structures on the outside of Staufin's building were connected to one another by flights of stairs running in an oblique column from the ground to the roof. The roof was right over his apartment, and there was a door leading from each of the apartments in his row to the porches. In other words, you could go to or from any of these apartments without using the lobby entrance. The whole thing looked like a fire hazard to me. But I was glad nobody had done anything about it. Very glad.

I waited for him, watching the front entrance of the building from the Eat Café across the street. The side of the building where the porches were was off from the street and shadowy in the hazy dark of nine p.m. That was the time he got back from wherever he had been. My heart got a little hysterical when I saw him go in. I guess it acted the way it did because I had no plan. No formula. I had just decided to watch for him. It was all pretty nebulous, believe me. The only thing in my mind to start with was that I was going to use those porches. And I did.

The porch lights were out on the first and second floors. The third light up was working, throwing a dingy yellow at the small, winged creatures dancing in and out of it. There must have been plenty of people inside the house, but no one saw me and I got by the three floors without a hitch. The wood squeaked under my feet, but I'm sure it wasn't as loud as it sounded to me. Because, the way I felt, I could even have sworn to hearing the flow of my blood, like a noisy rush of water coming from the nozzle of a garden hose.

My whole body was on tiptoe when I got to the outside of his apartment, four flights up. And if you think I knew for sure, even then, what I was doing, one of us is telling it wrong.

There was a light inside. I got in front of the door and listened. All I could hear were crickets and leaves on trees quietly gossiping to each other in the timid night breeze. That and my heart keeping time loudly. I put the palm of my hand flat against the doorknob. Very slowly. Then my fingers crept around the knob as though they were sneaking up on something that might run away. I stood like that for nearly a minute, still enough to go on display in a sculptor's exhibit. The knob would turn. Even before I tried it I knew it would turn. I turned it. I pushed the door in a crack about a toothpick wide, and the sound of water running in the bathroom came to me. Suddenly it stopped, and I heard a door open and someone move into the living room. I stood there with what people sometimes call baited breath. And then it took shape. If I had planned it, it never would have worked the way it did.

I guess Staufin caught sight of the door, slightly ajar. I couldn't see into the apartment because the door wasn't open far enough. But I could hear him moving. I could sort of feel that he was noticing something. I didn't wait to make sure. I left the door as it was and beat it up the stairs that led to the roof. I heard the door swing open as I got about halfway to the roof, and, over my shoulder, saw light pour through it and onto the porch. I made the roof just as I heard his feet fall on the boards below. The roof was gravel-covered and dark, and I moved quickly and noisily over the crumbs of stone to the elevator tower which stood near the enclosure of the stairs leading from the lobby part of the house. I could hear the click-moan sound of the elevator in operation and then the sound of someone ascending the stairs that I'd come up. And only one guy was following me so it had to be Staufin. I ducked into the shadows under the iron staircase that went up six or seven steps to the door of the tower. Waiting.

He was in his shirt sleeves, walking slowly. The fingers of his right hand were laced around the squeeze-part of a small automatic gun. I couldn't tell what it was for sure, but the business ends of those things are all pretty much the same. I let him go by where I was standing. Just a couple of feet. He stopped with his back to me and if I had been breathing he would have heard me. He was standing that close. Then I did it.

We both grunted as I threw myself against his back, putting an arm around his neck and keeping it there hard. The other hand got tough with his gunhand and it took everything I had to force his arm behind his back and up toward his shoulders. And I wrenched it hard. Plenty hard, snapping his head as far back as it would go with my other arm. We were locked together like that for plenty of seconds and I guess I had the good end of what was going on. But I'm

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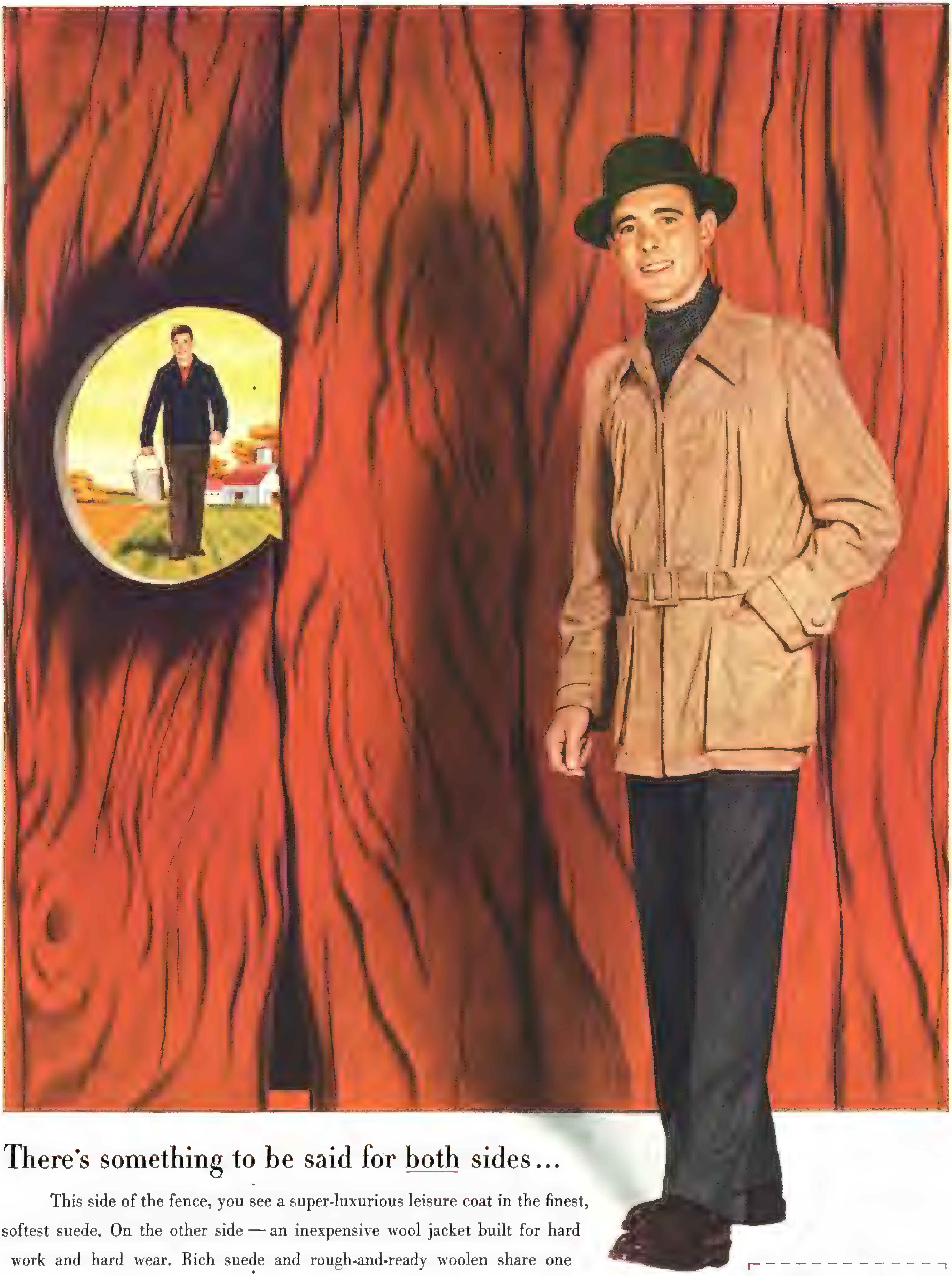

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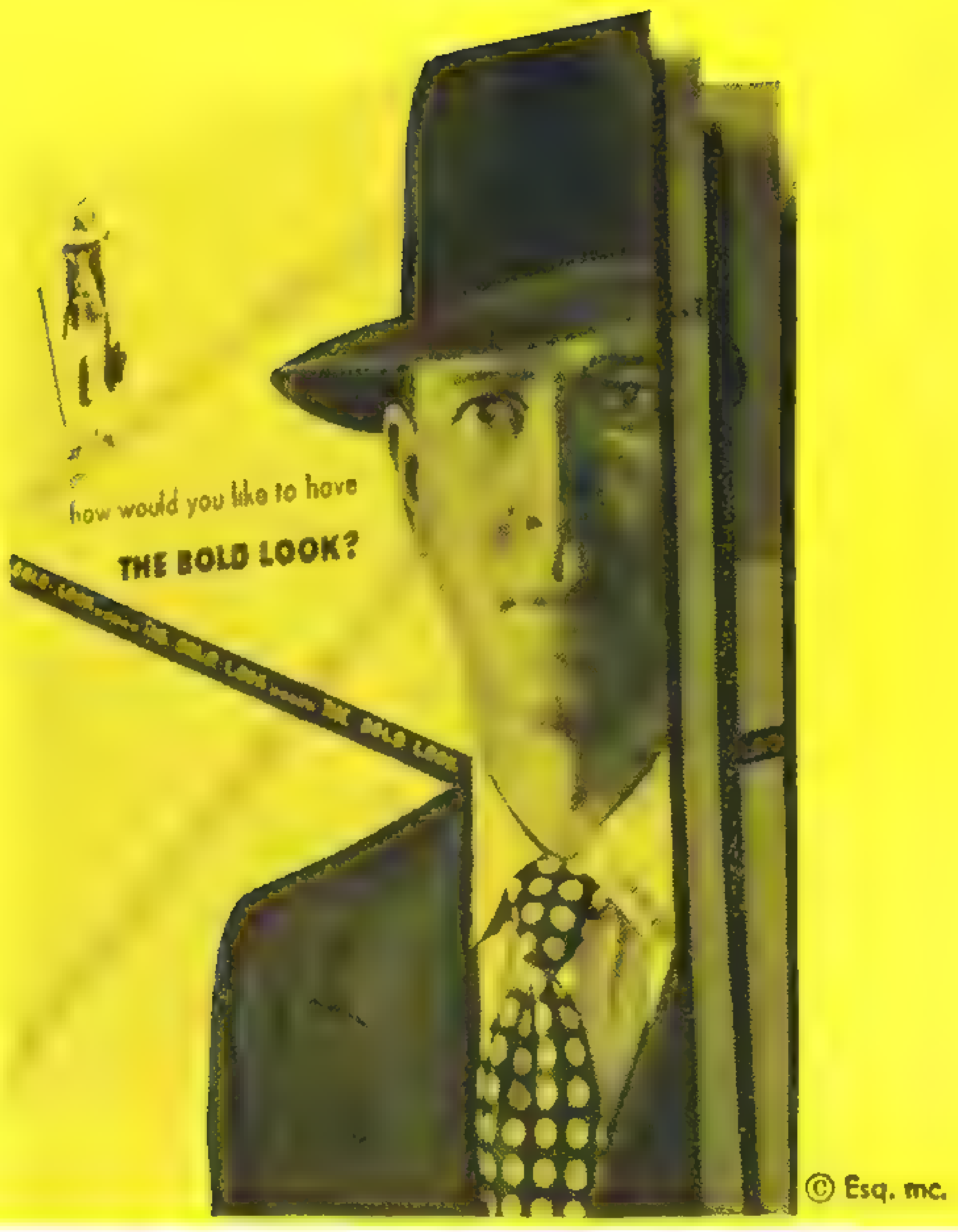
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Leopard Spots

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glad it didn't start off evenly, because I'll vouch for how tough this guy was. I'm six feet and I weigh plenty, and I can say safely that I'm nobody's setup. But he was as strong as two guys like me. I could feel it in the way he resisted the pressure I was putting on him. He couldn't talk or move, though, and I kept forcing his back forward, his neck backward, and his arm upward. He tried to get set once or twice and I just hung on. I heard a stifled grunt come out of him; he was growing short of breath as I got heavy with sweat.

I don't know how much time passed by. It seemed like plenty, but it couldn't have been more than two or three minutes—and all at once he was out of fight. If you don't think it can happen that fast, just let someone my size clamp himself around your neck and dig a nasty kneecap in your back and see how long you feel ferocious.

I found myself at the edge of the roof with him. There was a stone wall running on it, built low enough to trip a midget. The stiff-legged dance we were doing finished up right there.

He screamed all the way down. A sickening thud when he hit the cement court below cut the sound like a phonograph record stopped halfway through. A couple of windows opened, and some people began shouting from them into the darkness. Raucous and questioning voices. Then excited. I guess that was when I got away from there. I don't remember well enough to swear to it, but it must have been then.

I didn't care about Staufin. I didn't care about the cement in that court or how hard he hit it. But if you're put together like most people, you don't commit a murder and walk away from it whistling. So I can't say that my stomach was at its party best right then. But I took it, even the way it was, and got it out of there. The same way we'd both come. No one stopped me—not even to ask the time. I walked away from that building like a guy who had been there to fix somebody's plumbing.

My car was parked a block away, and when I got to it something like a four-wall handball game was going inside of me. I didn't keep score. It didn't last long. No longer than it took me to drive back to my place. She was there. It was ten sharp through no fault of mine.

Her shoulders were bare in a dress that was cut that way, and she didn't have to whistle. She made me forget about things. She was good that way.

* * *

It took us three days with the blood tests, and on Wednesday of the following week we got our license at City Hall. We got married in Glendale. It was no different than before except that we had the paper saying it was okay, and that made me feel a lot better. She had moved in with me, and the way things were now nobody could say a thing about it.

We had been married five days, or maybe six, when that cop paid us a visit. His name was Harold Biggs and he showed up in the morning just as I was leaving. He was a detective first-grade and had a set of I'll-wait-a-lifetime eyes in his head. He was wearing a suit of detective-grey and nothing about him appealed to me. He looked as if he knew what he was doing, but I don't think he had any idea of how close he was to what he was after while he asked me questions about Claude Staufin. Ruby was still asleep and I was glad of it.

They had hooked Staufin up to us because of the inquest, and most of what he asked was pretty routine. When had I seen him last, and did I know him well. I let the whole thing get lost at the inquest. Never had seen him before or afterward. The detective, this Harold Biggs, made himself pretty comfortable while he talked. He leaned way back and talked slowly, and once in his questioning he asked about Ruby. He wanted to know if she knew Staufin and he referred to her as Mrs. Fabian. I told him she didn't know him and her name was Mrs. Farrell. He said he was sorry and I said it was okay. Then he left. I had extended him no invitation to return.

Ruby was standing in the doorway of the foyer between the living room and bedroom, tucked into a short-sleeved house coat, bare-armed almost to the shoulders, looking as though she had been up for hours. "I thought you were asleep," I said.

"I was. I'm awake now." Then, "Who was that?"

I didn't want to tell her, but I did. Quickly and as matter-of-fact as I could. She looked at me and her eyes had a strange, humid look. Clouded, with something I couldn't know about. I found out later what she was thinking. But I didn't know then.

I felt fine those first few days. But after that feeling fine with me was spotty. It wasn't frequent enough. I can't put a finger on it. But there was something there that was tough to fight. Those bills that started coming in from Saks and I. Magnin's could have had plenty to do with it. I guess that once you're used to purple it's not easy to go back to a faded blue. That was one thing. But there were others. And then came Las Vegas.

It was about a month later when we drove there for a week end. If you want to put a tag on it, you can call it the Las Vegas Incident. Or maybe it was an episode. I couldn't say. All I can say is that from there on the

Continued on page 134

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Leopard Spots

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trip was downhill. "Downgrade" is a better word. It says more.

The gaming tables were the real attraction. We started out with small bets at a table fringed with tight-lipped people, all after the same thing. We worked from ten dollars up to fifty, sticking close to the red ten because we were married on the tenth of May. And in five spins we were five hundred dollars ahead. That's a good time to quit. But that's when you never can. We kept going. The bets we were making that first night doubled themselves inside of twenty minutes, and every time the faithless little ivory ball would make that sound like a thumbnail raking the teeth of a comb, Ruby would squeeze my hand and I'd give the same back to her. And by eleven o'clock that night we could have counted over four thousand dollars if we had the time and felt like counting.

Then we stacked five hundred dollars on the red ten, and the wheel banged off its steady click-click as we watched the fickle ball do its crazy tap dance. The wheel stopped and the ball fell where we were heavy with blue chips. In another ten minutes we raked in five grand. Five grand.

"Good enough," I said, my heart pounding loud enough to keep you awake at night.

"No, keep going."

We did. And that was where we started to cool off. Six or seven spins later we were cut in half. But we were still out in front on the night by better than two thousand.

"Enough?" I said.

"Enough."

We went to the bar and ordered Martinis. "We'll try another number next time," she said. "Maybe ten isn't too good after all." And as if what she said had cued him in, a tall, slender guy with a tan that would never fade and sleek hair walked into the blue mist of lighting they were peddling as atmosphere in that room. He wasn't carrying a tennis racquet, but I recognized him anyway. It was Hoarky.

I don't know whether she saw him the same time I did or not. We never got a chance to know because he arrived at our table at the same time our Martinis did. But the Martinis were all I had ordered. The conversation got glib in a hurry.

"If I'm dull, forgive me. But this is a surprise," he said. That was the way he started.

I was even duller than that. I said, "Hello," and not much more.

She took it as though she had seen him yesterday—which was an unhappy thought. "You're gaining weight," she said.

"I'll lose it here, along with everything else. How have you been, Farrell?"

I was still very dull. "Okay."

"I didn't know you two knew each other," she said quickly.

"Old friends," he said with a practiced flourish of his hand. "The whole world is made up of old friends."

"And so many other things, dear," she said, getting into the swing of things. "And now tell us how to beat the wheel."

"Ignore it."

"That's a good way to beat anything," I said.

"Not quite," he said.

"Maybe you're right," I said. "There are things you just can't ignore."

Ruby leaned forward. "Say, what takes place here?" She said the words as lightly and amiably as she could.

"Make no mistake, darling. He hates me." Hoarky smiled that smile of his.

"We're an aging married couple, Randy," she said.

"My congratulations to you both," he said pleasantly. "You must have breakfast with me."

"Thanks. We won't be up early enough," I said.

Mine was a thoroughly foul mood. And when she and I left him and went to our room, I was informed of that fact. "How boorish can you be?" she snarled at me.

I was hanging my jacket and tugging at my tie. "As boorish—if you want to call it that—as I have to be."

"You succeed beautifully."

"He's too clubby for my tastes."

"Why don't you trade them in for something we can use?"

I dropped my shirt over a chairback. "Would you like to get to the bathroom first? It's yours." Then I stood silently while she put herself into a bright red kimono and breezed by me and into the bathroom. The door slammed with a tense note in its voice. A minute or so later I could hear the water running from the shower tap. I smoked two cigarettes. I was lighting a third one when the door opened and she came out. I went in.

When I came out she was in bed, lying on her side with her back to the space alloted to me. It was a position of isolation. I didn't fall asleep for an hour.

Hoarky didn't stick as hard as I thought he might the following day. Pleasantly enough, we saw little of him. And what happened that night at the wheel didn't take long. It cuts the agony short to say we gave back theirs and added all of ours to it. A dozen reckless bets did the trick.

"Okay," I mumbled. "Let's make believe we don't care and get out of here."

"I'm going to the powder room."

"We can still make the freight on one Martini with two straws. Meet me in the lounge."

She said she would. She never

did. Fifteen minutes later I walked back into the casino to see where she was. I saw. And what I saw I would have gladly traded in for a cheerful glimpse of hell. She was standing at a table with a look in her eyes you might find following ticker tape in a stock exchange. And jammed right close to her, like ivy to a wall, was Randolph Hoarky. She was playing, and not with my money. Maybe I wouldn't have had much luck tearing the place down, one hunk of stucco at a time, but I felt like trying. All I did was look for a moment. Then I walked out and went upstairs to our room.

It wasn't midnight when she came up from downstairs.

"Did you have a lovely time?" I said.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Don't let that bother you. Say what you want to say."

"I'm quite tired."

"I'm not keeping you awake, am I?"

"Not really." She was preparing for the night, and I still was not impervious to the sight. It was always as though I was watching for the first time.

"But you had a nice evening, didn't you?" I said.

She tied the sash of her kimono into her waist with a kind of fierceness, and her eyes were angry and hard. "Going to make a speech on degradation, now?" she said. "Don't start until I unpack my hymnbook."

"Yeah, get it out. Maybe we ought to pray too."

"Amen," she said. "And we won't cry for the dead, we'll pray for them."

"For ourselves."

"No. We'll start with that funny little man who lost his balance and fell down and broke his crown. Not the one in Mother Goose—the one that lived over near Silver Lake in Los Angeles. What was his name?" Her left arm crossed her waist in front, catching in its palm the elbow of the other. The fingers of her right hand were touching her chin, which was tilted in toward her neck, like when you're thinking. "Steffey or something like it. Anyway, he's the perfect one for getting us into the proper spirit."

Without looking in the mirror I knew my face was the face of a guy who jumps a deep chasm from one side to the other, only to find there is no other side. I managed to say, "What is all that supposed to be?"

"Let's grow old, Jack, and sit on the porch in rocking chairs. Only you sit on one porch and I'll sit on another." She was smiling. Hate. Or close to it. Then she went on: "Who do you know that will say you were with them while that man fell off a roof? Who do you know? You weren't with me, darling. And who do you know in Encino?"

I grabbed her and I wasn't gentle about it. "What are you talking about? Tell me."

"Staufin, Staufin. That's what."

"You're crazy."

"Maybe. You were sweating so, when you came in that night. Don't you recall, darling?"

"Listen to me!"

"We're deadlocked, darling," she said. "A murder for each of us." She spoke slowly and with punch in every word. "There isn't a thing I've done that you haven't done."

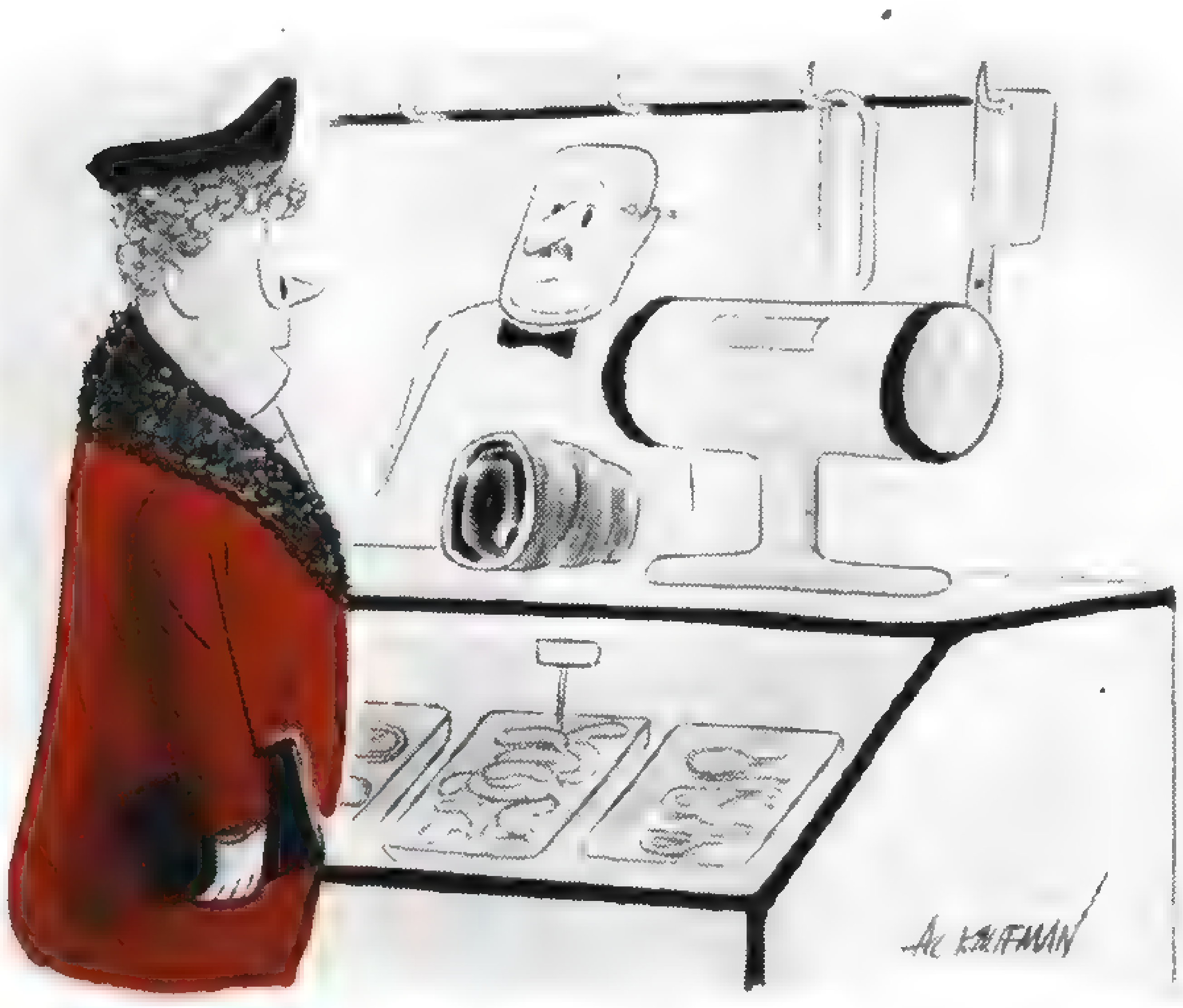
"I never entertained at a convention," I snapped.

You know what that means. And I'm giving it to you as politely as possible. But I was sorry as soon as I had said it. She looked at me, and it was hard to tell what she was thinking. My fingers got loose on her arms and then fell away completely. She was smiling. Not happily. "We still have much in common, my darling," she said.

Maybe it was something in the way she said it or the way she looked. Whatever it was, I suddenly saw Fabian lying at her feet with blood coming out of his mouth and her standing with a telephone receiver in her hands. Her hands with blood on them. She was talking to me. Then it broke, and I was back there in Las Vegas with her.

"He was dead when I got there," I said slowly and quietly

Continued on page 136



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Leopard Spots

Continued from page 135

as if I didn't believe it myself. "Staufin said he hadn't told Fabian about us. Why did you do it?"

"There's irony in everything. In everything." She paused. "He said he would fix things for me—so that I wouldn't have anything if he died. He said he was *going* to . . . only he already had."

"And you killed him," I said. "Just like that." I didn't snap my fingers. "There's no blood as thick as a stack of thousand-dollar bills . . ."

"He already had," she said absently, and then she laughed. "I can laugh at anything—even that." She stopped suddenly. Then she said, "I can laugh at you, more than at anything."

I knew what it was. This was her way of telling me not to hold her too tightly. Not to hold certain things over her, not to use what we never talked about like a whip. Fabian. For now she had ideas about me. Now we were the same. And yet, even at that moment, I wanted her. Even at that moment.

She was in bed about fifteen minutes later. I joined her shortly after that.

Even troubled, with your whole body and nervous system as alive and awake as a high-school cheerleader, you sometimes fall asleep. You can't account for it, maybe. But it does happen. It did to me.

I woke up. There was a sickish throbbing in my stomach. It was dark and I was still half-buried in a pitlike sleep. And that can be when your stomach gives you the most trouble. Turn over, if you're in bed, and find your wife gone, and then find three a.m. making the meanest face at you you ever did see from your wrist watch on the night table, and the throbbing gets worse. That's my story. She was gone, leaving a hardly creased place next to me.

You don't race out and go where you know she is. You might think you do, but you don't. I didn't. You just wait. I did.

I ran out of cigarettes at about four o'clock, and I lay there in bed with the funny color of the dark side of morning seeping into the room through the windows. It must have been a half-hour later when I heard her key sneak into the door lock. She was fully dressed, and she moved quietly into the bathroom. A few minutes later she came out in her nightgown and slipped into bed as though she'd never been out of it.

We were prepaid at the hotel and it was a good thing. The next morning I left her in the room, putting a finishing touch or two on her face, and went downstairs with our suitcases and put them in the car. Then I waited for her in the lobby. A few minutes later she came out of the elevator, not looking for anyone, probably because she knew she wouldn't find him. I didn't expect to see him either. He had either left already or was waiting until we had, keeping out of sight.

For breakfast she had orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Her appetite was swell. I had coffee. Then we left.

We got back to Los Angeles in about six hours. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we drove up in front of the apartment. I took her two suitcases upstairs. I left the one belonging to me in the trunk compartment of the car. She never noticed it.

I'll say this for what happened. It was fast.

She was sitting at the dressing table in the bedroom. She was facing the mirror and I was standing a few feet behind her. Her wonderful face with all its narcissistic cruelty was in front of her. She was brushing her hair back with a practiced stroke. I watched her eyes. They were focused on themselves in the mirror.

My hand went into the pocket of my jacket.

"I think we had better be adult about everything, Jack. It won't work." Still brushing.

My hand came out of pocket. It brought something with it. A black .32 revolver I had acquired in my travels.

"I'm going to leave you." It was the last time I ever heard her voice.

"I know you are, darling," I said quietly.

My forefinger squeezed. It was a hair trigger. There was a hard, ringing sound with metal in it and a flash of flame too fast for color. The noise smashed against the walls of the room. It stopped before she fell, face down on the glass top of the table in front of her. I shot her through the back of the head. The mirror was smashed, with one hole in the center of crazy tributaries of cracked glass. It was shattered just about where it had caught the image of her eyes a few seconds before. The bullet had gone through. I didn't want to see her face where it had come out.

I felt as dead inside as she was all over. I didn't say good-by. I left.

That was ten days ago. And right now I'm down in Acapulco. I'd rather be here than most places. It's a good place to wait, with the sound of the sea to keep you company at night. The days are peaceful and warm. The room I'm in is small and not the Ambassador. But the whiskey is good. I should have come here long ago.

I know how it will happen. They'll try to take me, but I'll save them the bother. The beach is dark at night and all you can hear is the sound of the sea. Her voice is in it, and I guess the time has come for me to answer it. That way of drowning won't be too bad. #

Continued from page 66

The Waxworks

Baseball, ballads, Bing and Beecham: from the sweetest to Handel's *Messiah*

by HERBERT KUBLY

The High

ONE of the recording milestones of last year was Columbia's release of the complete Handel's *Messiah* (38 sides) conducted by Malcolm Sargent. Now Victor has released one conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (42 sides) 📯📯📯.

Beecham's Royal Philharmonic plays more brilliantly than Sargent's Liverpool Philharmonic, and the balances between orchestra and voices are better. In Sargent's *Messiah*, the Huddersfield Choral Society and Soprano Isobel Baillie, Contralto Gladys Ripley, Tenor James Johnston and Basso Norman Walker sing more sublimely than Beecham's Luton Choral Society and soloists.

Sir Thomas, the Royal Philharmonic and the Luton Choir also collaborate for the *Delius Society Set* (Victor, 12 sides), 📯, which contains Delius' *Marche Caprice*, *A Song of the High Hills* and *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* with the conductor's wife, Betty Beecham, as soloist.

Fritz Reiner's best recording with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra is the new Mozart *G Minor Symphony No. 40* (Columbia, 6 sides), 📯📯. Ironically, the album's release coincided with Reiner's resignation from the Pittsburgh post.

Vox, a small company that turns out rare recordings, has two new collectors' items: Brahms' gay and rustic *Quartet No. 3 in B Flat* vibrantly played by the Guilet Quartet (8 sides), 📯📯, and Ernst Toch's nostalgic little *Spitzweg Serenade* (4 sides), 📯, interpreted by Violinists Louis Kaufman and Grischa Monasevitch and Violist Ray Menhennick. The Toch is a first edition. Vox has also released three new piano albums, recorded with fine clarity of tone: Brahms' *Fantasien* played by Leonard Shure (8 sides), 📯; Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Paganini*, played by Jacob Gimpel (4 sides), and Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 5, 6, 11, and 15* played by Shura Cherkassky (8 sides). In music and musician, the *Fantasien* is the best.

The Low

THE Yanks are leading and a pinch-hitter named Joe McGinty goes to bat for the Dodgers. The umpire is a frustrated second baseman from the Bronx with a perverse lust for calling out Joe Di Maggio. The bleacher crowd yells "Kill da umpire," and a plaintive soprano warbles, "It's up to you—don't let me down, my darling." McGinty hits a homer and wins for the Dodgers.

This musical celebration of the Yankee-Dodgers rivalry is the *Brooklyn Baseball Cantata* by Composer George Kleinsinger and Lyricist Michael Stratton, recorded by Robert Merrill, a former Dodger rookie who is a baritone on the Metropolitan Opera team. His outfield includes a symphony orchestra and chorus captained by Conductor Russ Case (Victor, 4 sides), 📯. If you're a baseball fan or were born in Brooklyn, you'll probably stand it next to the family Bible.

Merrill's operatic teammate, Baritone Leonard Warren goes on a nautical bender with *Sea Shanties* (Victor, 8 sides), an album of foc'sle work songs arranged by Balladeer Tom Scott. The titles include *Blow the Man Down*, *Rio Grande*, *The Drunken Sailor* and *Shenandoah*. Mr. Warren's fine voice is too heroically pitched and the supporting orchestra and chorus too pretentious for the whimsical humor and pathos of salt-water chanteys.

A third baritone, Paul Robeson, is on the stalls with a potpourri of his trade-mark songs (Columbia, 8 sides), 📯📯. They include *Ol' Man River* from *Showboat*, *It Ain't Necessarily So* from *Porgy and Bess*, *Mah Lindy Lou* and that compassionate plea for racial tolerance, *The House I Live In*.

Bing Crosby is out with three albums under the Decca label. In the first (6 sides) he repeats some radio and film stints with Al Jolson, Dick Haymes, Bob Hope and the Andrews Sisters; in the second (8 sides) he sings song hits from six Broadway musicals, including *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Oklahoma!*, and in the third and best (8 sides), 📯, he sings blues and ballads with Lionel Hampton, Louis Jordan and Eddie Heywood's bands.

Buxom Jane Russell's titillating *Let's Put Out the Lights* album (Columbia) has stimulated an aphrodisiac series. In her Victor album, Beryl Davis (8 sides) sighs through langorous numbers like *Alone Together*, *All Alone* and *Mad About the Boy*. Best of the horizontal school of singing, however, is Peggy Lee's *Rendezvous* (Capitol, 6 sides), 📯. She huskily warbles *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* and *Don't Smoke in Bed*. How could anyone dream of it? ###

Rating of Recording:

📯 = GOOD
📯📯 = SUPERIOR
📯📯📯 = OUTSTANDING

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

poultryman's corner

Having read Robert Sage's article *Glamour Girl from Bresse* in May Esquire and also Henry T. Finck's *Food and Flavor* about *Poularde de Bresse* I wonder where I can get more detailed information about this breed of chicken and where can I get a breeder. Mr. Sage mentioned "granules of special limestone which are easily assimilated by the chicken and contribute to their vigor and rapid growth." I am sure there is such a place here in this God-given gift land of California. I will appreciate very much if you will advise me as to how I can buy the famous French breed.

T. F. ITCHON
Los Angeles, Calif.

glamour chick leads

Although attempts to raise Bressan poultry in other French regions and in England have been unsuccessful, there would seem—in theory at least—to be no reason why better results might not be obtained in some parts of the United States—providing the special conditions prevailing in Bresse are approximated.

Here is a summary of the four principal ones:

(1.) The isolation of most Bressan farms, which are far from main highways, permits the chickens to run the countryside.

(2) The soil is generally decalcified (producing small-boned poultry and cattle), but analysis shows the presence of "granules of special limestone," which, as I reported, contribute to the vigor and rapid growth of the chickens.

(3) The exceptional dampness of the climate keeps the soil constantly moist. This, together with the numerous prairies, woods and hedges, provides abundant insect life for the chickens to feed on.

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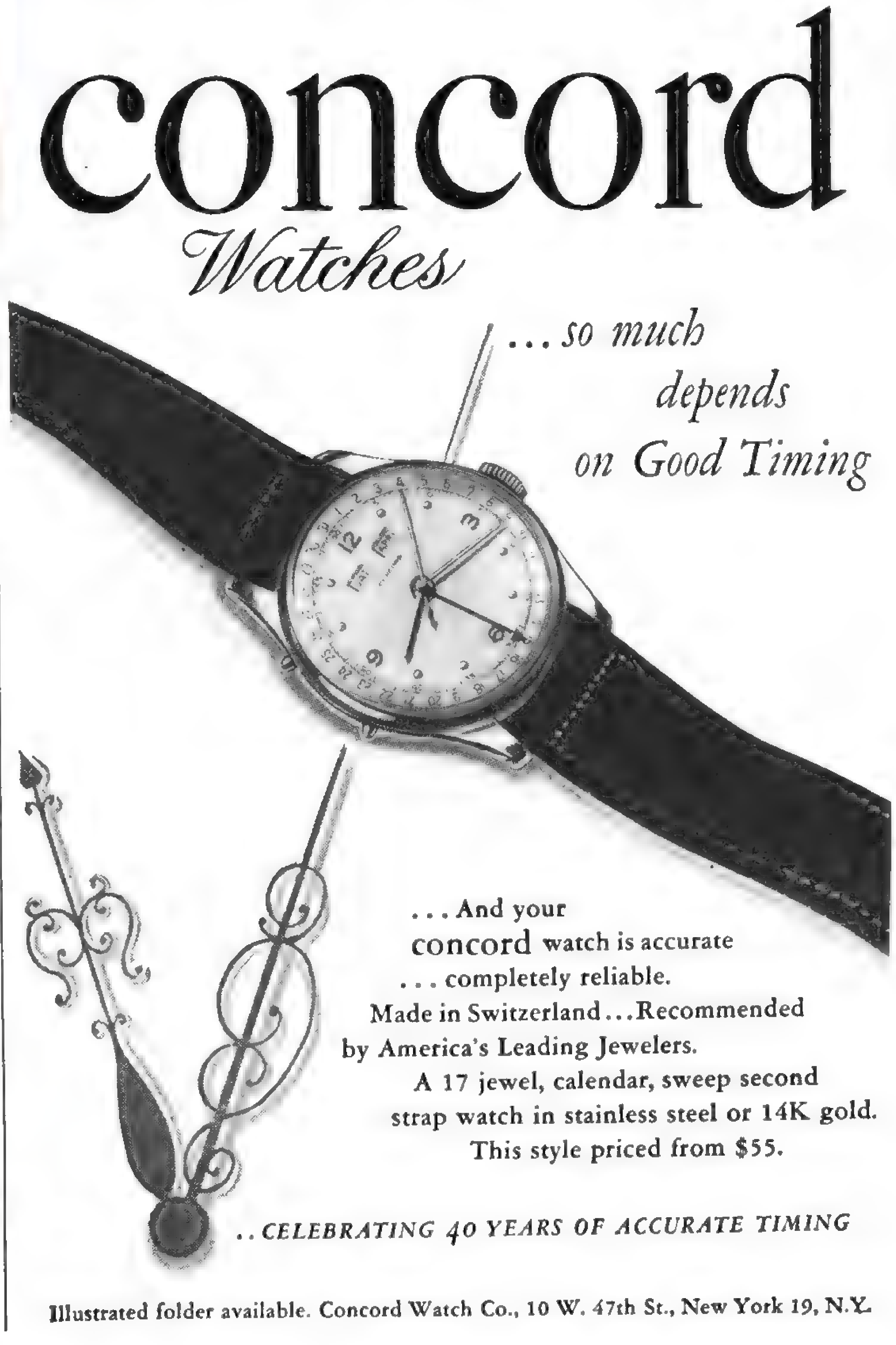
For further data about these chickens I refer you to Cyrille Poncet, president of La Federation Avicole Bresse-Bourg. Monsieur Poncet probably knows as much about the *poulet de Bresse* as any man living.

I would like to hear whether you succeed in breeding Bressan poultry on American soil.

ROBERT SAGE
Paris, France



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forever Ernest

I was lying down the other day, draining my sinuses, when someone came in with the July Esquire. They said (why should I specify "he" or "she" when I'm making up the whole thing anyway?), "You're supposed to be a writer, why don't I ever see *your* name in here?"

"Let's see it," I said.

"Like hell," they said. "I got it first. Here's a piece about double beds by Ilka Chase. Now why couldn't you have written that?"

"I've got the wrong name," I said. "It isn't Ilka Chase."

"I don't care if your name is Aran, by Bill Saroyan," they said, "you're funnier than Louis Untermeyer. Why didn't you write this piece about plot cards?"

"I did," I said. "Good, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, you did?" they said.

"He was just lucky enough to mail his in first," I said. "That happens all the time."

"Well then, why don't you tackle a Bedside Mystery?" they said. "Nobody could get ahead of you there—they're all the same."

"All my words have at least two syllables," I said. "Those choppy sentences make me seasick, and I have to write what I know. Can you imagine one of those blonde lulus falling for *me* the minute I crossed her threshold?"

"No," they said. "Frankly, I can't."

There was a short silence. My sphenoid burst its dam.

"Well, for God's sake!" they said. "Just read this little bonbon by F. Hugh Herbert. What's *he* got that you haven't got?"

"The goods," I said.

I got up, spat, and went back to work on the chapter I'm adding to get my novel banned in Boston. Art is Art, but it's sales you live on, not what the critics say.

ERNEST BUCKLER
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

no nepotism here

After gloating over the shescape in the July issue of Esquire, I find myself ignoring anything on the beach that doesn't wear a pink French bathing suit. Al Moore did a swell job here.

Who the hell is this William Francis anyhow? *Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde* was fine writing, but the plot was nowheres. Mr. Francis' plot-o-meter must be haywire.

I would like to commend you on your promptness in returning stories. Four days after I sent you a short short, I received an unwelcome rejection slip in the mail. Did you read the stuff?

R. S. Z.
Lorain, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esky stands second to no one in his eagerness to discover new writing talent. Hence every manuscript we receive is carefully read, whether it comes from a Big Name Author, an author's agent, or an unknown writer. Contrary to the opinion of many unpublished writers, you don't have to date our receptionist's sister or be a fraternity brother of our art director's nephew in order to gain thoughtful, even hopeful, consideration.*

Continued on page 140

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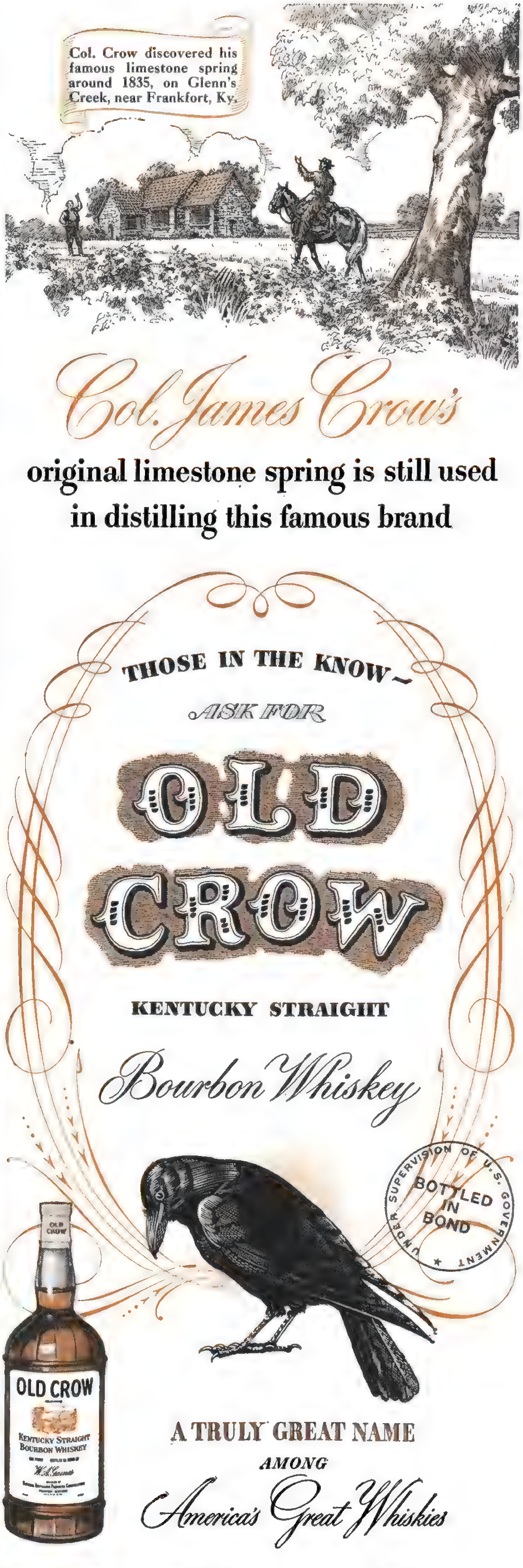
* * *

(Right) Dancing, entertainment, refreshments—always a gay holiday spirit at the Ram.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The Sound and the Fury

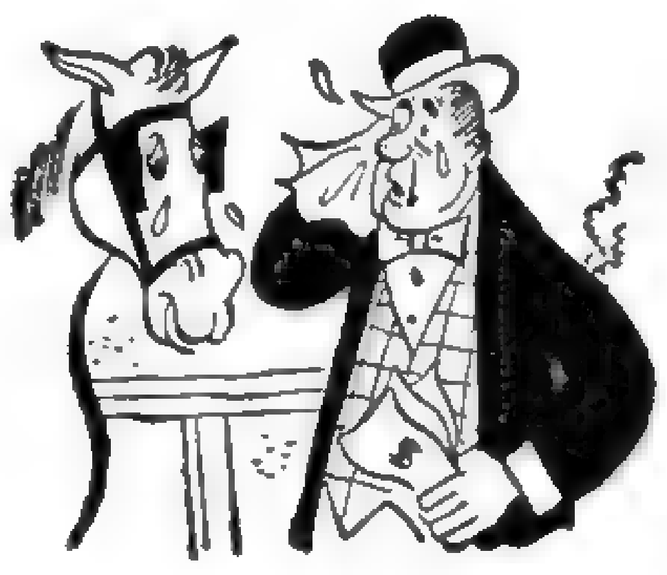
Continued from page 139

measured miles

While reading the Sound and Fury for July I ran across the puzzle you received from Costos J. Kyriakos of Athens and decided to figure it out.

In case your readers are interested, the three numbers are 16, 61, and 106. He was traveling at a rate of 45 M.P.H.

Donald H. Voelker
Cleveland, Ohio.



smart money

You were quite right in classifying Michael MacDougall's piece on *The Man Who Beat the Races* as fiction. Weeping Willie's bookies are the most naïve bunch I've encountered since reading *The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*. I'd enjoy running into just one bookie who would promise a C-note to a bum who casually announces that a race at a distant track is fixed and he knows the winner.

You know what would happen if you propositioned a book on a "boat race"? He'd say: "If you know it's a fix, why don't you bet a bundle on it? I'm here to take your money." Maybe if you beat his brains out with one a day for ten straight days he might suspect you had information. But he wouldn't just take your word for it.

And where does MacDougall get the idea a bookie tells a client how many lengths a horse wins by? All he knows is a photo finish or not. As for corny names like Weeping Willie and Sure-Shot Sam, gamblers haven't had such nicknames since they stopped calling housemaids Bridget.

What jackasses run the horse parlors Willie patronized! A vaudeville actor stalls off the broadcast of a big race by mimicking Ted Husing while the plotter learns the identity of the winner and bets $5000 on him. Admitting that the actor might get away with it, doesn't anyone get suspicious when the radio reverts to the original station and the race is already over? Does the bookie shell out the winnings on $5000 without giving it a second thought?

The author, I learn, is a "gambling detective" whose business is running down sharpers. If his sharpers get away with the stuff Weeping Willie pulls, a whole police force couldn't protect his dull-witted clients.

Carl H. Winston
New York, N.Y.

Continued from page 10

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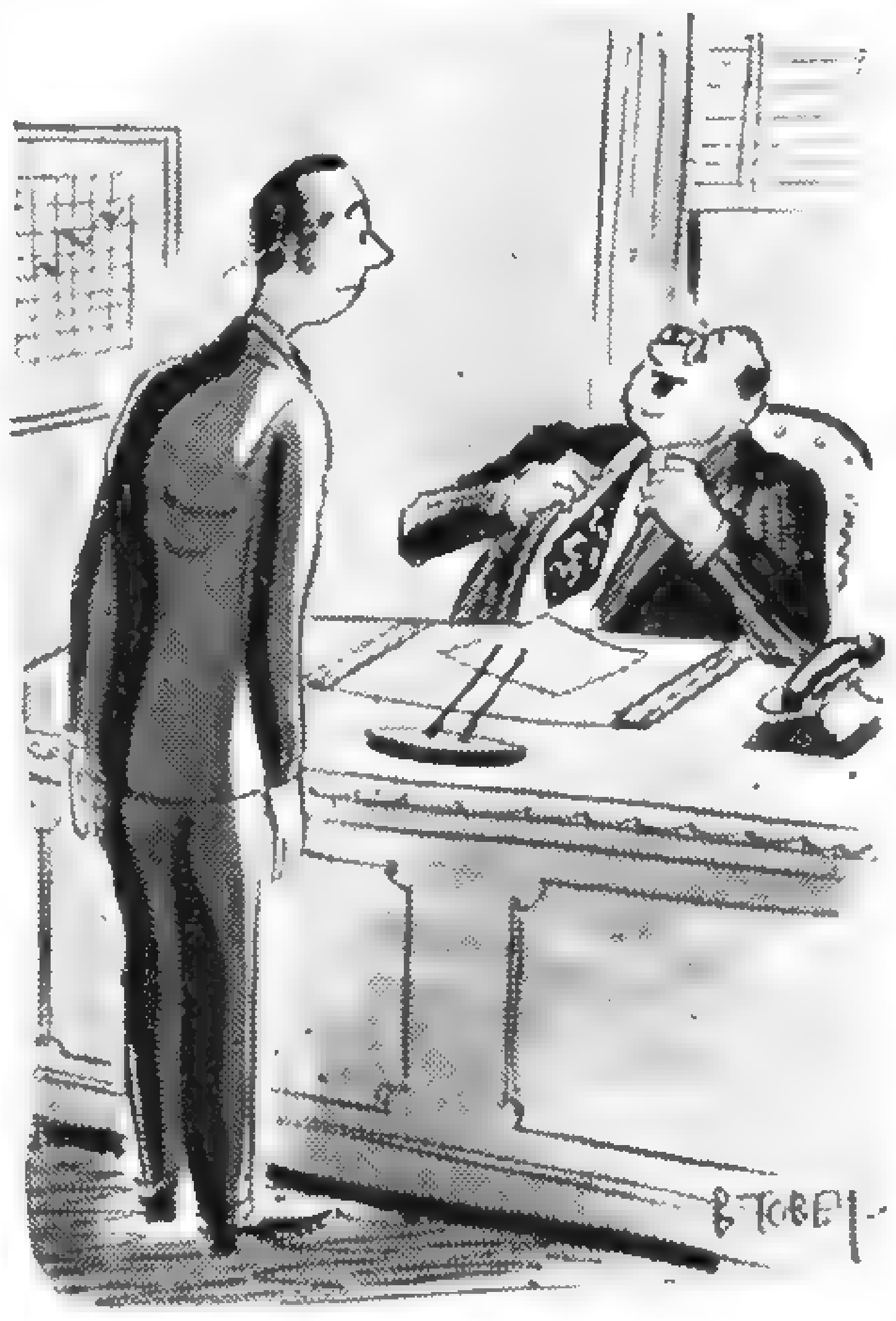
A Buzz for the Boss

Continued from page 50

nothing for seven or eight hours of a working day. That's torture, and many a good secretary has changed her job just because she couldn't take it.

Then there's your desk. You probably have an incoming mail basket and eight or nine drawers. Most men aren't neat or methodical. Your secretary runs a filing system and, if she's a good secretary, it's pretty efficient. But what about the letters and papers you hang onto, the stuff left in your basket or hidden in your desk? For the love of Mike, let go of some of it so she can find it when you can't! If it's something you want to work on later, she'll get it for you, but in the meantime she knows what and where it is. And, besides organizing your desk, you might try organizing your time. No matter how much she loves the company, a secretary doesn't relish the idea of starting to take dictation at five in the evening.



"It's not exactly a raise, Tompkins —more of a promotion"

Now about your ulcers or your indigestion, or whatever convenient excuse you blame your fits of temper on. Suppose you were a bit overindulgent in your youth—suppose you did stay out much too late last night, suppose that your head or your stomach or your back or your feet do hurt, whose fault is that? Then why take it out on your secretary? The majority of the men who read this will say, "How silly! I never do!" Oh, no? Listen to yourselves after a bad night: you seem to expect us to suffer the hangover with you. Or maybe you had a quarrel at home; well, can't you keep it at home? Call a truce between nine and five, then, if you like, pick up the battle where you left off. But leave us out of it, please.

While I'm on the subject of home life, let me touch on the

Continued on page 142

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FAITHFUL

A man can always count on the friendship of his dog—and on the quality of a Dutch Masters Cigar—quality its makers have faithfully maintained for more than thirty years.

DUTCH MASTERS

A Buzz for the Boss

Continued from page 141

problem of personal shopping. I don't think many secretaries mind helping out by doing shopping for the boss or his wife. As a matter of fact, sometimes it's fun. Most of us don't buy regularly in the high-hat emporiums where the boss does, and we get a kick out of it now and then. Besides, shopping with somebody else's money is always fun for a woman. But please bear in mind that we can't cover more than six stores, eat our sandwiches, and be back at work in an hour. After we have shopped for a birthday present for the boss' wife, typed a dozen letters to resorts he'd like to visit, and pasted up thirty pictures in his scrapbook, we aren't particularly charmed when he frowns and says, "Miss Frubish, haven't you finished that budget yet?"

And then, finally, there's the matter of dictation. I have no great predilections about the manner in which my boss dictates; any way is all right with me—as long as I can hear him. The marathon-minded gent who strides back and forth across the room is about the hardest one to get used to and to understand. He's likely to be a mere whisper from the far end of the room with his back toward his secretary, or a bellow at close quarters. The man who chews on a big black cigar or a pipe and tries to mumble through all the stuff in his mouth, while you peer at your book through the smoke, is about as bad. The third type is he who can think better with his feet higher than his head. He lies on the back of his neck in the big comfortable swivel chair that is the mark of the Executive, while his feet repose peacefully on top of the desk. It's an undignified and somewhat disconcerting pose, but I assume that it has its advantages. It saves wear and tear on his soles and heels, and maybe it reminds him that he needs a shine. But his voice comes up from below—a muffled rumble that might as well be Greek.

So endeth the first lesson. Don't get me wrong; I'm not complaining, and I think—and hope—that bosses are here to stay. If they aren't, I'm not and that would be a tragedy. If you want my opinion, Mr. Gallup, I'm all for more and better Executives. They're necessary and they're important. I simply ask that they devote a little—oh, just a very little—of their superior brain power to being Better Bosses and making the office a happier place for the girls who spend three-quarters of their lives therein.

That's all for today. Pass out quietly; and remember, no talking in the cloak rooms . . . #

Continued from page 50

Styled to a Man's Point of View

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TIE CHAINS in Sterling Silver-Rhodium Finish and 1/20 12 Kt. Gold Filled. Several styles in 10 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold.

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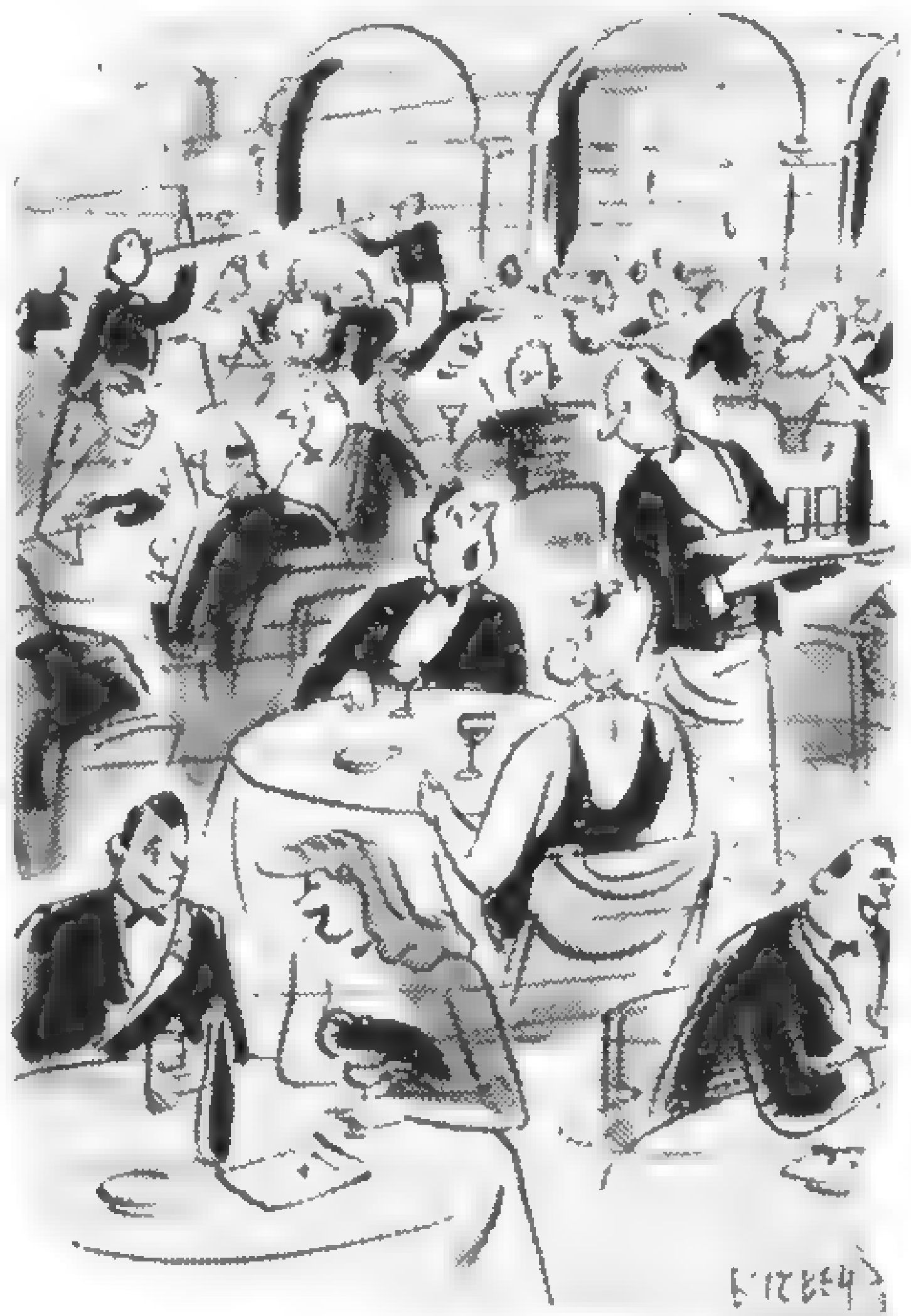
Toastmaster General

Continued from page 63

for a drink of water. Up rose Jessel and said: "As this is Mayor Walker's birthday, let's all hope that he lives as long as Mitchell May's speech."

Jessel is one of a handful of men—Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, and Groucho Marx are others—who can give you a reasonably amusing crack about any timely subject. Jessel takes most of his right from his own brain, perhaps perfecting it as the night goes on, as Will Rogers used to do. On December 26, 1947, the night of the Big Snow in New York, he said, "I had two shows and a radio program to do tonight and it was tough. But Al Jolson made it in '88 and I made it tonight!" When Louella Parsons announced the Lana Turner–Tyrone Power romance was over, Jessel observed: "I was terribly shocked at that affair breaking up. I really thought it would last an hour longer."



"Which way do we face for the floor show?"

Coming from a Jimmy Walker memorial service on the first anniversary of Jimmy's death—a service that had been poorly attended—Jessel remarked: "You don't live long after you die."

I once asked Jessel for his secrets of good toastmastering. "Of course," said Jessel, "a speaker must have confidence. I always feel twelve feet high and as though the audience were composed of midgets when I'm speaking. When I'm alone, I have no confidence at all—especially when I'm alone with women."

Some people doubt this claim that he's only confident at a speaker's table. To Jessel an audience at a banquet is merely an extension of the audience he plays to every noon and dinner hour at Romanoff's in Hollywood or Toots Shor's in New York. He is "always on." He starts each day by seizing the phone on his night table and

Continued on page 144

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M. NIRENBERG SONS, INC., 1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Toastmaster General

Continued from page 143

relaying a joke he may have heard the night before. He is to Alexander Graham Bell what Flo Ziegfeld was to Samuel F. B. Morse. Jessel will gladly phone cross-country to tell a new gag and do it as lengthily by telephone as Ziggy used to communicate by telegraph. While eating breakfast in New York one morning last summer, he phoned Eddie Cantor (5:30 a.m. in Los Angeles), and said, "When you're eating sturgeon, don't put mustard on it—you won't like it," and hung up.

Admiring femininity as he does, Jessel understandably says, "An after-dinner speech should be like a woman's skirts: just long enough and short enough to cover the subject." This admonition he has picked up from a forgotten somebody, but to him it's better than trying to remember a command like "Be brief." You can forget brevity, he explains, but you can't forget women, nor women's skirts.

And it's true that some pretty good speeches, including Lincoln's at Gettysburg, were short. A Pennsylvania State Senator, arguing against allowing motorboats on certain lakes, once arose and spoke only two words—"Putt, putt." The great wit, Wilton Lackaye, asked by one toastmaster to give his address, coughed, said, "216 West 58th Street," and sat down.

"You must be guided also by the speaker who preceded you," Jessel maintains. "If he finished with a laugh, you should start seriously—and the other way around. If the audience is inattentive, refer to the beauty of the ladies. The ladies nudge their husbands and wake them up. It's also good to use unfamiliar words. I often start out, 'This is an evening to be remembered and a memory to conjure with.' People in the audience ask each other what 'conjure' means, it arouses interest and gives me time to think what to say. To get a laugh, for example, I may say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, before I begin my address, I have something to say.' "

Once well started, he pauses.

Jessel, Jimmy Walker, George M. Cohan, and Bishop Manning have been masters of the pause, and students of public speech would do well to listen to some of the Jessel speeches just to hear him be silent. He cocks his head ceilingward, aiming his chin at a guy in the balcony, and stares at the chandelier as though brooding deeply on how to phrase his next tremendous thought. "It gets attention," he says. "Although I'm not wondering what to say; I'm probably wondering where I was last night."

Frequently Jessel whips out a

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monocle and lifts it to his eye. Generally this brings a laugh. "It happens that I do have weak eyes," he says. "But if I put on glasses to read something, it may make somebody sad. They say, 'Poor man's half-blind.' I use the monocle—and they laugh."

When toastmastering, Jessel strives to introduce everybody on the dais, although in following this rule, which is intended to avert hurt feelings, he once got into a spectacular trap—and got out of it just as spectacularly. At a dinner for Eddie Cantor, Jessel introduced everybody but one man way down at the end, and he didn't know the man's name. "That guy down at the end—frankly I don't know who he is," he said. "But he must be somebody, because we don't let any jerks sit at this table."

"He's trying to overcome an inferiority complex"

The thunderclap of laughter was the greatest that has ever greeted any of his introductions. It was joined in by the man he didn't know, Hubbell Robinson, an advertising-agency executive. It was the shock of sudden unexpected truth that got the laugh.

* * *

As a Hollywood producer who has made such extravaganzas as *The Dolly Sisters*, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, and *Nightmare Alley*, Jessel is expected to make friends for Hollywood and he generally does. He's not above an occasional chilling sarcasm, though. In his store of witticisms there's one he sometimes uses at the end of the principal speaker's address. After the applause has died, Jessel says, "Congratulations on your excellent address . . . (Double pause.) But what a remarkable coincidence that this same speech so perfectly fitted the laying of a cornerstone last week." He once said that to ex-Governor Frank Merriam of California, and there are still evidences that Merriam didn't enjoy it.

Jessel flew cross-country to preside at a testimonial for Sophie Tucker that was given in New York some time ago. Everybody who had been important to Sophie

Continued on page 146

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PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.

Toastmaster General

Continued from page 145

was there, save one—her ex-husband, Al Lackey. Nobody had the courage to mention his name. Jessel, during his remarks, almost brought the roof down when he said, "Unfortunately, a lot of folks who love Sophie can't be here tonight, alas, alack and Al Lackey."

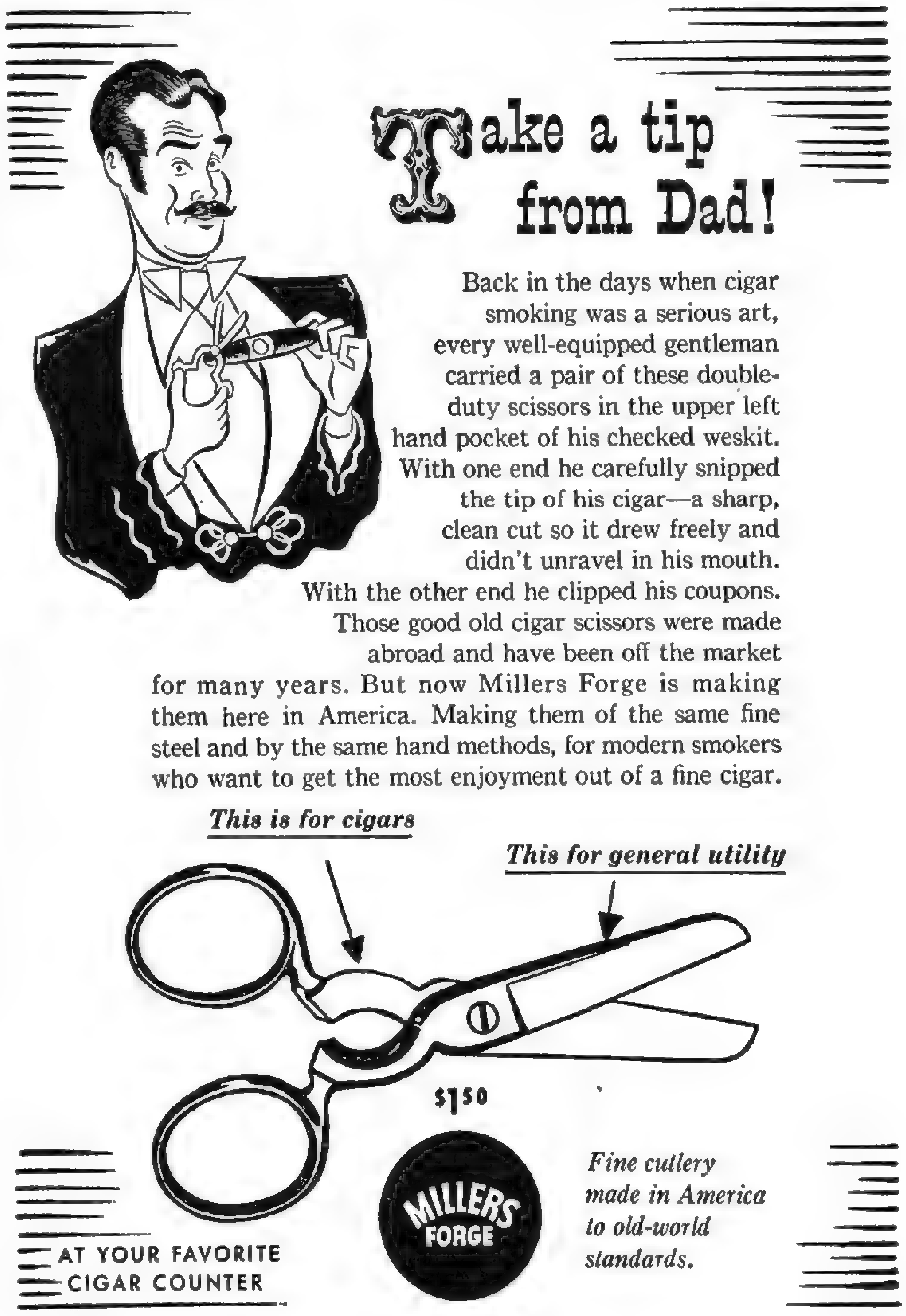
A famous Jessel device is to take the telegrams sent by people who couldn't get to a banquet—and tear them up. "The senders of these telegrams expect me to read them," he once told an audience. "To hell with 'em! Let them come here and pay $100 a plate for the dinner like we did."

Diligently, Jessel has built up the idea that there's an intense economic rivalry between Jolson, Cantor, and himself. Actually, there isn't. Jessel's not in the same league with the other two. He flings money away. In his speeches, he exaggerates Cantor's thrift, maintaining that Albuquerque is the town where Cantor gets off the train and sells blankets to the Indians. "Jolson has $6,000,000," Jessel says, "Cantor wants $6,000,000 and I'm afraid Cantor's going to get it." Acting as "roastmaster" at a dinner at the Hollywood Friars Club where Jolson was the guest of honor, Jessel said, "A modest man, a rose that blushes unseen, a man beloved by everybody—such a man is not our guest tonight."

For Cantor, Jessel has real affection. He calls Eddie "a sainted buffoon." Of Jessel, Cantor says, "Georgie has so many irons in the fire he puts the fire out." They were kids in the Gus Edwards days. Around that time Jessel and two other youngsters—one of them named Walter Winchell—sang in a nickelodeon to the accompaniment of slides for $12.50 a week. The other two young crooners were fired. Jessel remained. A sign outside the nickelodeon said, "It's worth 5 cents alone to hear little Georgie Jessel sing."

Thirty years later, Winchell wrote, "And it still goes."

Jessel's singing is far from his main talent. He sings out of the corner of his mouth, sort of downhill. There's plenty of entertainment in his singing, but several of his witty critics who love music have suggested that Mayor O'Dwyer give him the Off-key to the city. But he is much more than a singer: he is a producer, and he has frequently contributed some small part of the writing to a film. He likes to paint a picture of himself as a flunkying yes man to Darryl Zanuck, though. He facetiously says that some friends who found him lying one night on



Take a tip from Dad!

Back in the days when cigar smoking was a serious art, every well-equipped gentleman carried a pair of these double-duty scissors in the upper left hand pocket of his checked weskit. With one end he carefully snipped the tip of his cigar—a sharp, clean cut so it drew freely and didn't unravel in his mouth. With the other end he clipped his coupons. Those good old cigar scissors were made abroad and have been off the market for many years. But now Millers Forge is making them here in America. Making them of the same fine steel and by the same hand methods, for modern smokers who want to get the most enjoyment out of a fine cigar.

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Sunset Boulevard in front of Charlie Morrison's Mocambo Café wanted to call a doctor, but that he waved them away. "How could I explain to them," he says, "that I was saving a parking space for Darryl Zanuck's car?"

Yes, Jessel can dish it out, and he's generally been able to take it, too—except when they kidded him about his marriage to Lois Andrews when he was in his early forties and she was sixteen. He was unusually tender about the situation and protested bitterly to this columnist in 1943 for reprinting a gag then current: "Georgie Jessel had dates with Patricia Flynn until he discovered she was over sixteen."

". . . *lunch meat, crackers, cherries—and a fifth of milk!*"

This, he felt, implied that he carried on all of his amours with youngsters, when actually Miss Andrews was the only one—and, despite her age, she was really quite an adult. Jessel even served notice on some broadcasting companies that he'd tolerate no such jokes from their comics. Personally, I recanted—after printing just one more joke—and have been his friend and admirer since. Cantor twitted Jessel about the marriage also, but this didn't affect their friendship. One of Cantor's daughters confided not long ago to a friend, "Daddy and I are very close now. I'm convinced he loves me almost as much as he loves Jessel."

Broadway's warm reception for Jessel when he opened his café act at the Carnival—and the excellent notices he got from the saloon editors—awoke Hollywood to the fact that it also had an actor in Georgie. Despite his claims to being one of the most conceited of all hams, Jessel has never pushed himself into any of the pictures he has produced. He appeared briefly in a preliminary filming of *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, but ordered his part cut out.

"It was a nostalgic picture, and naturally I didn't look as good as I did years before—in fact, I didn't look as good as I did the night before," he said.

As a producer, Jessel functions

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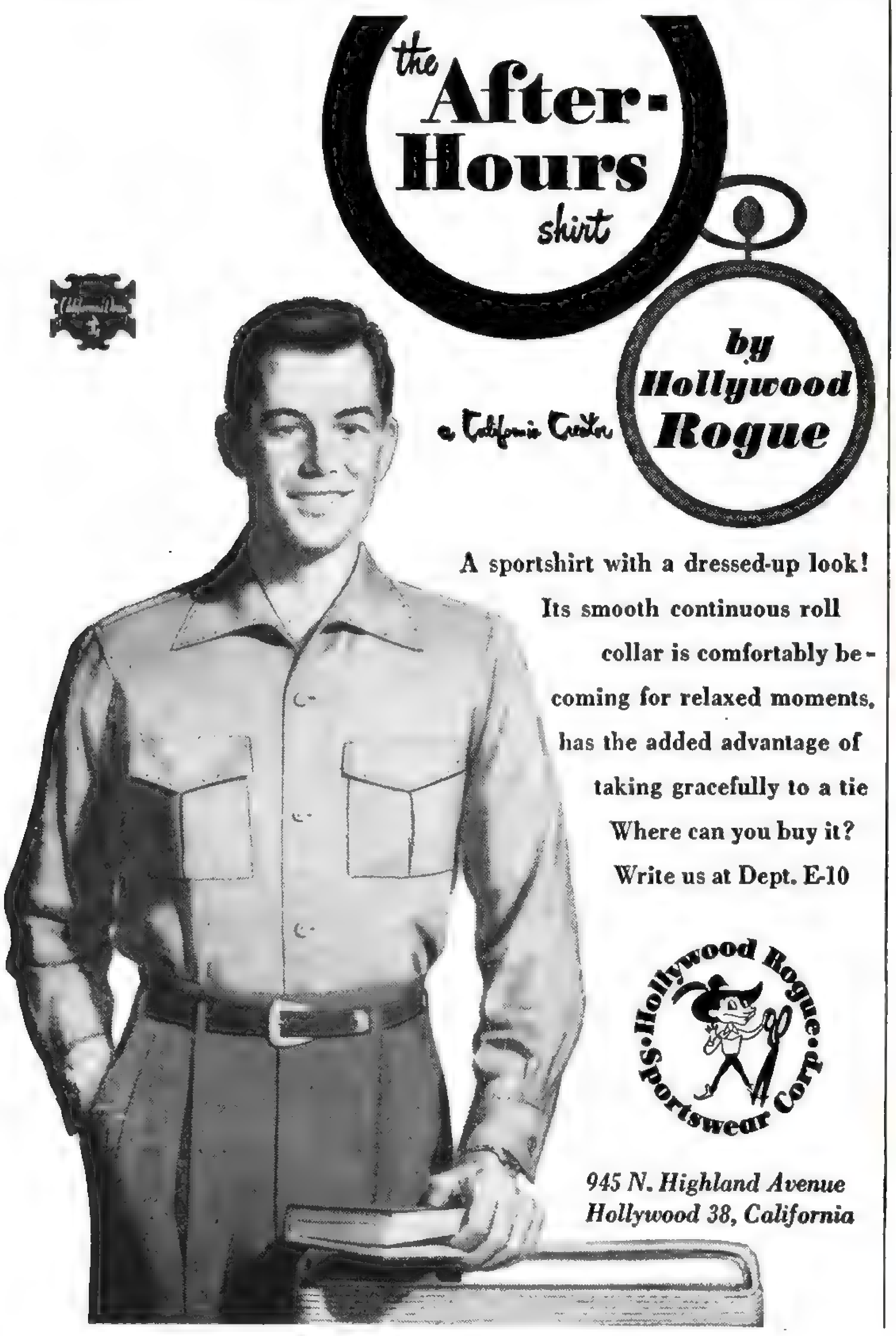

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Toastmaster General

Continued from page 147

from one of Hollywood's most remarkable offices. I was showing my mother around Hollywood one day, and when I came to his office, I stopped to see if the coast was clear. It's well that I did—because it wasn't. Jessel, with his pants down, was getting a vitamin shot from a doctor. Rather, a double shot.

Jessel takes double shots whether it's vitamins or Scotch. This pepping-up enables him to lead a strenuous café life. His consequent worldliness makes him wonderfully helpful to Hollywood on treatment of love stories. Reading a script, he will come to a line where the hero says to the girl, "Your eyes sparkle like the diamonds in Tiffany's window." Jessel says, "Look now, no guy says that to a dame." Out comes the line, for the writers say, "Who knows better?"

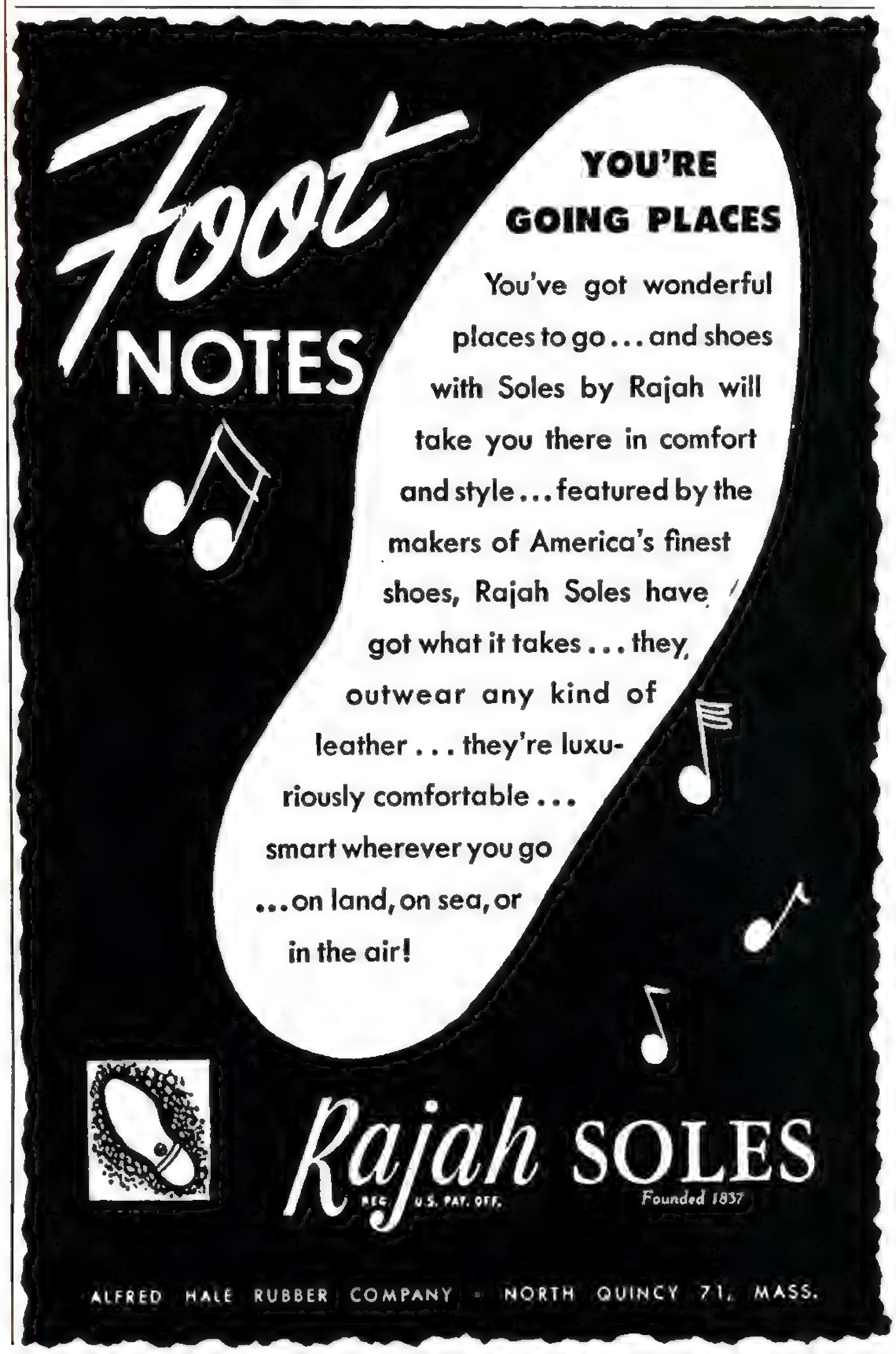
While Jessel will sentimentalize all over the place about show people, he also knows that there's a high hooey content to much of the sentiment about show business. He twits Irving Berlin a little about *There's No Business Like Show Business*, the great song of *Annie, Get Your Gun.* Although you may get the impression from this song that the life of an actor is a superior one, Jessel inquires whether anybody believes that Nelson and David Rockefeller would prefer to be Smith & Dale, the vaudeville act.

Still, he will, at the right time, make good use of sentiment or nostalgia, as Jimmy Walker did. Walker had the ability to make people homesick for New York although they'd never been there. John Golden once told Walker, "You could have been an actor." To which Walker replied, "What the hell do you think I was doing down at City Hall all those years?"

Jimmy's most quoted sentimental line was spoken to Joe Louis when he said, simply, "You have placed a wreath on the grave of Abraham Lincoln." Jessel almost equaled that as a tribute to Alfred E. Smith soon after Smith's death. "Tonight a star in Heaven tipped its hat," he said. "It was a brown derby."

As a showman, Jessel knows the importance, when speaking, of quitting at the right moment, of "getting off" with a good punch line. Perhaps his best punch line came years ago when he exited from a meeting of assembled moguls of the old Fox studios in Hollywood—they had just fired him. Leaving, he flung at them: "Spell 'cat!'"

Evidently, considering his status now, he was right. At fifty, he admits, though, that the biggest



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kicks of his life have come from the applause he's had at the speakers' table; as, for example, the night when Franklin D. Roosevelt put his arm around him and said, "Georgie, you were in good form tonight." He's also had Presidents Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover, and Truman in his audiences.

With Walker gone, Jessel is easily our Toastmaster General. Nor should anybody put him down as a man parroting others' material. He has grown and will continue to grow in stature. It's only when he's greatly inconvenienced that he'll ask a fee for speaking—and when he's greatly inconvenienced, he'll probably refuse anyway. Will Rogers, invited to a dinner once, and subsequently pressed to speak, submitted to his host a bill for $5000. "But you were our guest," his host said. "I only consider myself a guest," Rogers said, "when my wife's invited, too."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself tonight, Mr. Pottle, but, believe me, you won't get to first base"

Jessel has been wifeless during recent years, but he may soon alter, or altar, that status. Meanwhile, he admits that the people who have topped his remarks on the two most notable occasions have been women. One was his daughter, Jerilynn, now seven. When she was smaller and less hep than now, George pressed her face close to his and said, "Daddy shaved his face." Jessel happened to be toupeeless, and she answered, "Daddy shaved his head, too."

Jessel was also topped by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at the last inauguration luncheon, when he sat at Mrs. Roosevelt's left. After remarking that the guests were practically starved because of the meager supply of food, he said, "While you, Mrs. Roosevelt, are First Lady of the Land, it certainly is not for your cooking. All you gave us was chicken salad, and never in the history of chicken salad have so few chickens been mixed up with so much celery and lettuce."

Mrs. Roosevelt answered, "Why, Georgie, I don't remember putting any chicken in that chicken salad!" #

Continued from page 63

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Pablo and Blanco

Continued from page 79

good-by. He threw an old blanket over Blanco's bony back and the two of them set out on the long, hot trip. The sun came up and beamed at them. It climbed higher and scorched them. Blanco began to stumble.

They climbed many rocky hills. They passed the sandy beds of washes and went on and on. By noontime Blanco was so tired that Pablo dismounted. The two were walking along the dusty hot trail together when they came within sight of the brown adobe houses of Posto Redondo.

A man was reclining in front of one of these houses with his hat pulled down over his face.

"I am looking for Carmenita, whose father is George Percharo," Pablo told him.

The man pointed to a girl who was watching from a doorway.

Pablo and Blanco walked up to her. Poor Pablo's heart was beating like a hammer. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Her skin was the light tan of a dried paloverde leaf. Her hair was black and shining. Her eyes were large and black and her eyelashes were long and curly.

"Are you Carmenita?" Pablo asked.

She nodded.

"I am Pablo Mendoza and I have a message from Carlos Kisto."

She laughed easily. "I know your message. He wants to marry me. I have told him no."

Then Pablo told her how he owed Kisto ten dollars and would go to jail if he did not persuade her to marry the old man.

"That is too bad," she said, "but I will not marry him. I have three reasons why I will not."

"And what are they?" asked Pablo.

"I will not tell you, Pablo Mendoza. But since you are in trouble I will go with you and ask Carlos not to call the policeman."

It was nearly sundown when they came to Pablo's home. Carlos was leaning against the paloverde tree, waiting. "Well?" he asked.

"I tried," Pablo pleaded, "but she says she will not marry you for three reasons."

"And what are they?" Carlos stamped his foot. "You have failed and I will call the policeman."

Pablo shrugged his plump shoulders. The sun was setting and the Arizona sky was streaming with scarlet and purple. People were peeping from houses. Some were coming this way.

"My first reason," said Car-

HOLLAND RACINE Shoes

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Esquire
AUTHENTIC BOLD LOOK
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Comfortable as a wide spread collar
Durable as your favorite tweed . . .
They're Rough - They're Rugged - They're Authentic

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Holland-Racine
Dealer today
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HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC. HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

menita, "is that I will marry a young man."

"Bah," said Carlos Kisto. "Here is a young man and he is going to jail."

"My second reason," said Carmenita, "is that I will marry a generous man."

"Bah," said Carlos. "Here is a generous man and he is going to jail."

Carmenita looked at Pablo. "Yes," she said, "Pablo is generous."

At that particular moment the whole village was gathering about them. There were old women and children carrying packages. There were lean men holding paper sacks in their hands.

The Head Man then began to speak. "Carlos, we hear Pablo is in trouble because he bought gifts for us. We can do without them. But we cannot do without Pablo. So take them to your store—"

They began to throw packages and bundles and sacks at Carlos' feet.

Carlos stamped in rage. "I will not take them. He must pay."

"Take them," said the old Head Man sternly.

Angrily, Carlos gathered up the packages. He looked at Carmenita. "And what is your third reason for not marrying me?"

Carmenita spoke softly. "My husband must have many friends."

Carlos did not say "Bah." He looked at Pablo.

"Yes," said Carmenita. "Pablo has many friends."

And if you should go to a little Papago village in southern Arizona, you will find Pablo sitting under his paloverde tree, playing his guitar or making believe he is asleep with his floppy-brimmed hat over his face. But since he is married to Carmenita, and two women can raise more pumpkins and beans and squash than one can, he is much fatter. And so is Blanco. And so is Pablo's grandmother. And so are all the little Pablos and Carmenitas.

And getting fatter all the time . . . #

"Can you direct me to the outskirts of town?"

LET IT SNOW!

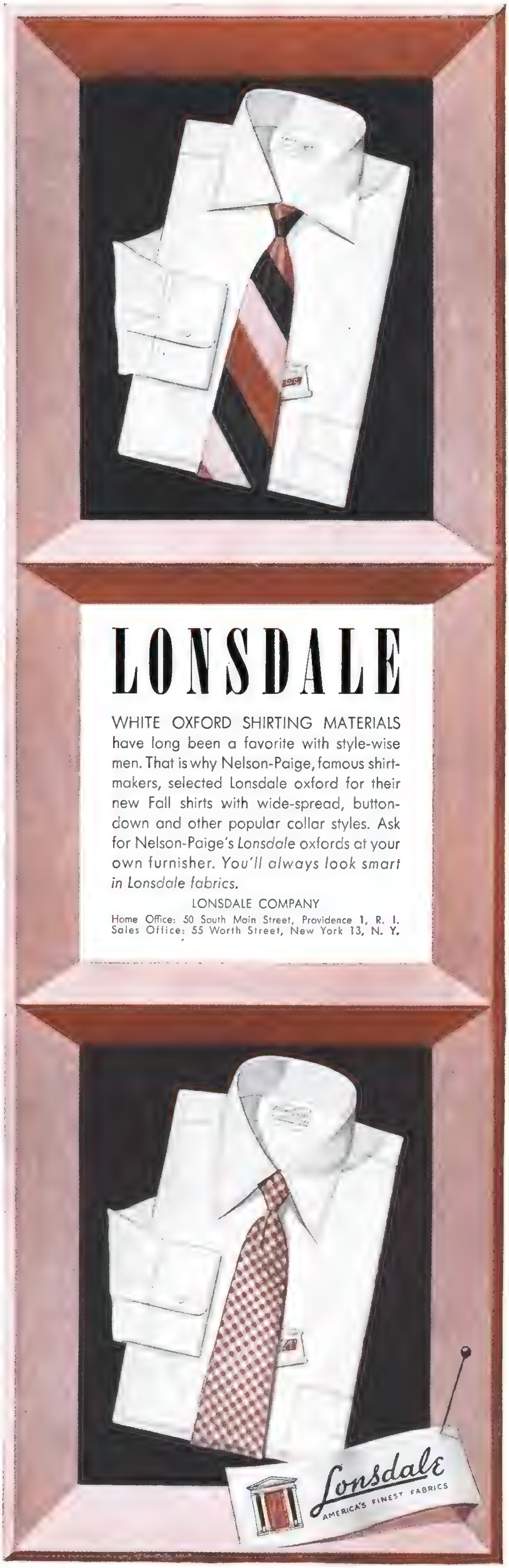
This "Sun Valley" model comes in ideal color combinations, authentic reindeer pattern. Seams reinforced.

Whether it be skiing, sledding or just a hike in the chill autumn air, the "Sun Valley" ski sweater is a perfect choice. Equally appropriate for campus or famed resort — you're certain to attract admiring glances in this exclusive, virgin wool sweater.

sweaters from Fashion hill REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

If not available at your favorite store write for catalog.

NORTH AMERICAN KNITTING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO


LONSDALE

WHITE OXFORD SHIRTING MATERIALS have long been a favorite with style-wise men. That is why Nelson-Paige, famous shirtmakers, selected Lonsdale oxford for their new Fall shirts with wide-spread, button-down and other popular collar styles. Ask for Nelson-Paige's *Lonsdale* oxfords at your own furnisher. *You'll always look smart in Lonsdale fabrics.*

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Sales Office: 55 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Lonsdale AMERICA'S FINEST FABRICS

The "Great Dane" YEAR-ROUND Weatherproof Coat

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At Leading Men's Stores

Other famous "Dane Wear" Coats include:

"PEDIGREE" "MILITAIRE"
"CHALLENGER" "ARISTOCRAT"
"CHAMPION"

COSMOPOLITAN MFG. CO.
Cambridge 42, Mass.

©

Shoot Faster and Better

Continued from page 82

sport. The Western writer Chauncey Thomas—who was a pal of mine for many years—who knew more about rifles and rifle shooting than any other man of his generation, dubbed this game "bullet billiards." He played it for years, with outstanding success. But he mixed in with his billiard practice the everyday kind of shooting I am going to recommend to you, and he was as fine an all-around rifleman as ever lived.

How the old boy could shoot! I remember one day when he tried out a new rifle, just as it came from the factory, with execrable open sights and all the other failings new rifles can have. A jackrabbit got up 150 yards away. I still don't see how the old chap—he was sixty-five at the time—got the rifle to his shoulder and the shot off so quickly. He cut the rabbit in two. It was no fluke, either; he did the same thing three times before the day was over. It was just a skill he had achieved through long practice.

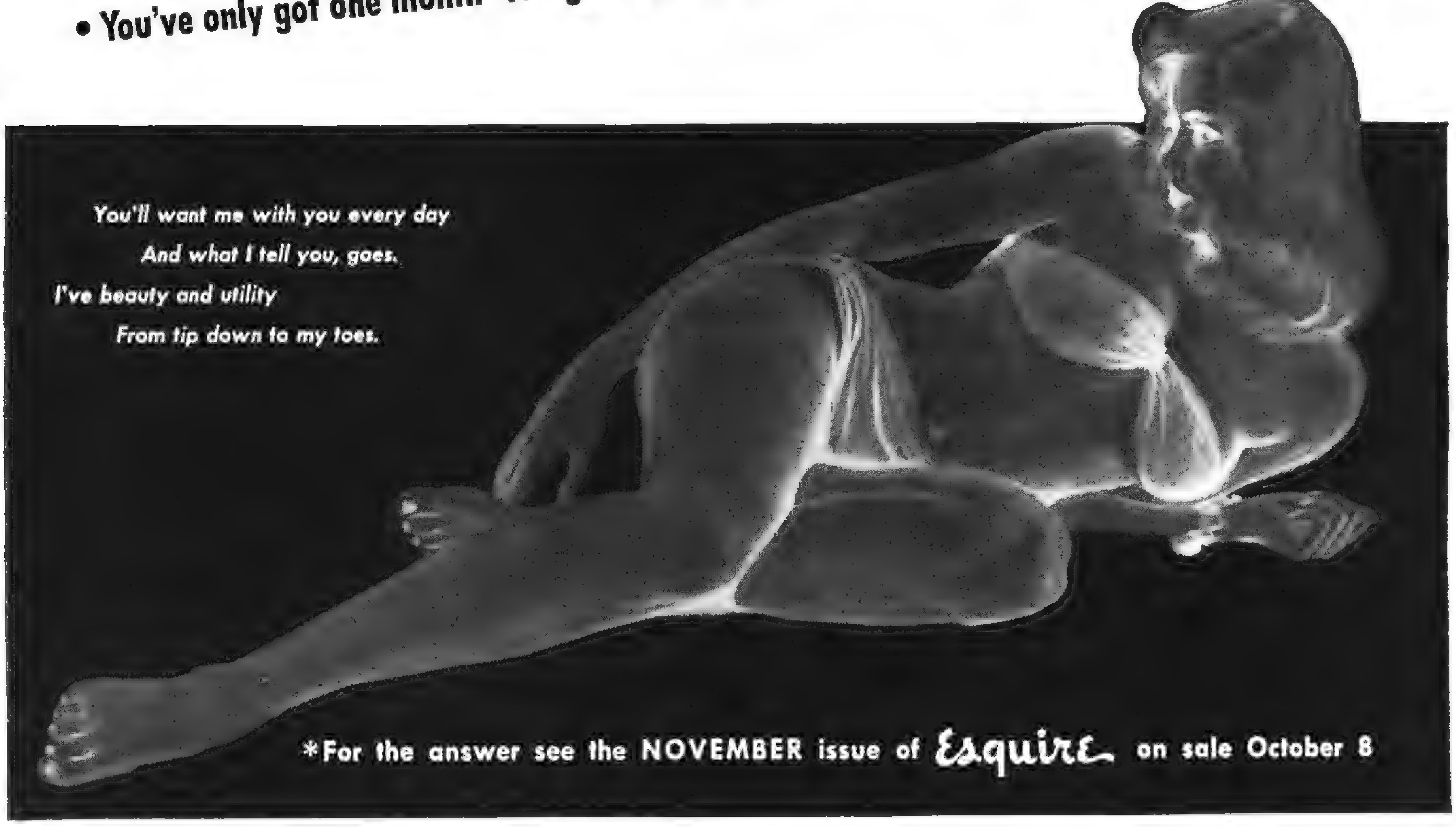
If I had my way, every man who essays to be a rifleman would fire one shot at snap shooting for every two he fires at a target. One of my friends, himself a fine game shot, defines snap shooting as "firing the instant the gun touches the shoulder and the sights touch the target. It's shooting which takes place in the wink of an eye." There is no searching for the sights or the mark, no holding the breath, no dawdling like an old maid over a cup of tea. The rifle comes to the shoulder; the sights find the mark; the rifle is fired. That, to my mind, is the only kind of shooting worthy of an accomplished rifleman.

If you are seriously interested in becoming such a rifleman, I believe I can make a few helpful suggestions.

First, equip your rifle with snap-shooting sights. If you use open sights—and there are still quite a few experts who prefer them—you will probably have to abandon the old buckhorn with its canyon walls that keep you from seeing what you are shooting at, and substitute a modern flat-topped rear sight with a fairly wide and shallow notch. It will be like riding bareback the first times you use it, but you will be surprised how much faster you can shoot.

The best set of open sights I ever used, as a matter of fact, did away entirely with the notice in the rear sight. I picked this idea up from reading Theodore Van Dyke's fascinating book *The Still Hunter*, in which he tells of making such a sight out of a hunk of hard-sole leather dyed black. I

• It took many months to guess Radio's Walking Man
• You've only got one month* to figure out Esquire's Reclining Woman!



You'll want me with you every day
And what I tell you, goes.
I've beauty and utility
From tip down to my toes.
*For the answer see the NOVEMBER issue of Esquire on sale October 8

made mine out of a piece of bone. The theory is that the eye will find exact center of the flat bar with the same ease that it finds the center of a peep. It sounded good enough to try, but all my friends guyed me for my "shotgun" sight. They predicted scattered results, but I did some of my best shooting with that sight!

Perhaps, however, you have long ago graduated from the open-sight school and your rifle is equipped with a peep. Fine. But make sure that it is the right kind of peep sight, with a large aperture and an unhooded front sight, preferably a coarse one. Small apertures and hooded sights are the ticket if you're shooting at targets, but they leave you waiting at the church when it's running game you want. You can use a scope, too, provided it's the right kind—which means a low-power, 3 or 2½, not over 3-power.

The practice required for mastering the art of snap shooting is different from target practice. You'll feel frustrated at first because you'll miss your flat-on-the-belly position. But never do anything but stand on your two legs when you shoot; never sit, kneel, or lie down. Don't hang on to a sight waiting for perfect conditions either. Shoot the instant the front sight touches the object. Strive to get your bullets off faster, faster, and faster. At first you will puncture holes in the landscape and miss what you're trying to hit entirely. (Since a rifle bullet can travel as far as three miles, it is very dangerous to practice in open country. The range should be near a rock-free hill that will absorb the bullets.) But don't let that dismay you. A few dozen .22 rifle cartridges wasted will give you the feel of the sort of thing you are trying to do, and presently you'll have the surprise of your life: you'll hit what you shoot at.

What to shoot at poses, of course, a question. Obviously you can't learn to shoot at live animals, because there aren't enough to go around. So you will have to

Continued on page 154

"I just can't bring myself to slap a guy with glasses!"

"He's gotta have atmosphere since he got his SULTAN Turkish Style Water Pipe"

SULTAN gives you the utmost in smoking enjoyment . . . rich, mellow smoking, purified by filtering through water. There's no falling ashes no nicotine juices. You get the natural flavor of your favorite tobacco.

SULTAN has an aged, imported briar bowl. Beautiful Turkish Style, hand-blown glass bottle. Your choice of several colors.

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SULTAN Turkish Style WATER PIPE

If your dealer cannot supply you . . . order from
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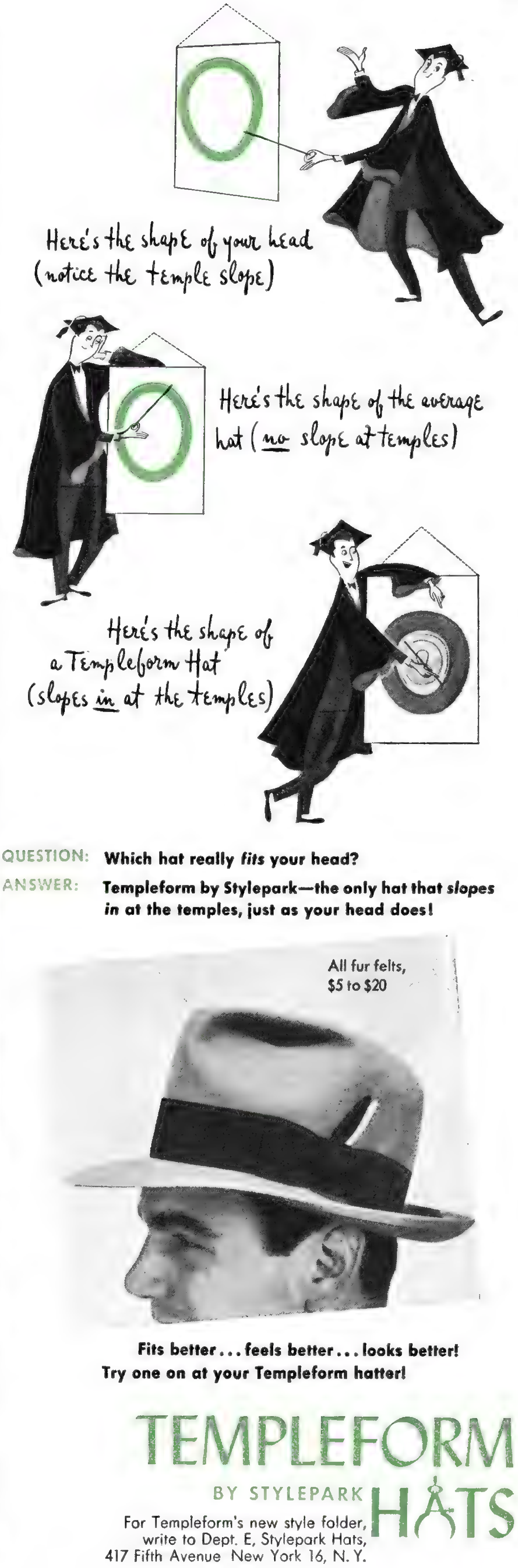

Here's the shape of your head (notice the temple slope)

Here's the shape of the average hat (no slope at temples)

Here's the shape of a Templeform Hat (slopes in at the temples)

QUESTION: **Which hat really *fits* your head?**

ANSWER: **Templeform by Stylepark—the only hat that *slopes in* at the temples, just as your head does!**

All fur felts, $5 to $20

Fits better . . . feels better . . . looks better!
Try one on at your Templeform hatter!

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BY STYLEPARK HATS

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write to Dept. E, Stylepark Hats,
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Here it is...

The Famous SPORTSMAN'S FLASK!

THE WORLD'S PREFERRED COGNAC BRANDY is now available in this handy size. A nip of fine Hennessy is welcome wherever you go.

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Sole U.S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N. Y. • Importers since 1794

Shoot Faster and Better

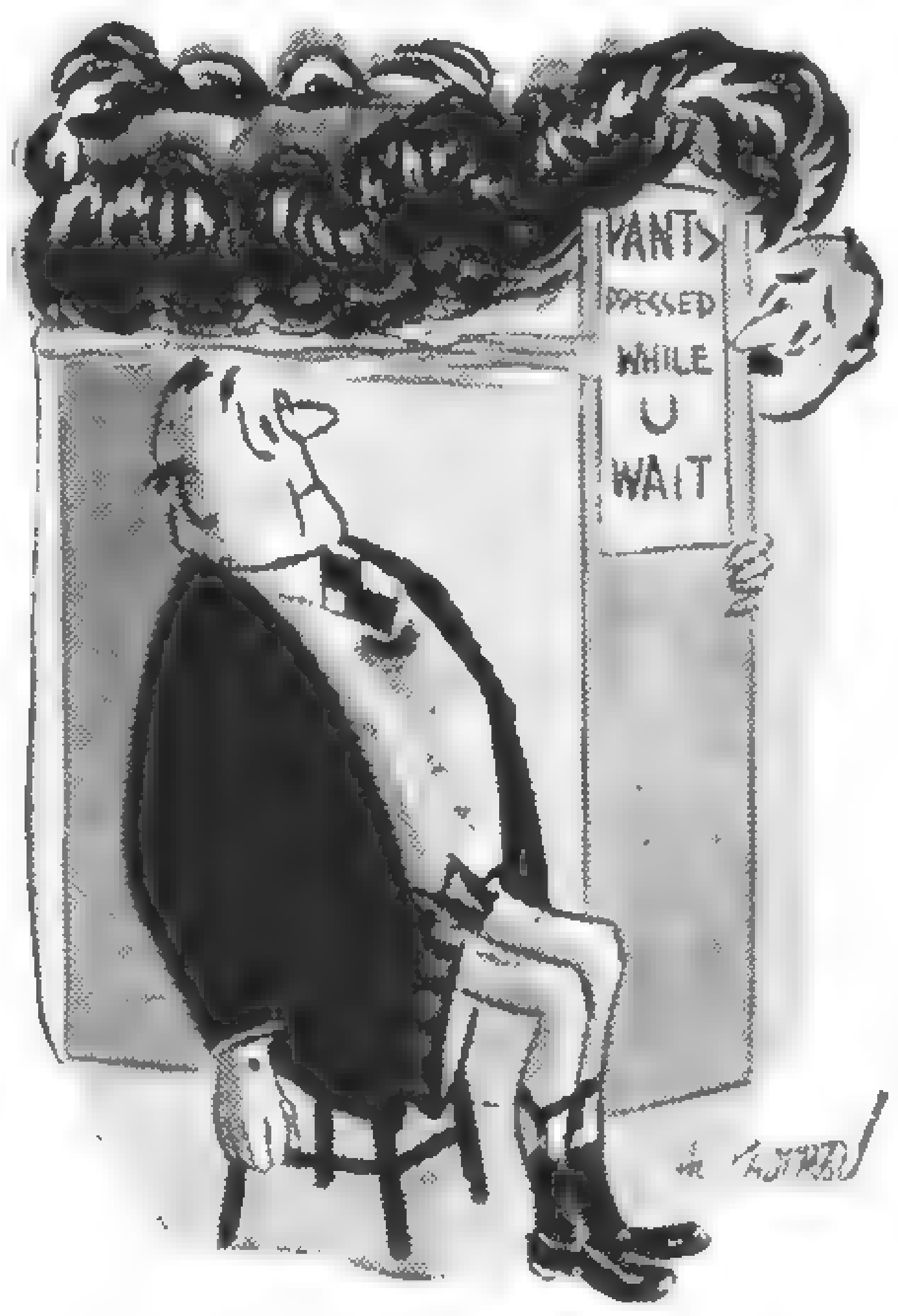
Continued from page 153

find some substitute that resembles a lively, active, moving target. It may take some hard thinking.

I solved the problem fairly well some years ago by building a small cart to trail after my car. On the cart I strapped a tin can. Then I had someone drive the car to an isolated section where there were no houses, and I stood off 50, 75, or 100 yards and shot at the can. It worked fine. If the car is driven over rough terrain, you will, I promise, have a very workable substitute for a running deer or bounding jackrabbit. At first you won't hit the can at all, but after a few weeks you will be able to reduce the size of the can until you are hitting little ones instead of the 5-galloners with which you will unquestionably have to start. A tin can on a string hung from a tree would serve the same purpose for a beginner. Furthermore, it would be much safer, as the shooting could be confined to this one area.

If you don't have moving targets to shoot at, it is still possible to practice snap shooting. Just shoot at whatever objects present themselves such as cane or stumps. Follow the procedure, however, that I have outlined: shoot fast, shoot the minute the sight touches the object, and strive for speed, speed, speed. Shoot at all ranges—close, middle-distance, and far away—thus developing your judgment of range, which is a priceless skill for a rifleman.

I'll wager that if you follow my advice for a few weeks you will find yourself a better rifleman than you ever dreamed you could be. The next time you take the game field, you will be surprised at how easily you get your game. And, in the process, you will become a real rifleman, not merely a man skilled at making holes in a piece of paper. #


PANTS PRESSED WHILE U WAIT

"Yours isn't a two-pants suit by any chance?"

Continued from page 82

SMITH SYNCHRO-FLEX
BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
Talbot

You like the company of

Tuned to instant foot-action harmony by patented Synchro-Flex construction . . . an exclusive advance in shoemaking . . . they serve you long and stylishly with matchless ease. These agreeable companions for every day and every mile, are worth a lot to you. Join the thousands of smart men who like the company of British Walkers.

Retailed by 490 leading Shoe and Department Stores in the U.S.A.

The WINDSOR (Style S-1624) with the new streamline U-Wing Tip, is made in Imported Albion Grain leather . . . rich and rugged.

THE J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS . . . *making British Walkers for Men and Women*

Up and Downey

Continued from page 52

himself temporarily expelled.) At seventeen he quit school to become a candy butcher on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Here, for the first time, he coupled talent with business. Attired in a white coat, he did not shout his wares, but sang them in his clear tenor. After the initial surprise, passengers always clamored to buy.

Already known for his singing at entertainments in Wallingford, Morton shortly became famous as the kid who sang on trains and was asked to sing at a large dinner in New Haven. For this he was promised twenty-five dollars—considerably more than his earnings as a candy butcher. Telephoning his boss, he pleaded sickness and lightheartedly took the day off.

That night as he sang at the dinner he suddenly saw a familiar countenance among the faces before him. It was his boss at the railroad, and from his look Downey knew he was fired.

A few days later, Morton bade his family farewell and rode the familiar train to New York. There he went to the big song-publishing houses looking for work. Because of his sweet tenor and Irish name, he was hired by a firm to sing its songs at a dollar a throw at Tammany banquets and smokers. During most months of the year, there are many such functions in Manhattan, but in the summers there was little work. Once he had to sleep on a park bench. One day he was dispatched to a smoker at the Democratic headquarters of the so-called Silk Stocking District in Manhattan. Boss of this district was "Uncle Jimmy" Hagen, a Tammany stalwart who loved Irish melodies. At the end of Morton's songs, he asked the young singer where he was living. Downey, who was broke, gulped and said, "Brooklyn." The boss brushed this aside with his cigar. "I talk to people all day," he said, "and I know when they are hard up and when they're not telling the truth. From now on you're living with me."

Hagen already had a large family, but he worked the new member into its ranks, and through him Morton met a Wurlitzer Company executive, who took him to Paul Whiteman. Whiteman, then the undisputed King of Jazz, had several orchestras bearing his name. He hired the twenty-year-old Downey as soloist for one orchestra, paying him $75 a week. As a singer, Downey proved eminently satisfactory, but as a practical joker he nearly drove his colleagues mad. "No one could sing like Mort," says Whiteman, "but

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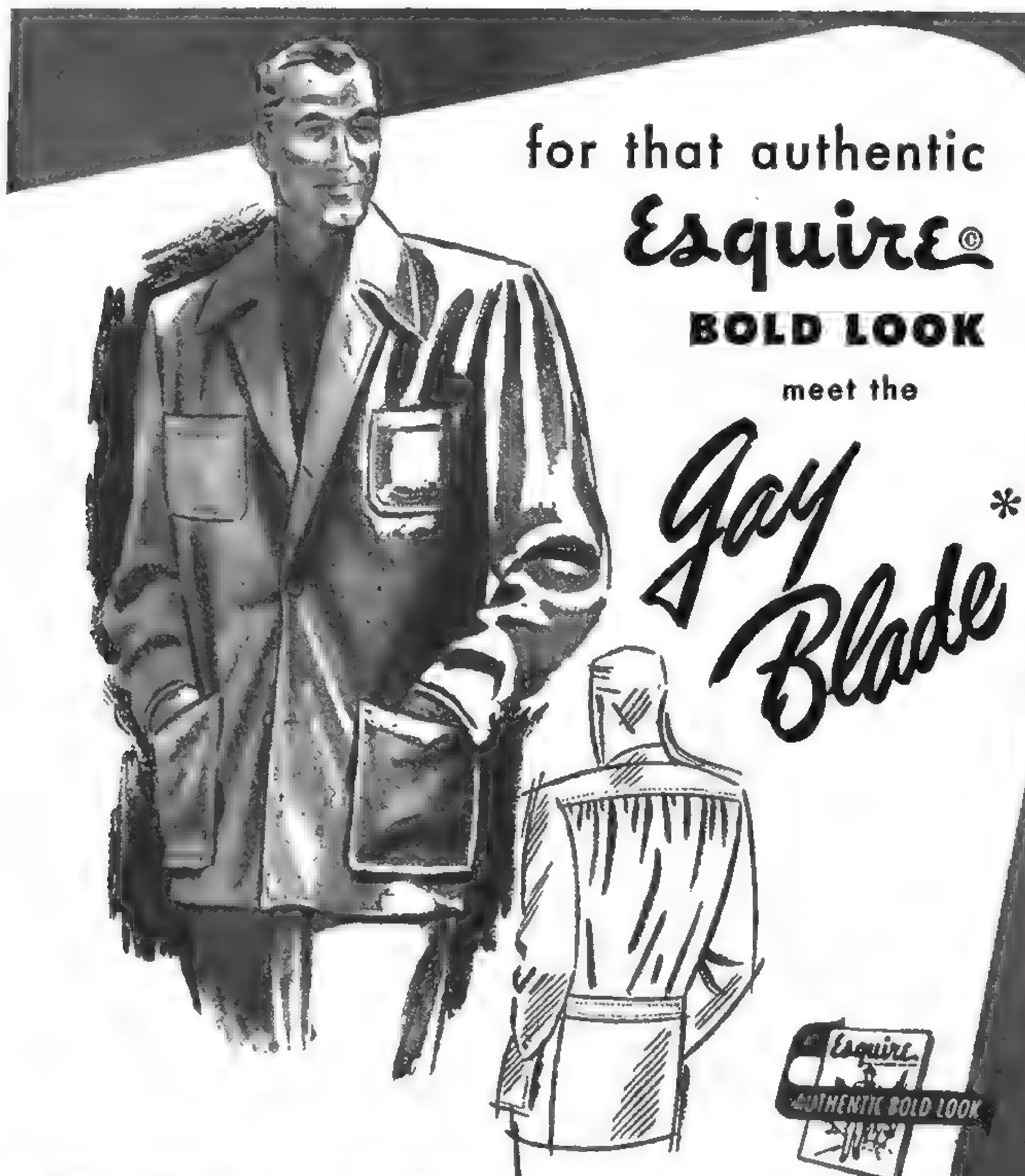

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BOLD LOOK
meet the
Gay Blade*

Gabardine Pleasure Jacket
of Finest Quality Virgin Wool

For the man who wants something NEW...authenticated by Esquire Fashion Council . . . just the right touch of casual smartness . . . superbly tailored with hymo front and moulded shoulder pads...completely lined and so easy to wear! Retails about $45.00. Sizes 34 to 44.

Featuring Wal-Sheen Gabardines in colors of: *Skipper Blue, Silver Grey, California Beige, Rum Brown, Forest Green, Maroon.*

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LOS ANGELES SPORTOGS COMPANY
TAILORS OF WORLD FAMOUS Sun Suedes
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*T. M. REG.

Informal C-O-M-F-O-R-T in Formal Wear

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

AMERICA'S FIRST NAME IN FORMAL WEAR

Such complete ease has never before been tailored into tuxedos and full dress. Gone are the corset-like stiffness, weighty fabrics and hour-glass outlines. "AFTER SIX" designers have combined business suit comfort with formal elegance to make "Going Formal" a very special pleasure. "AFTER SIX" Tuxedos also in Midnight-Blue Tropical Worsted for year-round wear—at better men's shops.

S. RUDOFKER'S SONS, INC., 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

Up and Downey

Continued from page 155

you never knew what the brat would do next."

When Whiteman undertook to furnish orchestras for United States Lines ships, he placed Downey with the *SS Leviathan* orchestra, which opened at the Palace preliminary to boarding ship. When a booker from the Palace had listened to a tryout, he had said, "The band's swell except for the kid with the high voice. Fire him." Downey's contract, though, which had been tightened by Uncle Jimmy Hagen, extended through the first week at the Palace. At the opening, in white, nautical uniform, he sang *My Wonderful One* and other Whiteman hits of the day, and his high tenor stopped the show. It stopped the show at every performance thereafter too, and when his contract expired he was given a new one which doubled his salary and stipulated that all advertising would read "The *SS Leviathan* Orchestra—with Morton Downey." He was then only twenty-one years old.

After several trips on the *Leviathan*, where he was accepted as an equal by Al Jolson and other travelers, Downey joined Whiteman's number-one orchestra. With it he sang at the hallowed Aeolian and Carnegie Hall concerts which brought respectability to jazz music. At these concerts, Downey sang, among other things, *Toora-loora-loora*, the Irish lullaby later used by Bing Crosby in *Going My Way*. When Downey left the Whiteman band for a $350-a-week vaudeville tour, he was succeeded by the Rhythm Boys, one of whom was Bing Crosby.

As a vaudeville headliner, Downey ranged the country, and, when vaudeville began to die, he turned to night clubs. After appearing first at a plush New York speak-easy called the Frivolity Club, he shortly moved to Texas Guinan's Playground, one of the top clubs of the day, where George Raft, Ruby Keeler, and Barbara Stanwyck danced in the club's chorus.

Downey liked night clubs—the hours were easy and the atmosphere intimate. "You meet more people in a supper club in a year," he says, "than most people meet in a lifetime."

Downey first sang over the radio in England, after appearing in three of the earliest American talking pictures. His films were successful enough to earn him a salary of $3000 a week, but Downey, who by now approached two hundred pounds, was acutely unhappy as romantic leading man. In England, trying radio for the

$8.50 to $9.50
MOST STYLES

CADILLAC
"Cordovant"
Style 3150. Handsome wing tip, rich burgundy color, ribbed sole edges.

Cadillac shoes give you a
New, Smarter Look
...at the popular price you like to pay

Rich burgundy leather in these sharp-styled Cadillac "Cordovants" gives you smarter appearance. Wear them with your blue, gray or brown suitings and you're strictly in style for every occasion. They're finer shoes that provide long wear and lasting comfort at the popular price you like to pay. See your Cadillac dealer.

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CADILLAC
Shoes for Men

It's
FASHION-RIGHT
for Fall
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1. It's the BOLD LOOK . . . naturally!
2. It's the ECORN SHADE . . . of course!
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Enjoy all three in a Whitney Shirt and you have the distinctive, fresh, masculine air that fits your individuality like your favorite suit. At leading men's stores, or write for name of nearest dealer.

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IT'S A Whitney SHIRT
TRADE MARK
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AUTHENTIC BOLD LOOK

Bold Look stitching adds its dynamic touch to this popular fused-collar Whitney Shirt.

This is the original Whitney Bold Look shirt with "command collar" and wide French cuffs. In Dan River Sovereign Oxford and rich broadcloth.

Note the Bold Look stitching on button-down collar, center pleat and cuffs . . . Comes in white as well as the creamy light Ecorn Shade.

first time, he was amazed to find that listeners often wrote him praising his songs. Here was something new—no one had ever written to him about his theatre or night-club performances. For weeks Downey pondered radio. Then, by cable, he made an arrangement with William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to sing over CBS. But when he returned to this country and discovered that his program was scheduled for seven o'clock in the evening he felt as if he had been hit by a shillelagh. At seven, Amos 'n Andy, the most popular attraction in radio's history, broadcast over NBC.

For a time Downey tried to break out of his radio commitment. Then his natural optimism asserted itself. He reasoned that there must be a few people who didn't like Amos 'n Andy. Consulting a newspaper, he was further encouraged. Every major broadcast at seven was a talking program. In November, 1930, he went on the air, five nights a week on a sustaining basis. Beginning each program with his own composition, *Wabash Moon*, he sang for fifteen minutes, sometimes interpolating a whistled chorus. In a short time he was receiving 95,000 fan letters a week and had established himself as a top radio personality. When Camel cigarettes took over this program, Downey was paid $2500 a week. He was still not yet thirty years old.

Once established in radio, he was not content to rest on his success. After leaving Camels, he was sponsored by a variety of products, and he always watched their sales. Eventually, since he himself was a relentless consumer of Coca-Cola, he decided that this was the sort of product his songs could sell. For two years he angled toward Coca-Cola sponsorship, and finally was rewarded by the offer of an afternoon spot. Though accustomed to the best evening hours, Downey grabbed the offer. This was six years ago, and he has

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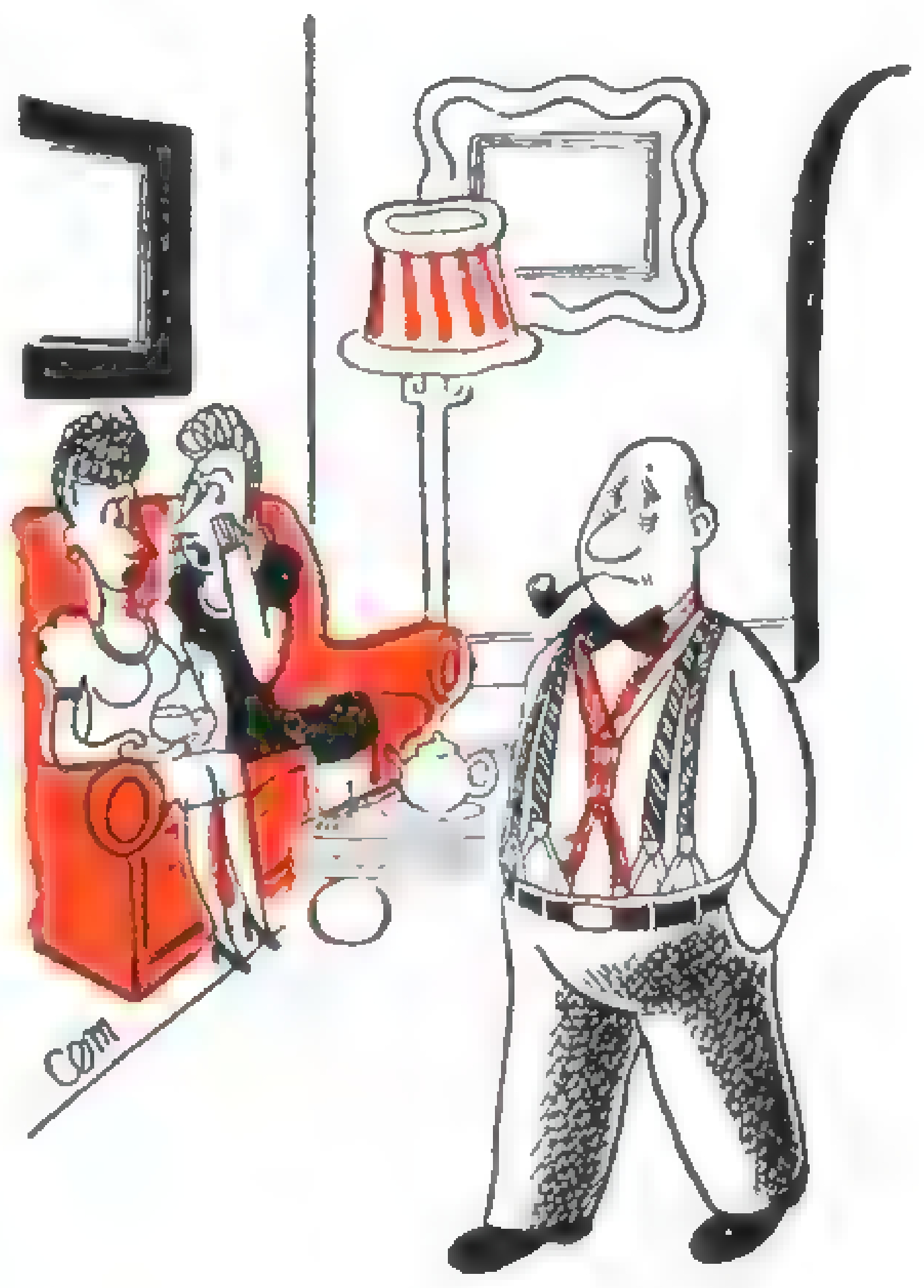

"My husband suffers from a strange phobia. He always thinks his pants are falling"

THE MILITARY TRENCHCOAT
with zip-in Warmer

A Fall Feature
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What could be more practical for all-year, all-weather wear than this double-duty topcoat, with warmer that zips in or out to suit the day.

It's a smart new trenchcoat with unusually fine hand-tailoring features by HARVARD . . .

Retails about $60, including warmer.

BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS

Genuine Tuff-Knit

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BELL'S
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Blended Scotch
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DISTILLERS PERTH SCOT
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TWELVE YEARS OLD
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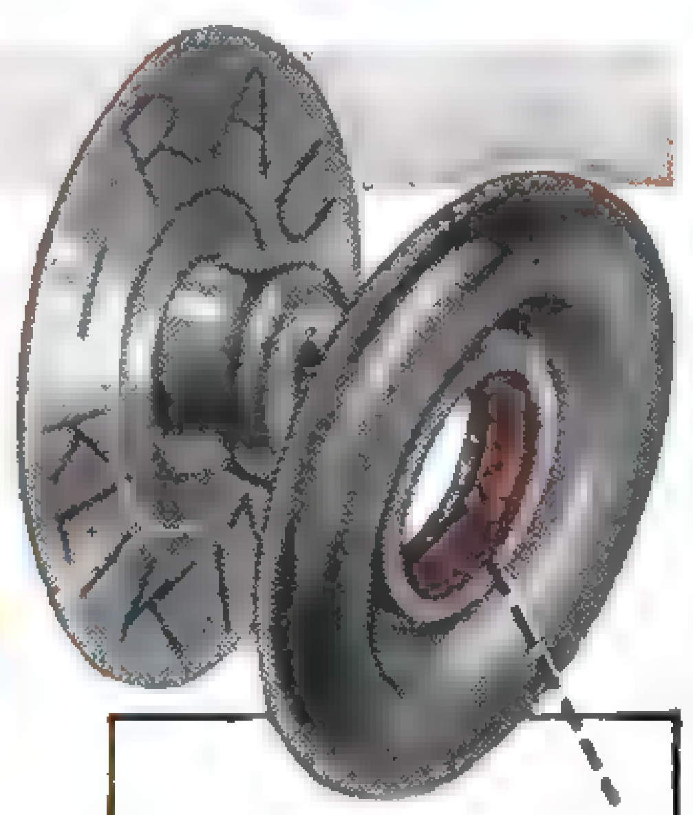
They always ring true... Because they're distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland from the fine old Highland Whiskies of Dufftown-Glenlivet, Blair-Athol and Inchgower distilleries. (Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Proprietors, Perth, Perthshire, Scotland. Est. 1825.)

86 proof. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn., sole agents for U.S.A.

BELL'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Little Boys' Shirts
...and Big Girls' Skirts
...Men's Shorts
...and Slacks for Sports



Be sure of the best with this simple test...

PICK IT WITH A **Klikit** SNAP FASTENER

Klikit's Patented Floating Spring
- WON'T RUST!
- WON'T SMASH!
- WON'T BREAK!

Klikits—and only Klikits—are made with the patented floating spring construction... a continuous metal band that can't jam or break like ordinary split metal fasteners. They're tub-proof—iron-proof! That's why they're the choice of America's top manufacturers for quality garments ... why discerning shoppers everywhere make sure the clothes they buy are Klikit-closed!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Tested and Commended by Parents' Magazine Consumer Service Bureau

RAU FASTENER CO., Providence 7, R. I. New York 11 Chicago 6 Gloversville, N. Y. Montreal 1 Toronto Los Angeles 14

Up and Downey

Continued from page 157

sung for Coca-Cola ever since, with time out for a USO tour.

Though today almost as much of a businessman as a singer, Downey still lives in the traditional manner of successful entertainers. Surrounding him is a group of assistants, yes-and-no men, and stooges, all on his personal pay roll and all bearing him a loyalty transcending money. In his apartment at the Park Lane in New York, Downey, who spends most of his time in the city, rises in midmorning, reads newspapers, telephones, and practices singing until noon. Then he begins a day which may include lunch at Twenty-One or Toots Shor's, or a political luncheon or benefit, at which he sings. Next he may dine at the Colony, Twenty-One, or the Stork Club, make a broadcast, or sing at a benefit. After midnight he is usually to be found in the Cub room of the Stork Club, probably with Sherman Billingsley, a close friend.

When not traveling, Downey spends most week ends at the Wallingford home he built for his parents and children. The father of four sons and a daughter, whose full custody he received when he was divorced from Barbara Bennett, Downey keeps a stern paternal eye on the report cards of a brood ranging in ages from ten to eighteen. Downey, a devout Catholic and a conventional man, brought up to believe in the sacredness of the family circle, finds himself with a large gap in his own. This probably causes the only unhappiness in his life.

Downey has never been impressed by his high tenor and was more amused than anyone when a critic described it as "the gentle drippings of many waters in a moon-kissed lagoon." Today his voice has taken on a slightly deeper quality, which makes it harder for him to hit the high E's he formerly found easy. "It has always been a little higher than the average tenor," says Downey of his voice, "a throwback to the days of banshees in Ireland." Under the guidance of Jimmy Rule, his musical adviser, Downey, who, until he joined Whiteman had never taken a singing lesson, practices every day.

Early in 1947 Downey agreed to appear in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Though long a master song-salesman, he had not appeared in a supper club for five years and feared he might have lost his grip. On the opening night, a jittery Downey walked to the piano on which he accompanies his songs. An hour and a half later he staggered away, after a full program and ten encores—forty songs in all. "Morton Downey's total mesmerization of the gathering was a rare and impressive thing to watch," said the usually aloof *New Yorker*, and at the end of his engagement Downey was gratified to find he had outdrawn Frank Sinatra, who had

NOTHING EVER HELD YOU LIKE ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S **ROPE**

James Stewart is the star
Presented by **Warner Bros.**
in color by **Technicolor**
A **Transatlantic Pictures** Production

B&S

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Berkeley (TRADE MARK) Square

CLOTHES

BERKELEY SQUARE has always been an outstanding hall-mark of quality and good taste! The pure-bred worsteds, in eye compelling patterns, are meticulously tailored for faultless fit, unrestricted comfort and long lasting smartness. Linings by Skinner add to the exceptional serviceability. With all this, Berkeley Square Suits live within your budget. At better men's shops.

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preceded him at the Waldorf.

A little after this, Downey's ego received another lift. He was invited to a Banshee luncheon for Bing Crosby, and when Crosby rose to sing he saw Downey. "This is once I beat Mort out of one of his own tunes," he said. Then he sang *Toora-loora-loora.* At its end the master of ceremonies called on Downey. "I want to thank that talented amateur, Harry Crosby, for attempting one of my numbers," Downey said. "Now I will show you how it should be done." *Toora-loora-loora* is best as a tenor tune, and Downey sang it so well that everyone, Bing included, rose to cheer at the end.

Downey's natural Irish wit has been sharpened by years of squelching drunks in night clubs, and he is a clever and sought-after companion. Stories about him, however, usually center on his practical jokes. The most celebrated of these occurred when he and the late Mark Hellinger, sauntering down the corridors of a radio station, spied Ted Husing broadcasting. Husing had just secured his heart's desire—a fifteen-minute program of his own. Seeing him broadcasting with terrible earnestness, Downey and Hellinger felt a gag coming on. They entered the studio, locked the door, and made faces at Husing. When this failed to disconcert the experienced broadcaster, Downey removed one of Husing's shoes. Hellinger did the same. They next removed Husing's coat and vest and yanked off his trousers. While Husing still talked, they took off his tie, shirt, and undershirt, and paused to drink in the sight of the angry Husing, desperately maintaining an unruffled microphone voice while standing like a track man in his shorts. Then they fled.

Downey, a man to whom life has brought more than its usual share of pleasant memories, is rueful only about this one. "It's like writing a good book or play when you're young," he says sadly, "and then never being able to match it again. It's that way with me. When I pull off a gag now, people smile weakly and say, sure it was pretty good. But I know that in their minds they're thinking it isn't nearly as good as that damned gag with Husing." ⋕

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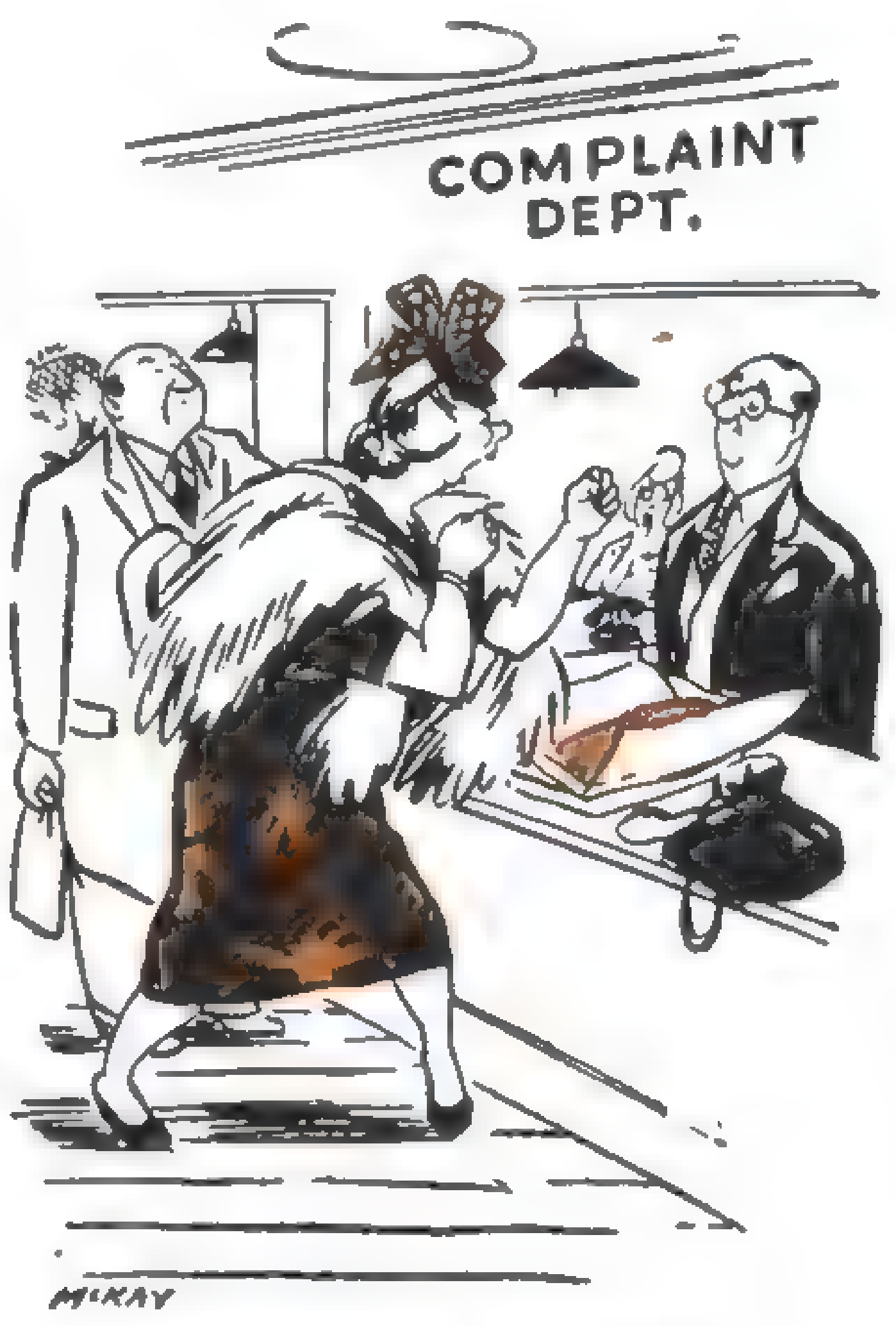

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Nature of the Human Male

Continued from page 43

sary." Before the guy knows it, he is a responsible parent. He can take his play impulse and his biologic urge and go jump in the lake of frustration, for all anybody cares.

But there are other instincts, now useless, that plague a man. Take the "eating and slinking" impulse, for example. What woman doesn't derive innocent pleasure from sitting at a conspicuous table in a restaurant, especially if a new hat and a cocktail have given her an expansive, well-groomed feeling? But her male escort can't escape an unconscious dread of feeding in an exposed place. He is vaguely uncomfortable without knowing why.

The next time that you visit a restaurant patronized exclusively by men, notice how the tables next to the wall are chosen first. It is only when all of the wall tables are occupied that a man will reluctantly take a table out in the open.

Why? If he's so timid, why is it that he does not object to sitting near the middle aisle at a concert or the theatre, or even at the movies? You can solve this problem in psychology by tossing a bone to any stray dog in the street. He never eats it immediately; he takes a good grip on it and walks off stiff-legged to a less exposed place where he can back up to a wall or fence and devour his food without the danger of attack from the rear. So it is with men!

This blind behavior pattern, a silly leftover from ages past, is less strong in a woman. Remember that in the lawless days fifty thousand years ago she had a rowdy mate to protect her while she ate, but he didn't—he had to rely on his own sturdy fists and threatening growls to fend off hungry poachers.

Not his instincts alone, but even his physique must affect a man's behavior in the modern world. Many women wake up at night grinding their teeth because their husbands flatly refuse to take them to theatres, concerts, or lectures. It isn't that a man dislikes culture; what he resents is slow torture. The most touching thing about a sick baby is that it can't tell you where it hurts. The human male is not very articulate about such matters either. The bodies of men and women are built differently. For not only is a man's upholstery thinner, he also has a differently designed chassis. Women have their greatest weight and girth centered near their hips; while men, designed for heavy duty, have theirs in their shoulders. A woman can be reasonably comfortable in a small straight-backed chair with a hard seat—but a man can't. The dragging weight of his muscular arms and

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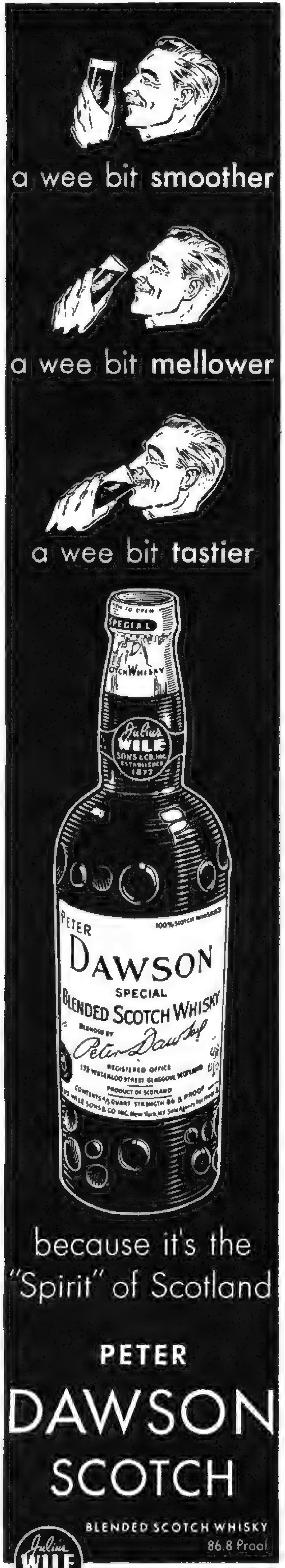

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his heavier shoulder girdle makes any posture in which he can't lean back to support his shoulders almost intolerable after a few minutes. Like a baby he doesn't know where it hurts or why; all he knows is that he hates concerts and lectures. As long as auditoriums provide only small straight-backed chairs and don't allow sufficient leg room between rows, they're going to have to peddle their precious culture almost exclusively to women.

One young matron, endowed with more gumption than most, decided that her husband was spending too much time at his club, so she sawed an inch off the hind legs of his easy chair to give it a backward tilt, thereby allowing him to lean back and rest his heavy superstructure. Result: domestic bliss.

Most women secretly believe that one day of housework would kill their husbands, and they're not far wrong. Men hate housework. They seldom mind mowing the lawn or carrying a trunk up to the attic, but they can't stand piddling tasks like drying the dishes, peeling potatoes, or making beds—for a reason. It is irksome for a man who has almost twice the weight of muscles strung over his frame, to stand or sit still; for a muscle that isn't working is a dead weight. Ask any artist which makes the more satisfactory model—and he'll pick woman. Any coal miner or steel-mill worker would collapse after an hour spent bending over an ironing board.

And, too, housework is largely a matter of cleaning, and few men can see the necessity for so damn much cleanliness. It has always been man's job to "catch" the dinner and woman's to prepare it and preserve what was left over against a less successful day at the chase. For hundreds of centuries, she has had to be clean about preparing food and careful about storing it under the best possible sanitary conditions lest her digestion and that of her family suffer. Men lack this training in cleanliness. The sight of unwashed dishes or of dirt on the living-room floor or on the children's faces hurts a woman in a tender spot; but it makes little impression on the average man.

When a man gets sick, it's important. Everybody ought to know it. He wants the house turned inside out and the family routine upset—the upsetter, the better. When doctors talk about the weaker sex, they mean men. On a sickbed, if a man acts like a baby, it's because he *is* a baby. He hasn't had a million years of childbearing behind him to toughen his body. He's an easy mark for a germ because he hasn't had to fight childbed fever or breast infections since the year one.

Muscles are becoming less and less important. Bankers, barbers, and bookkeepers now need no more strength than their wives, but it hasn't always been so.

Time was when a man's very

Continued on page 162

first choice . . .

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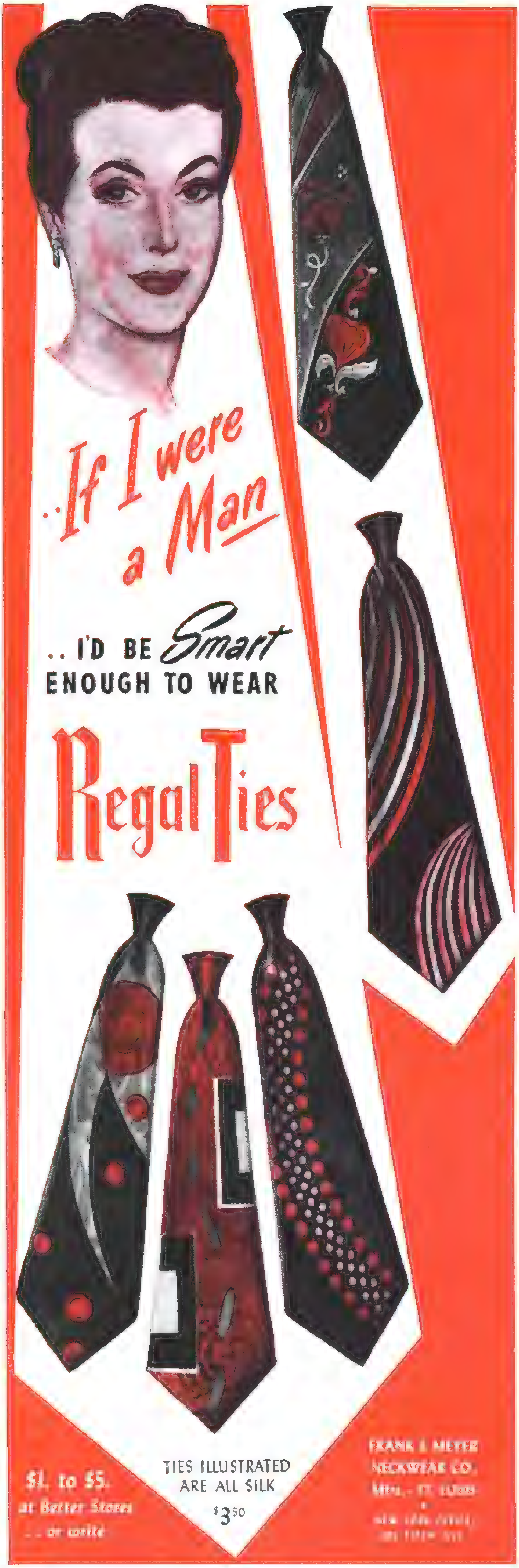

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Nature of the Human Male

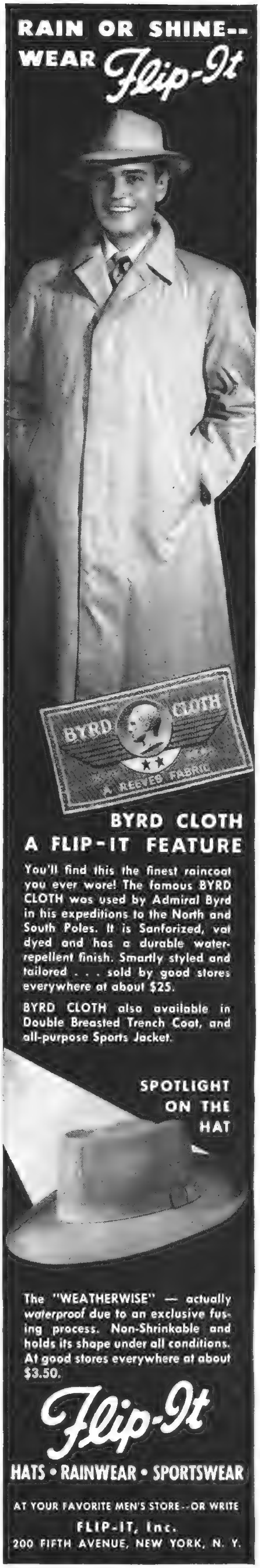
Continued from page 161

ability to bag a fleeing meal, or persuade a demurring mate, depended upon his horse-power rating. And that time is too recent for any man's ego to forget. What if he *does* boast a little about his triumphs on the golf links, or the hardships he overcame on a camping trip? He isn't conceited—it's just a hairy ancestor talking through his lips. Men seek as recreation today the same physical activities, such as hunting, fishing, and camping, that represented the serious business of life in their early ancestral history. Even the games they play, which all boil down to the pursuit of a ball or some kind of rolling or bouncing object, give them the same zestful pleasure their ancestors used to get from running down small animals for food.

If men continue to do for fun today what they did for a living yesterday, it may be the fortieth-century man, on his day off from a push-button life, will spend his holiday working in an office for recreation. If so, his supercilious wife will smirk openly when he trudges home with a story of the long tough column of figures he added up.

Despite all the softening influence of a sugar-teat civilization, men are still by nature violent, bellicose and quarrelsome. Of the approximately two hundred serious crimes committed in the United States every hour, it is estimated that all but eight are committed by men, even though a man usually is punished for a misdeed that a woman stands a much better chance of getting away with. Police are reluctant to arrest, juries to convict, and judges to sentence, when the offender is a woman. This is particularly true in "spouse" murder. Few men escape punishment for killing their wives; but almost any female can liquidate her husband or her lover and go scot-free, if she has a dumb look and a smart lawyer. Yet, even knowing the breaks are against them, men do ninety per cent of the murdering.

Men come by their rambunctious natures honestly. Close your eyes and flip the years back as you would the pages of a book. But stop when you come to the one marked "50,000 B.C." As soon as you get the glare of electric lights out of your eyes and they become accustomed to the dim half-light of the forest, you'll see something interesting. Back in the end of a cave there's a woman crouching, with a baby peacefully feeding at her breast. At the mouth of the cave stands a funny squat-legged little creature with long hairy arms and not much above the eyebrows. Not a handsome gent, by any means. But his solid stance proclaims to the world his readiness to take on all comers. He it was



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who set out with only a rude club and a handful of rocks to tame a savage world of vicious beasts; and before he was through, he made them all say uncle. Even in those days he wasn't a bad little guy if you understood him; at least the soft-eyed woman in the back of the cave thought he was all right. The masculine rowdyism that he bequeathed to his sons and grandsons gets them into trouble today; but don't forget—once upon a time it conquered a world.

"Men are such smarties; they try to be boss; they're overbearing; they think they're superior." Whoa! Just a minute, lady. Men don't think they're superior —they just *feel* it. And there's a difference. They've been boss, by virtue of their size and strength, for so long that the "feel" of superiority has become ingrained. And it's always coming out in funny little ways.

There's the strange mystery of men's attitude toward cooking. Every man is proud of his cooking ability on a camping or hunting trip because it makes him an all-around fellow. "That Joe's a card; he can do anything." But he naturally disclaims any skill in the culinary art at home, for any adeptness he might show at woman's work brings him down to her level.

Women think nothing of wearing every article of male apparel they can filch—hats, shirts, coats, trousers, socks, ties, and pajamas. But no man would be caught dead in his wife's house dress, panties, or nightgown. Why? Because wearing an article of woman's clothing is beneath him. This abhorrence for female attire has an amusing twist. The average man thinks that to be the life of the party all he has to do is don a woman's hat, or maybe an apron. He guffaws with uncontrollable laughter at the thought of how he must look in a woman's —mind you, a woman's!—hat. Have you ever wondered why he overdoes it—why he laughs *too* loud? It's because he wants to be dead sure that the whole cockeyed world knows that it's strictly a gag. The fact that women, as a rule, see nothing very funny in the performance confirms his suspicion that they have no sense of humor.

Twentieth-century man is like a prehistoric bull barging around in a china shop of modern civilization. Psychologists and doctors know that his mind and body are largely obsolete, and much of his instinctive behavior fifty thousand years out of date. But it does little good for a handful of scientists to recognize these facts. If we all paid as much attention to male psychology as we do to female, there might be some hope of the men's catching up with the times. At least, the human male would be easier to live with; and his woman would have less trouble keeping a straight face and hiding her laughter—or, sometimes, her tears. ⧻

Continued from page 43

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Buster Bang's Progress

Continued from page 54

too. What an aggravatin' business!"

"Really?" asked a pretty little girl whose mother had drummed into her that he was a prize catch. "*Really*, Buster? Awwww . . ."

"Gee, Buster, you said . . ." wailed a dark, handsome boy in a green sport coat.

Buster was a keen observer of mature reactions, and at that moment he proceeded to shrug his shoulders and close his eyes simultaneously, resulting in a very grown-up expression indeed—an expression that conveyed by unmistakable implication that a fact was a fact.

Mumbling in collective reluctance because Buster was their mainstay, the young snobs backed their respective cars up onto the ocean highway and roared southward toward their amusement-park destination.

Fifteen minutes later, after telling his father and mother that he chose to "step out" for a while—they were gentle creatures entirely at his command because for years he had contributed to their support and never let them forget it—he backed his long limousine out of the garage. With a heart that was trying to leap into his throat because of the audacity of his current thoughts, he swerved and drove north along the ocean for two minutes until he came to Mary's house.

Several lights were on but not enough, Buster thought, to mean company. All afternoon Buster had been planning what to say: this was just a "condolence" call—despite the fact that a whole year had passed. He was to ask for the cup of coffee. Then . . .

But Buster's heart was pumping so thunderously he could hardly get out of his car where he parked it in a shadow off the highway. For the first time a hint of maturity was pervading him and he commenced to think how wonderful it must be not only to have an affair, but actually to be in love with a woman.

Quietly, nervously, he made his way up to the great white front door of Mary's home—a front door even more impressively ornate than his own. He stood under the electric light for a full minute, listening to his hammering heart and the sound of the waves breaking on the beach out front. Then he rang the bell.

Mary herself opened the door. "Why, Buster, *hello*."

The accustomed look of resigned bereavement left her face in deference to one of happy surprise. She was so beautiful that for several seconds Buster could not open his mouth.

"I-I came over," he managed finally, "to pay you a-a-a condolence call . . ."

"Oh, how *sweet* of you, Buster. Come right in, dear."

The "dear" struck wildly at

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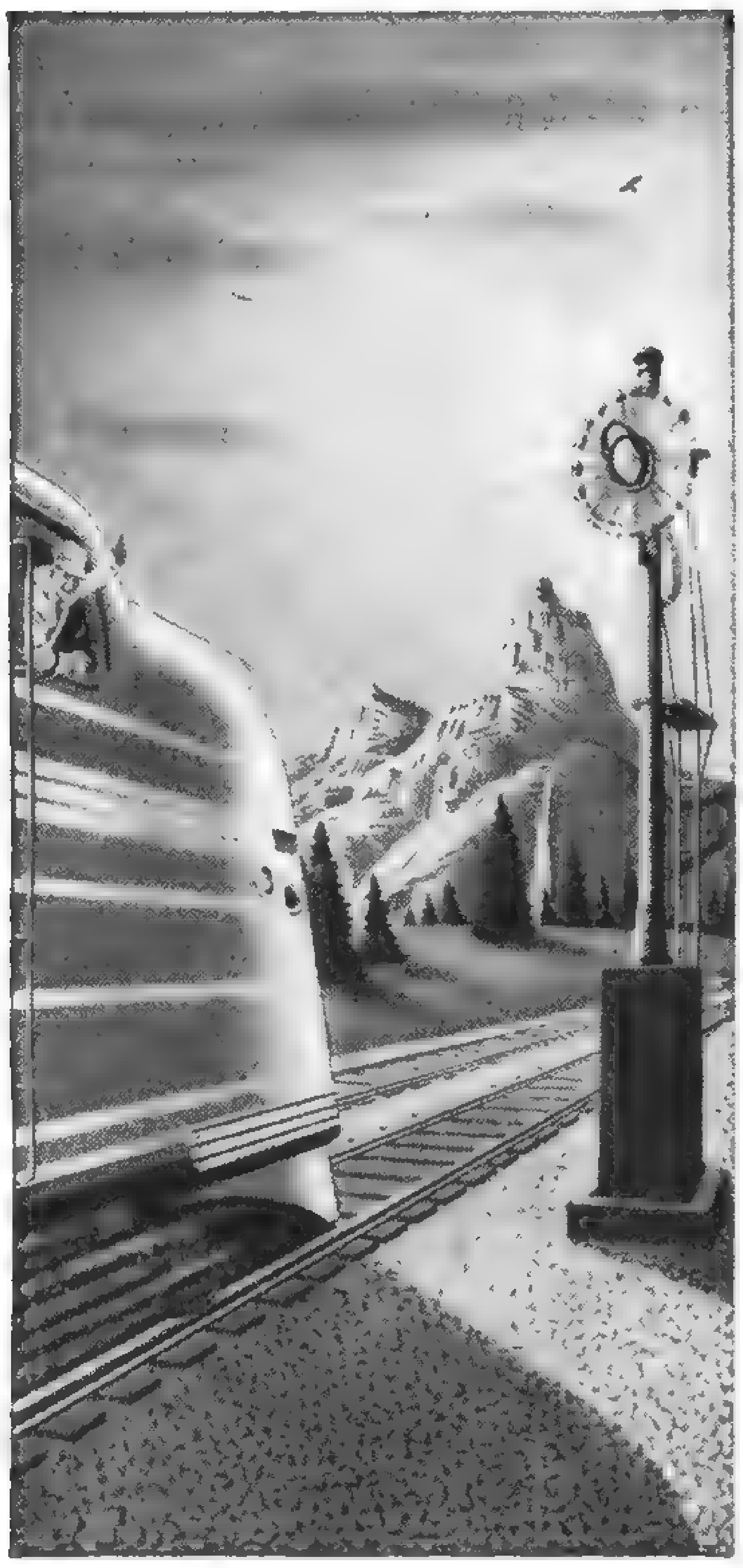

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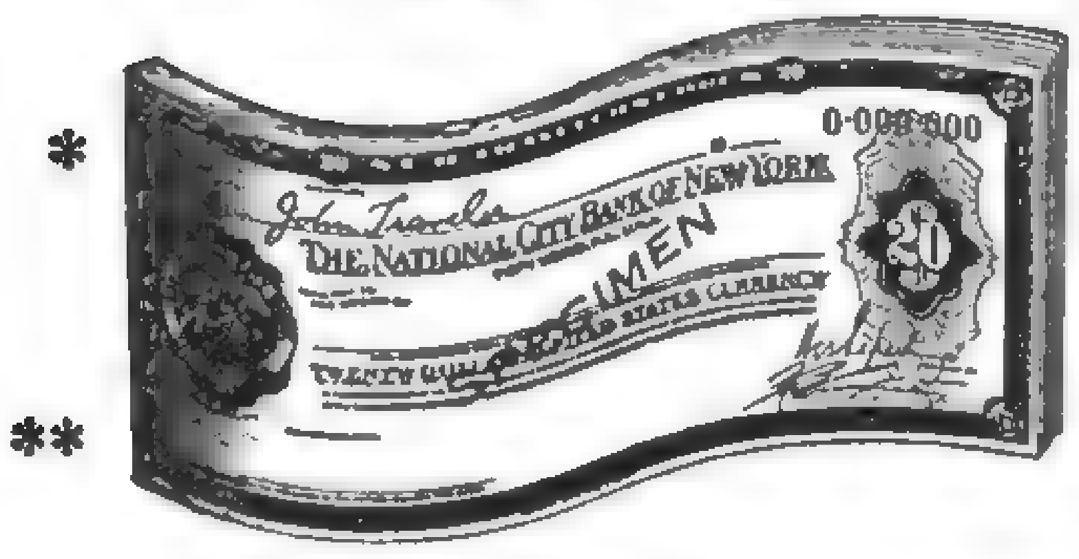
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his heart. God, she was wonderful.

"Thanks, Mary."

He strode mannishly into the parlor. The great perfumed silence of the house increased his excitement and he experienced the jittery feeling of a thief about to perpetrate a daring robbery.

Mary was extremely amused at his presence and, in a way, delighted. This youthful invasion of her sacrosanct privacy was so completely unexpected.

"You see, I've been reading," she said. "It's nice for passing the time." She picked up a volume of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and held it up for him to see. He eyed it with poorly feigned interest. Then he dropped violently into a chair.

"Are you alone?" he asked with an exaggerated attempt at casualness.

"Why . . . yes," she said. "The servants have gone to sleep." She smiled to herself and came slowly to understand.

"Reading, eh?" said Buster. "That isn't right. Tsk, tsk."

He shook his head in deep dismay.

"Isn't right, Buster? Why . . ."

"That's not having fun," he interrupted quickly. "Reading's no fun, Mary. You can't go through life *this* way, you know. The living gotta go on living . . ."

"Buster, how very nice of you to think about me."

"I mean it," he continued with the businesslike air of an adult. "This has gotta stop. You never go out any more, you always eat alone at the studio, everybody's sorry for you. Gee whiz!" He shook his head twice for emphasis.

Mary was smiling at his audacity. And, whether she knew it or not, there was a light in her eyes that had not been there for a very long time. This brash child's presence was so outlandish it was positively refreshing. It was cute. He was a perfect little devil and she knew it, and perfect little devils didn't go in for condolence calls a year late unless there was an ulterior motive. No telling what Buster had in mind. She decided to play along with him just to see. She knew that men of any age had a talent for falling in love with her.

"You sound like a stern parent," she said. "I can't help the way I feel, Buster. It's—well—just one of those things . . ."

Suddenly, confidently, oh, very confidently, he got up, walked over to the sofa on which she was sitting and sat down beside her. He took one of her hands in his. Slowly he massaged it.

"Hello, Mary," he said, looking into her eyes. An inexorable instinct told him not to lose any time. The hell with the coffee.

"Hello, Buster," she replied evenly, more utterly amused than she had been for years. This was something you might see in a play or read in a book, she thought. What she failed to perceive was that she was in no state to indulge herself even in a whim

Continued on page 166

Look! . . . Statues!

SCOTCH W
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Buster Bang's Progress

Continued from page 165

as seemingly trivial as this. But Buster's rude eighteen-year-old presence in her parlor was too enormously diverting from the sameness of her quiet grief to allow for analysis.

"You know," he went on, "when I saw you at lunch today, Mary, I had a lot of funny thoughts."

"Did you?" she asked.

"Yeah. Sort of—well—dangerous thoughts. You see," and he swallowed hard, "you excite me, Mary." It was the only technique he knew as yet.

"Oh?" Bless him!

"Oh, yes, you do," he persisted, as though expecting a refutation. "And I—I'm afraid I'm pretty terribly in love with you. You see?"

Mary said nothing. He did not require a response to go on.

"I'm a man of action!" he suddenly whispered with passionate vehemence.

She knew better than to laugh in his face if they were to remain friends—but she found she did not want to laugh in his face. She was too touched. In fact she was so touched she began to weep.

Buster's brow wrinkled in agony. Tears were the last thing he expected.

"What've I *done*? What've I *done* to make you cry!" His tone was one of exasperation rather than pity.

"N–Nothing," she sobbed. "You're just such a sweet little boy, that's all . . . !"

"Then you mean you–you . . ."

He chose to read in a meaning that suited him.

His eyes brightened with hope, and without waiting for a reply he seized her about the waist and pressed her to him with all the strength he could muster. His little arms were lean and powerful from swimming and before she really knew what was happening, she felt his lips trembling against hers.

"*Buster!*" she gasped, pushing his face around a little. "*Buster! Stop it, now!*"

But he only drew her head around again.

"*Bust . . . !*" she managed. "*I'll tell your paren . . . ! I'll tell . . .*" —another violent kiss—"*. . . Mr. Gibbs! I'll . . .*"

But he continued to hold her in his youthful arms and administer prolonged kisses and in spite of herself her heartbeat quickened, her blood rose. Then she knew that all wisdom, all reserve, all dignity were slipping away. In a flash of realization, which lasted but a fraction of a second, she saw that this ardent child was a lad whom poor Jonah had always liked . . . and how could she possibly be unfaithful to Jonah's memory with this child?

Next morning Buster felt more

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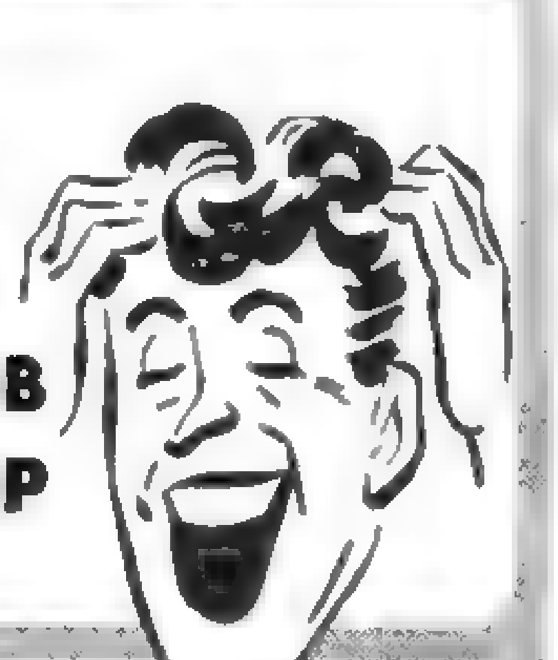

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like a full-grown man than he had ever felt before in his entire life. And when he thought of their sitting around afterwards on the patio, drinking the hot chocolate she prepared, he turned simply mellow. If only she hadn't underestimated him by making him promise not to tell. As if he would! What kind of rat did she take him for anyway! He was a man!

He drove past her house a dozen times that day—he couldn't wait for night to come and her invitation for dinner.

Actually, Mary had decided over the hot chocolate that, although the whole thing seemed ludicrous, the great thing about it, the relieving thing, was that she felt absolutely no conscience pangs because Buster was eighteen and who in this world could take eighteen years seriously? Or anything it did?

For a week the situation was sustained. Buster and Mary would have dinner, the servants would be discreetly excused . . .

Those at the studio marveled at the sudden change in her. They remarked to her upon the bright newness in her pretty eyes and the spirit in her stride, and Bertrand Gibbs himself was even moved to ask if she finally wanted to do a picture. She agreed, and myriad plans were set in motion immediately. It was all over the lot; Mary Lawrence had emerged from the spell of her grief. Mary Lawrence was resuming her brilliant career. Mary Lawrence was herself again.

Herself again.

Then, a week after Buster's first visit to her, an overwhelming weariness overtook him. He did not want Mary to know this but she discovered it soon enough.

"I think we'd better not see each other for a while, Buster," she suggested sagely. Something told her this was the time to end it.

With a gentlemanly smile he agreed. But when, a few nights afterwards, Buster knocked in shrewd anticipation on Mary's great white front door, the butler answered and told him that Miss Lawrence was at dinner.

"But I want to *see* her!" he insisted. "Tell her to come to the door, or I'll go in."

"I'm afraid that's impossible, sir."

"Who's she eating with!" was the youthful demand.

"I'm afraid I can't say, sir."

"Can't *say?*" he asked incredulously. His heart was sinking.

"She's dining with a gentleman, sir." It was a slip of the tongue.

"A *gentleman,*" he cried, wounded to the depths of his dynamic little being. "But—but there's some *mistake!*" He could not get it through his head.

Before he could sandwich in another word, the door had been closed determinedly in his face. He heard the sound of the waves out front, even as he had heard them that first great night. But

Continued on page 168

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Buster Bang's Progress

Continued from page 167

now they sounded strangely scratchy and unreal—as though coming through a faulty amplifier off a damaged sound track. His mind stubbornly rejected all thought, and he was acutely conscious that he was shaking in annoyance and that his throat was beginning to tighten.

Two days later, after having made ten more fruitless pilgrimages to her house, and nineteen telephone calls—he did not see her at the studio at all—an evening paper informed him that Mary Lawrence had "bid goodby to the sackcloth" with one "Morgan Walker" who, it seemed, had "danced her till dawn" at a well-known nocturnal rendezvous.

"Morgan Walker," Buster muttered bitterly. "That lousy ham, moving in on me."

Morgan Walker was a leading man at another studio and his off-screen prowess with his leading ladies was legendary.

That same night Buster went again to Mary's house—the house in which he had had such joyous free rein and from whose magic portals he was now so cruelly barred. But again it was no use.

"Morgan Walker," he muttered, as the butler again closed the door in his face.

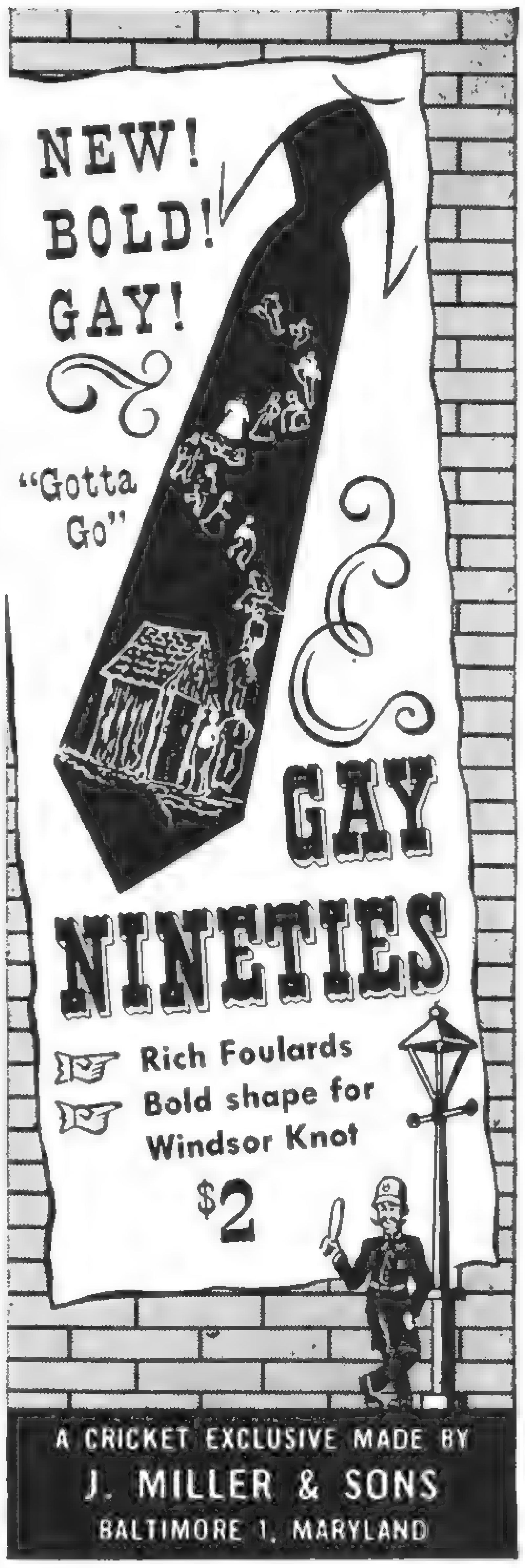
The following evening he resumed his lagging association with the "gang" and dictated that they proceed as a party to every important night club in the city. And surely enough, at one intimate Sunset Boulevard establishment, Mary Lawrence, in a flaming red gown of low-cut design, and Morgan Walker, impeccable in his dinner jacket, were among the guests. When Buster first spotted them they were dancing very close together to the insinuating rhythms of a rumba.

Buster waited unbearably until the music was over, and the sweet little girl beside him was deeply hurt at his lack of attention. As the last note sounded and the dancers trickled off the floor, Buster sprang up from the young people's table, nearly upsetting it, and bounded over to where Mary and Morgan were holding hands and gazing deep into each other's eyes. Mary did not see Buster until he was almost upon her, and when she did, Buster was astounded to observe that her face remained set in the same easy smile she was presently bestowing on her sleek companion. Buster had been counting on this showdown because he knew how emotional she could become, but oddly enough she did not even lift an eyebrow.

"Hello, Buster."

"Hello, Mary,"—seething, electric, a man of action out to right a wrong.

"How are you, dear?"—as



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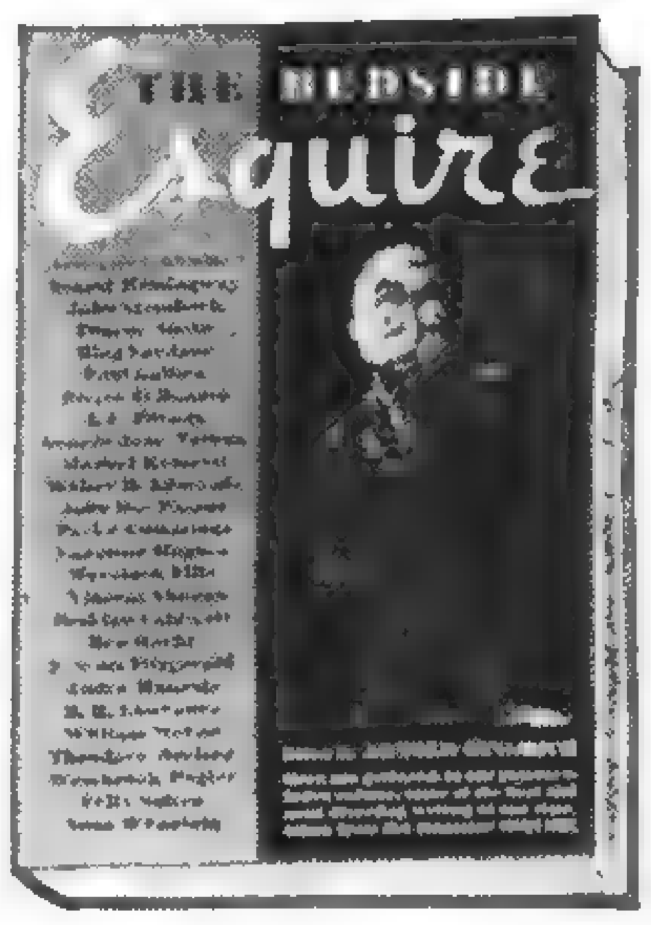

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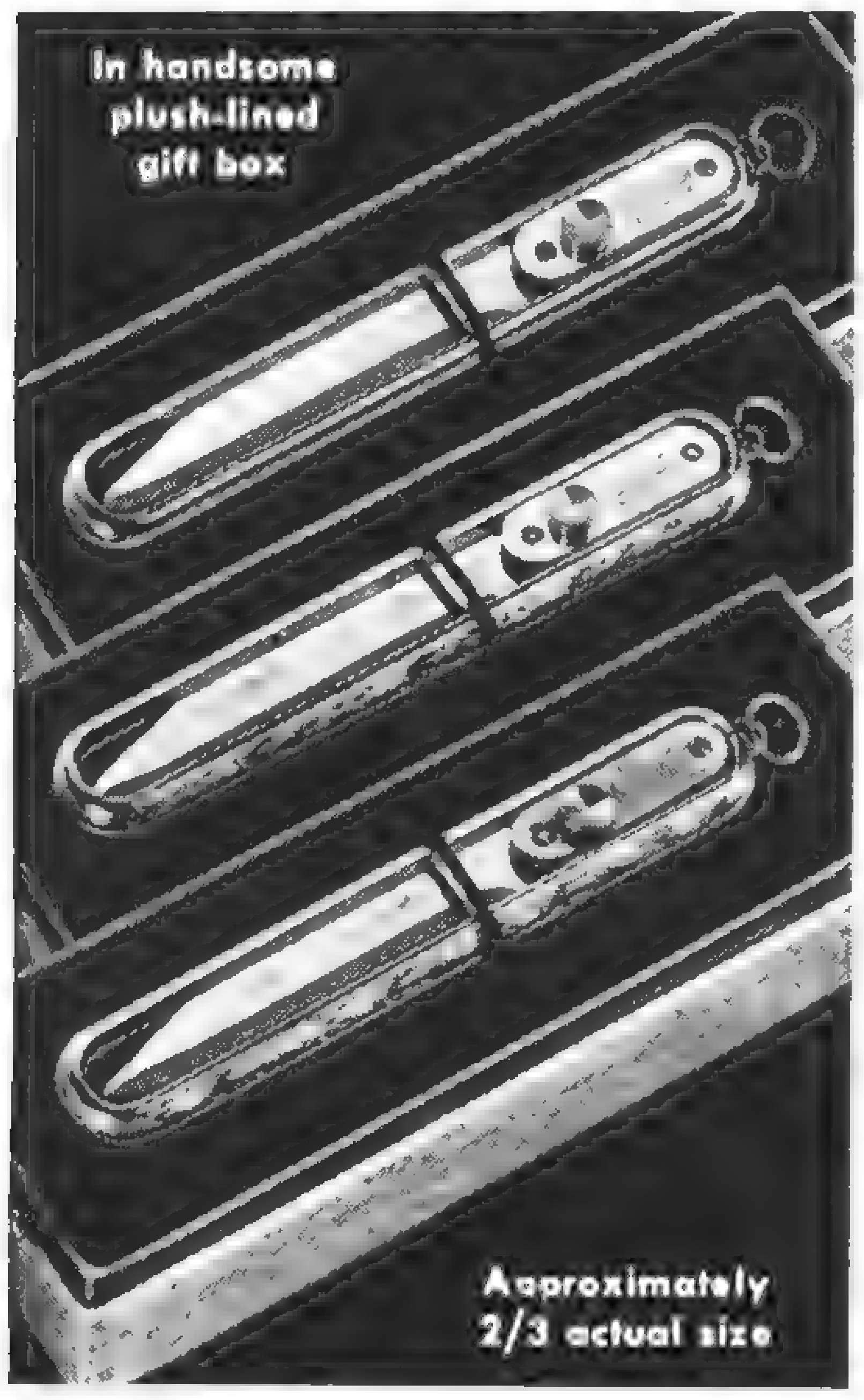
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though they had just met; bland, incredibly impersonal.

Buster said nothing. He eyed Morgan Walker in silent contempt.

"Do you know Mister Walker, Buster?" she continued. "Buster Bang, Morgan Walker."

"How do you do," said Walker with a trace of condescension that broke through a wry smile.

"Yeah," said Buster. He turned to Mary, full on. "Listen," he began desperately. "*Why the sudden . . .* ? I don't *get* it! I—!"

But before he had a chance to finish, Mary was saying, "Buster, dear, your little friends are calling you over there. Look."

It was the aunt gently but firmly bringing the erring nephew into line.

Buster had been an actor long enough to know his cue when he heard it, and as soon as it was borne in upon him that his presence was no longer desired, he clenched his teeth, swore fiercely under his breath, did an abrupt about-face and marched angrily back to his table. Never had his proud young vanity suffered a greater blow.

Mary knew how she had hurt him and it had pained her more than Buster would ever realize. But it had been the only way to bring Buster's boyish enthusiasm to a halt. Better that it should end like this with Buster hating her. Surely their outlandish relationship could not continue, because from the day Buster had put in his last tired appearance at her house a fundamental something in her that many would refer to as common sense had taken over, and she knew that if the story ever got around she would be held to blame. Her only protection from him lay in aloofness and she would have to practice it toward him from now on. Someday he might understand.

Even weeks afterwards, when Buster's profound feeling of loss had abated somewhat, he still glanced hopefully over at Mary's house whenever he passed it going north or south along the Malibu shore. Always he waited for a sign, a friendly beckon, that might suddenly signal a renewal of all they had meant to each other that one unforgettable week.

But it never came.

At length he began to wonder whether it had ever happened at all. It seemed like a faraway dream. He was destined, of course, to see Mary many times at the studio—perhaps even to act in the same picture with her—but things would never be the same for them again. The thought tore at his bosom.

He remained the little gentleman and never told, not even in moments of boastfulness, though it often oppressed him. He thought he knew now what older men meant when they said you could never understand a woman.

Meanwhile Mary had put Jonah Blau's photographs away in a closet. #

Continued from page 54

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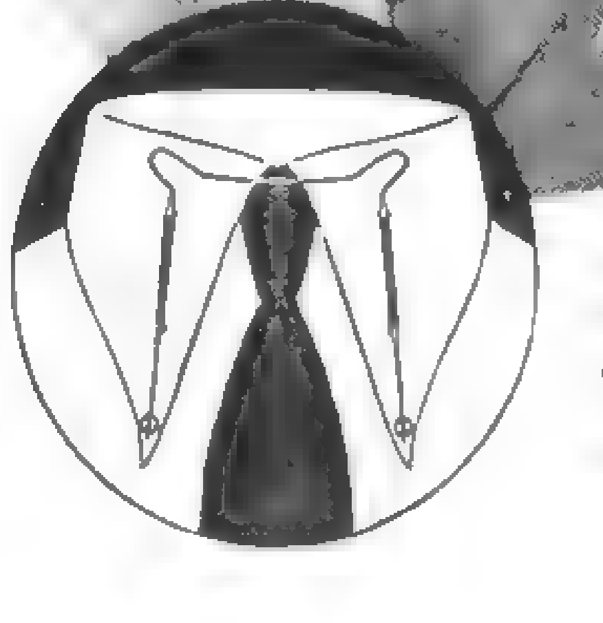

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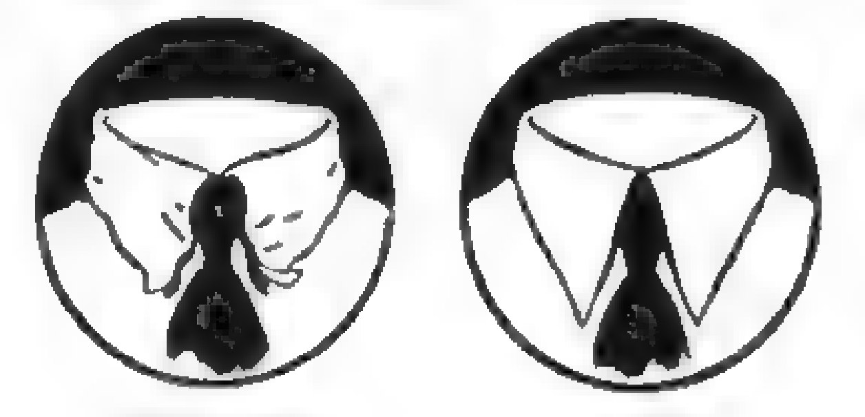

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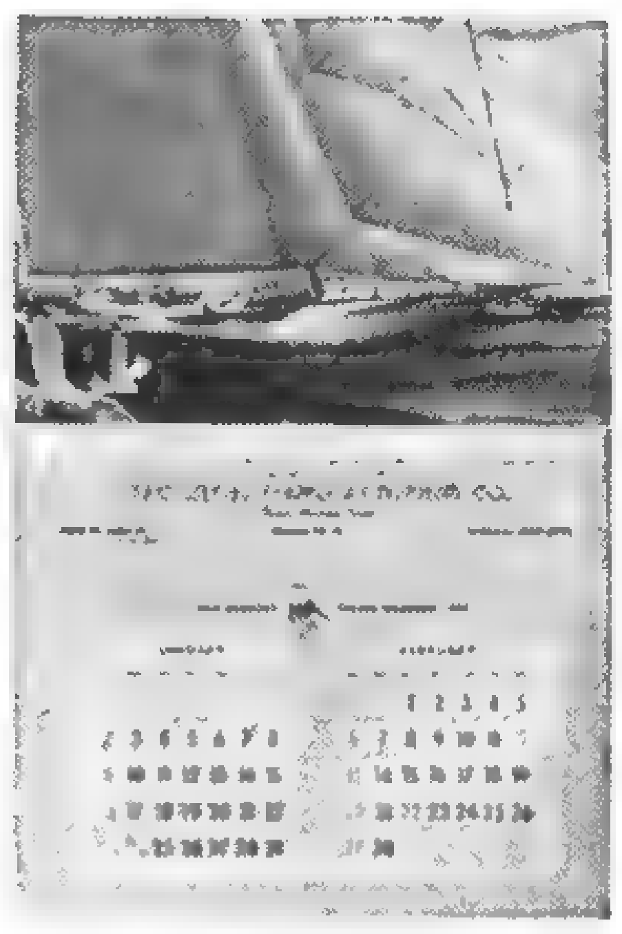

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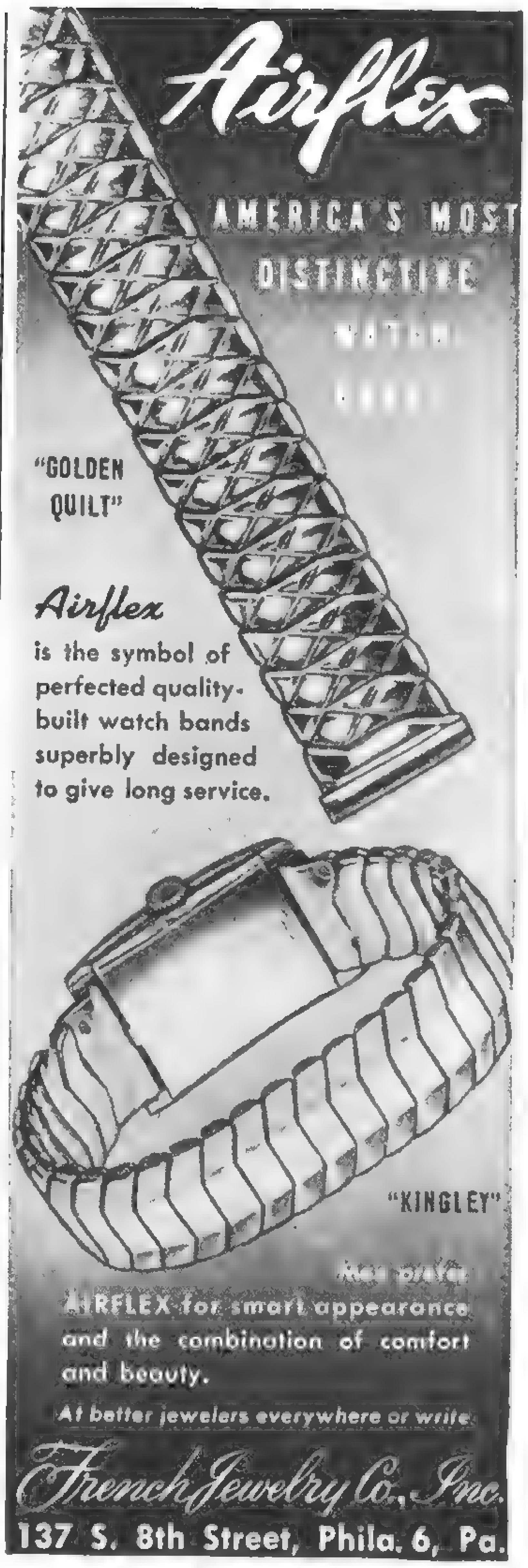
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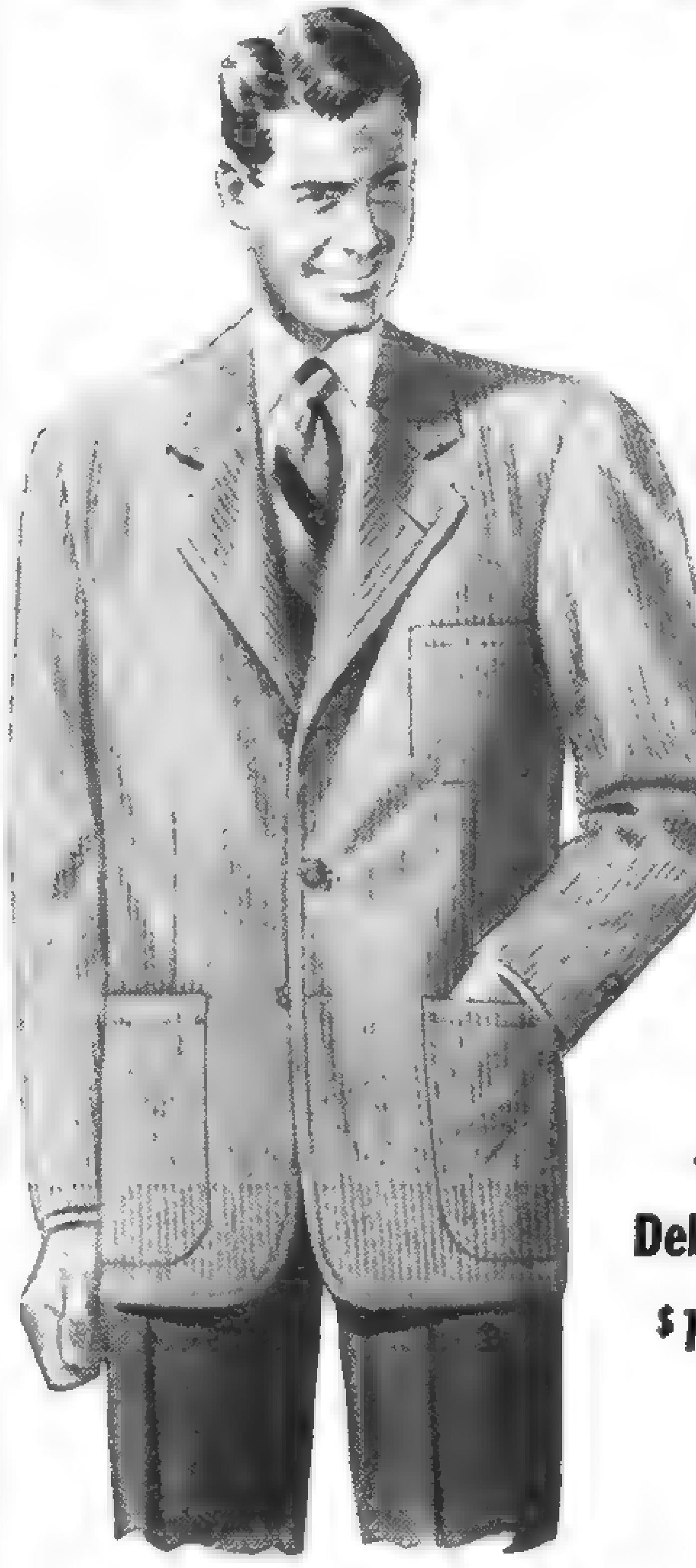

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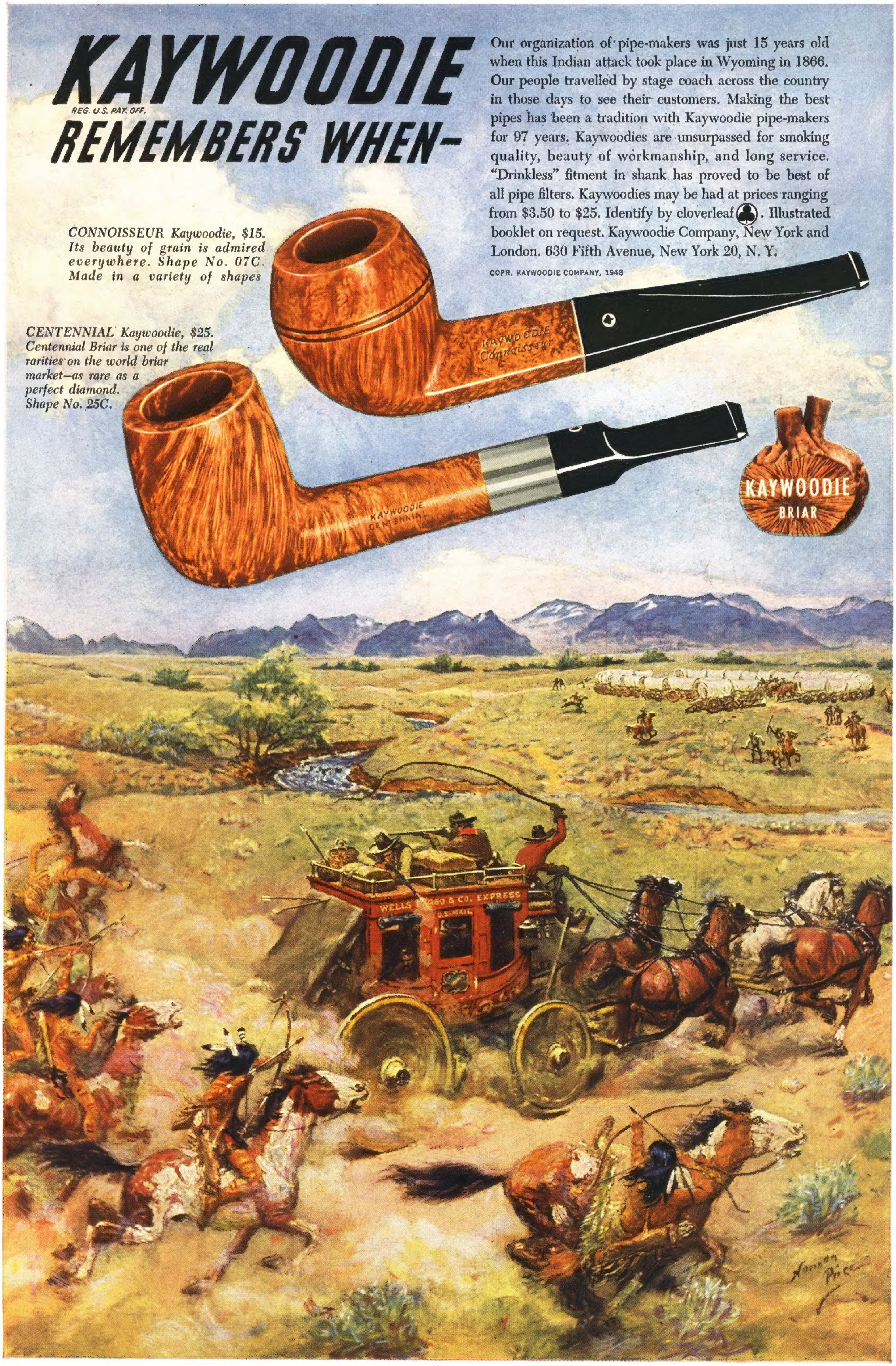

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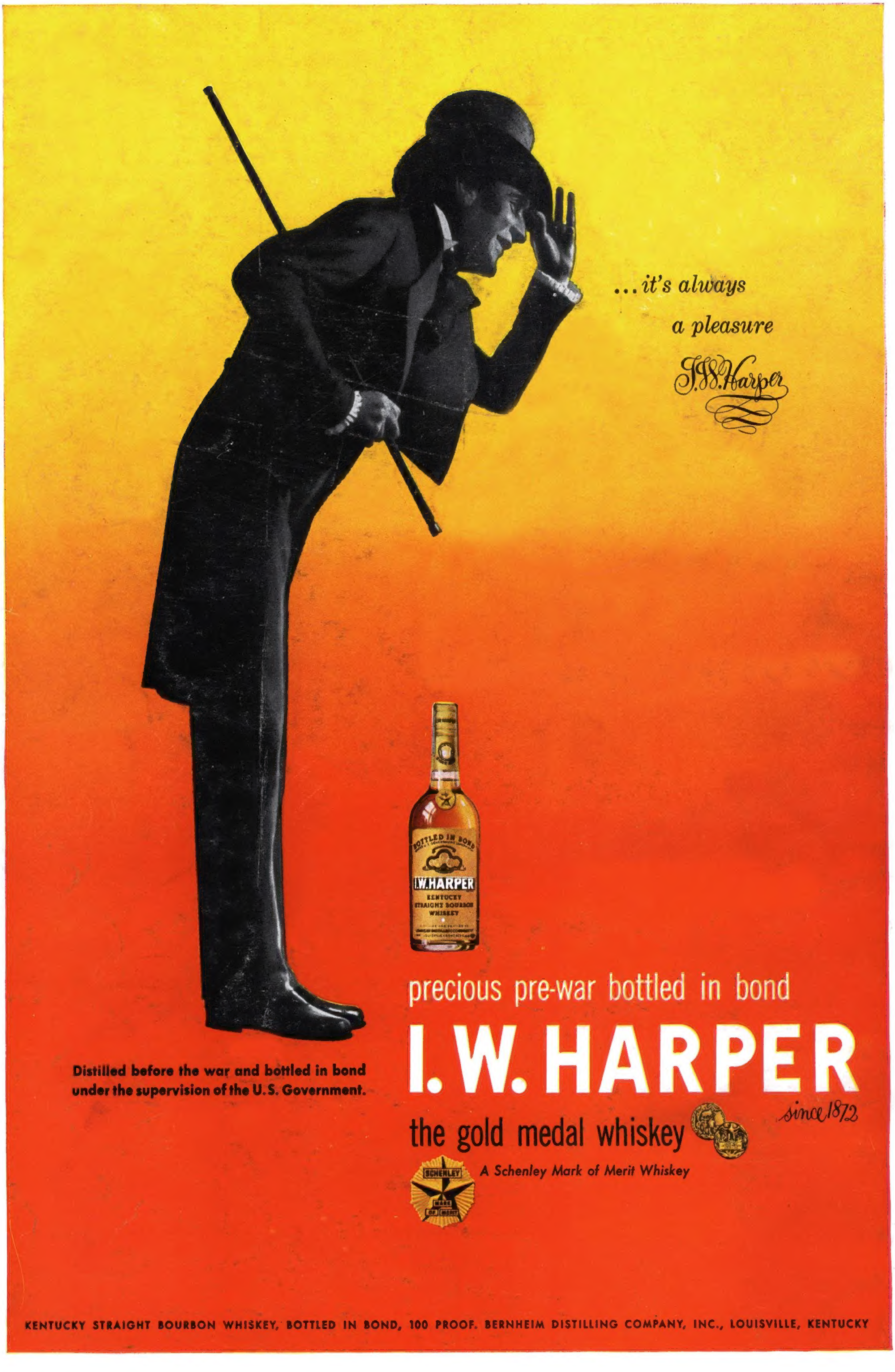

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